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MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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HOME AGAIN.

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NOTE.

With this issue begins the thirtieth year of the regular publication of my sermons. For two years they were published in the *Commonwealth* and for two years in the *Sunday Times*, both Boston weeklies. Then, under the title of *Unity Pulpit*, they were published in pamphlet form for seventeen years. Since then, taking their name from my New York church, they have appeared as the *Messiah Pulpit* for the past eight years.

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With greeting for my readers and good hope for the coming year, I am,

Most sincerely,

M. J. SAVAGE.

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HOME AGAIN.

THIS is my theme. My text you may find in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, a part of the twenty-third verse,—"And, being let go, they came to their own company."

Of course! Where else would they go? Where does anybody go when released or after long wanderings, except home, wherever and whatever that home may be? The two disciples, Peter and John, had been arrested for preaching their new gospel. They had been imprisoned; but after a time their enemies, not being able to make any substantial charge against them, or deciding that it was not good policy to press the matter further, set them free. Then they went home, and told their friends everything that had happened to them.

I take that of course only as typical. Everything, every creature, everybody, when set free, goes home. A rock poised upon the brow of a hill, if some force disturbs its equilibrium and it starts rolling down the incline, will move until it finds some place where it is supported naturally on every side, and comes to rest in what to it is home once more.

Every shrub, every tree, has its natural habitat; and, if displaced from that, it grows poorly or not at all. Every animal has its lair, its den, every bird its nest; and no matter how far they may wander in search of food or water, when let go, they return to their home once more.

There are most remarkable instances of this love for home and this ability to come back to the home from long

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distances away, particularly on the part of animals that have been domesticated,—the horse, the dog, the cat. I happen to have known of one so very remarkable that I like to speak of it in this connection.

A cat belonged to the owner of a ship. This was in the old days before there was telegraphic communication round the world. The captain of the ship wished to borrow this cat for a voyage on which he was starting, and so they went round the world; and, after they returned, the cat announced the arrival of the ship in advance of any other courier, although, in order to get to its old home, it had to trace intricate streets and cross a public ferry.

Everything, then, seeks home. This is the secret of the use to which we can put the carrier-pigeon. Take it as far away as you will, when you have tied the little message under its wing, release it, and it starts at once for home.

And so the migratory birds, driven from the north by the cold, spend their winter away; but the moment that there is a feeling of spring in the air they come back again, they are singing under our windows, they are seeking out their old last year's nests, they have come back home once more.

There is a joy about getting home that has its illustrations in all literatures and all over the world. I remember the story of the ten thousand, their famous retreat under the leadership of Xenophon, and how, when they came to the brink of the Euxine on the other side of which was Greece and home, they shouted, "Thalassa, thalassa!"—"The sea, the sea!" It was home for them.

I recall, when I was a boy, how we used to declaim at school the glad words of the old Swiss,—

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,"—

thinking that the mountain tops even would respond to the impulses of his own heart, and be as glad to see him as he was to see them.

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What a sympathetic chord is touched by that word of Byron's!—

> "'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

I am glad that a great many of you—I know not how many—have been able to be away this summer. If you have had a glimpse of the mountains, I am glad; if you have sat down by the sea and let it talk to you, I am glad; if you have crossed the ocean, I am glad. No matter what of nature, how much or how little, you may have been in communion with, I am glad.

I am glad I have been able to be away for a little while. I get terribly tired, and so glad to be released; but the best part of resting is beginning work again, and the best part of going away is always coming home. I am as glad always to begin as I was to stop; and I am glad to-day to be back in New York once more.

I have learned to love this great, overwhelming, problematical, terrible, but wonderful and hopeful city. I love its streets, its buildings, its sidewalks, I think, as much as Charles Lamb and Dr. Johnson used to love the familiar haunts of London.

I am glad to be back, glad to be at work. I hope you are glad, too, and that we can join together in the gladness, and in the consecration to the things that need to be done.

President Roosevelt, I think, is right about race suicide as a dangerous thing, if it be a danger. I do not share with him the fear, because I believe that nature is stronger than human fashions or impulses or whims. I have no fear that the race will die out.

Some section of it may; and if any section, however secluded, however select, however aristocratic, however refined or cultivated it think itself to be,—if any section of it does die out, it will simply be because it deserves to,

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and its place will be taken by a healthier section of humanity.

The world is not going to stand still because certain people get tired of going forward. So I have no fear. I only wish to say that I agree with the sentiment which President Roosevelt expresses and which he has illustrated in his own life, so far as to believe that the home is the great thing in the world. I will not go into any dogmatic discussion as to the nature of the home. I do not believe everybody ought to get married,—everybody cannot; and, when they do, a good many times they have not bettered themselves. There are mistakes made which are nothing less than calamities.

But in the midst of all these it still remains true that the man is never complete until he is a father, the woman is never complete until she is a mother. Fatherhood, motherhood,—these are the greatest and most sacred functions in human life. So the home is that which rounds out, develops, completes, glorifies, human life.

I have read to you certain Scriptures from the Orient this morning; and they dwelt on this love for the child and reverence for the father. We have been astonished beyond measure, as we watched the great conflict in the East, to see the apparent carelessness of life on the part of the Japanese soldiers. They tell us, those that have studied their character, their history, their religion, that the secret of it is to be found in ancestor-worship. The one thing that a Japanese fears more than he fears death is to disgrace the memory of his father or dishonor his son.

This is the great principle of their religion, of their national character, their life; and this, probably, is one of the great secrets of their success. You cannot conquer a people that is perfectly willing to die rather than fail.

The home, then, is one of the great things in which we are to find the secret of the true culture and development

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of the individual life. Of course, the ideal home is the one place for ideal happiness to be found. I do not say that the present institution of marriage is so sacred that it cannot be discussed, improved, possibly changed,—I do not know: that is too large a theme to enter upon this morning,—but I do say that the ideal happiness of the world is to be found by a man in the companionship of a woman who mates and matches him physically, intellectually, spiritually, and every way, and that the converse is true of the relation of the man to the woman; and then, if children are prattling and growing up about their feet, they have found, being such as I have described, paradise, the finest and best thing that this world has to give.

And, if there is any one thing that I would criticise or change in the present custom of society as I observe it, it is the dominance of the money interest in the matter of marriage, the postponement of marriage until enough money has been accumulated to make the kind of home that has been dreamed of.

If a man has to work hard, struggle, to furnish his wife and little one what they need, it is not a calamity; and I have no pity for him. I think it is a calamity when young people wait until the bloom and blush of romance have departed, sentiment has fled, and only mature and rational calculation has taken their place. They have lost the best of life, if they have waited before creating a home for any such motive as that.

Again, home is the secret of the best work of the world. That man works the most successfully who is working for somebody that he loves. Look over the world to-day, and, if there is any one thing that hallows and sanctifies the common life of the common people, it is this: that thousands on thousands, and thousands and thousands, of men go out of their homes, high or humble, every morning,—go to their shops, their fields, their mines, their

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offices, no matter where, wherever the task is set them,—go carrying the memory of those that wait behind them, patiently performing their tasks, and gladly going back home again, and ashamed to do anything wrong, ashamed to be dishonest, if they have no higher motive, because, when they get home, they have got to look into the eyes that have loved and trusted them. That is the secret of the world's best work.

And there is another side to that—to glance at it a moment in passing. We work best when we are set to the tasks that we love, when we find ourselves at home in doing certain things. Blessed is the father whose son wants to do some definite thing so much that he does not have to hunt around to find something that will suit him. If a boy loves something, and wants to enter on some career, be grateful, and encourage him in it, whether it is what you had dreamed of before or not; for that man who is pursuing a path that interests him, that he cares for, that he can love, that he can consecrate his best powers to, along that path he will achieve the best results.

But, to turn the matter around, the home is sometimes a dangerous place. There are certain things to be said on the other side to balance what I have been saying.

There are cases where a man gets so comfortably situated in his home, is so much at ease, is so content, that he is not willing to rouse himself and go beyond the limits of the home, even when great causes, great duties, call or appeal to him. Home can become a lotus-eater's house of ease, a place of rest and contentment so sweet that life is apt to flow or be frittered away while the man is too much at peace.

I have never thought it was a calamity for Adam to be turned out of paradise, to speak of the story for a moment as though it were historical. I think it would have been the worst thing that could have happened to the race if he had not eaten the apple and been sent adrift into the

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wide, rough world to create new conditions and to develop himself in the process.

I know people who have money enough, so that they do not need to work, whose wives are ideal companions, whose homes are pleasant, who love books, art, ease,—I know people like this who, so far as I can find out, for years have not done a thing for the world. They are ideal husbands, devoted fathers, pleasant neighbors; but they love their homes, and they find them so sweet and comfortable that that is all there is to it. When a home is made a refuge, not only from the world's storms, but from the world's work, then better that there should come some calamity that compels a man to go beyond the borders, and give himself to a larger and more important life.

There is another consideration, and there are some very important moral principles, right in here. Max Müller said on a certain occasion, speaking of the Bible, that a man who knew only his Bible did not know his Bible. In order to know this Bible, you need to know other Bibles and compare them, because this is what it is in contrast or comparison with the others.

A man, in order to know his own home, needs to know the homes of other people. In order to be just to other people and to estimate their homes fairly, he needs to leave the limits of his own.

Let me hint to you what I mean by that. There are two classes of people in this world as related to this matter of the home. There is one so contented with the home that it becomes the centre of the world, and all beyond the limits of his own home state or home country is entitled barbarism. We sneer at the Chinese sometimes because they speak of China as the Central and Flowery Kingdom, and think that the rest of the world is of no account; but is not there a touch of this insularity and provincialism about us? Do not we think that almost everything fine in the world is Ameri-

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can, that all the rest of mankind is very poor, at least second-rate, in the comparison?

Does not an Englishman think that there is nothing quite equal to England beyond the limits of his island? Does not the Frenchman think that there is no literature and no art outside of France? Has not this been true of half the nations of the world?

The ancient Greeks called all the rest of the world Barbarians. They said, when they tried to talk, they said, "Ba, ba," used meaningless phrases instead of the speech of Greece.

On the other hand, there is a certain type of man that is apt to underestimate the home, and wish to go abroad. To illustrate what it means, I can remember as a boy—I echo similar memories probably on the part of many others—how I used to look over the hills that bounded the commonplace valley where I was brought up, and think that all the wonder and romance must be over there. Just as we always sought the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow,—it was not here: it was there; and, when we arrived at the point where the rainbow seemed to touch the earth, it was still beyond.

So, until a man has travelled, he is apt to think, at any rate, that the poetry and romance and the wonder of the world are to be found in foreign lands. But when he has travelled, when he has looked at Mont Blanc, when he has been up and down the Rhine and seen Italy and Paris and the Lakes, if he is wise, he comes back home, and notices that the trees and the flowers and the sunlight shimmering on the water, the moon at night, all the familiar surroundings, are just as full of poetry as any foreign land. It is in the home, after all, that you can find, if you seek it, the divinest things on earth.

I have been a good ways over the world. I have never seen a river that matched the Hudson, unless it might

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be the Columbia, both our own. The wonders of the Rhine are the romance and the historical association, not the river, which is commonplace as compared with some of ours.

We need, then, to go beyond the limits of home in order to understand our home and appreciate it and in order to appreciate and do justice to the homes of others. We need to remember that, if our country is great and wonderful to us, the Italian's country and the Frenchman's country and the Englishman's country are great and wonderful to them, and so, self-respecting, learn to respect others as well.

And then, when I think of the home and all I have said in its favor, I am compelled to note how large a part of the world's grand work has been done by the homeless ones. One of the most magnificent figures, most impressive in all the past, is that of Dante,—Dante, the exile, Dante who tells us how wearisome he found it to climb the stairs of a stranger, how bitter was the bread that he ate in unfamiliar households, wandering nearly his whole life long; and yet it is a question to me as to whether we should have had the marvellous product which he has left behind him if he had been allowed to live quietly and simply in the midst of the comfort and ease of his own home.

There is another character, most impressive to me. (I say nothing whatever in regard to the moral side of his nature.) I refer to Byron,—Byron, the wanderer, who has touched with the power of his poetic fancy almost all the surface of Europe, so that almost more frequently than you would find Baedeker in their hands you will see the traveller with his "'Childe Harold," tracing the spots that have been made beautiful by the poetic power of the wandering magician.

Byron, the homeless, not only writing poetry which places him close to the front of the greatest of English

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speech, but at the last pouring out thousands of pounds of his private fortune and sacrificing his life in the cause of liberty for Greece,—a wanderer, homeless, but adding so much to the homes of all mankind.

What shall we say of John Wesley? I question whether we should have had Methodism just as it is if he had had a sweet and pleasant home. At any rate, waiving that point, the fact remains that he gave his life to wandering the world, and proclaiming the larger, freer, nobler gospel which has come to be associated with his name.

And, then, Paul,—Paul who said that he had a right, if he had chosen, to take to himself a wife and make for himself a home, choosing for our sakes, for the world's sake, something better still, the life of a wanderer, spending his years in his missionary journeys, teaching and preaching the truth which broke down the barriers of the old ideas, and giving us, for whatever you may think it is worth, the history of Christianity from that day to this.

And Jesus, going about doing good, having a few hours' rest with Lazarus and his sisters at Bethany, but almost always among strangers, saying with that touching pathos, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head."

And, then, one more illustration, far back towards the morning of time, standing on the dim horizon of human history, the heroic figure of Abraham, leaving father, mother, country, home, looking towards the sky and listening, and going out at what he regarded as a divine call, not knowing whither he went.

Think, then, of our debt to the homeless ones of the world.

And, then, how grand it is for the sake of mankind when these people, having homes, are willing to leave

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them, not in defiance of the home, not because they do not recognize that a home is fine, but for the sake of creating larger homes for the world! Take an illustration from Columbus, and the hundreds that have sailed unknown seas, that have penetrated dark continents, opened up a way for civilization, so making grander homes possible than those they had known.

And, then, the men who have done a similar thing along intellectual lines. You will know, if you stop to think of it, how, particularly as a man gets along in years, he loves to settle down into the quiet, peaceful possession of an intellectual theory, and stay there. A man makes up his mind about all the great questions of the world. He is at home in his ideas; and he does not like it at all when you disturb him. A new truth comes along; and he does not want to believe it is a truth because he does not want to move. He does not want to reconstruct his theory. This has stood more in the way of the advance of mankind intellectually than anything else in the world.

It took so many years to get rid of the Ptolemaic universe, and get to feeling at all at home in the Copernican. It took so many years to get rid of the idea that the world was created out of nothing six thousand years ago. To change these intellectual conceptions is hard. I know men to-day, scientific men, who find it exceedingly difficult to be at all hospitable to a new idea, because, if they are, they have got to go to work and pull down their present intellectual house, be upset, disturbed, move, with all that it means to move. We all know what that means. Some of us did it last May.

We do not like to move: it is a trouble; and so we cling to our own ideas, and most of the martyrdoms and cruelties of the world have grown out of this difficulty of getting people to leave home, intellectual home, and go out to make a better one.

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And, above all, is this true in regard to religion. We sometimes wonder why our Unitarian ideas are not accepted more generally, more openly, why we do not grow more rapidly. The answer is right in here: Why was Jesus persecuted? Why was he put to death? Because the people said, If that is true which he is saying, then this temple that we have had for so many years, and have reverenced and loved so, is going to be torn down and a new religion is coming in to take its place. And they did not want it.

Why were Peter and John persecuted,—the ones I have alluded to in our text this morning? Because they were disturbing old and familiar religious ideas; and the people did not wish them disturbed.

Why have all the great reformers been persecuted? Why was Servetus burned three hundred years ago in Geneva? Because he preached a new religious idea; and the people did not wish to be disturbed in their old ideas.

Why was Theodore Parker cast out? Because he troubled the old, comfortable, well-established, settled-in-their-homes Unitarians.

I think I must have spoken of it some time as an illustration. The leading man in my church in the West, on a certain occasion in the old orthodox days, came to me, and said: What you are preaching may possibly be true; but I have been trained in the old ideas. They were my father's ideas and my mother's. I have grown up in them, I love them, I am at home with them; and, even if what you say is true, I do not want to find it out."

This it is which stands in the way of the world's advance. So that, as I said, there is danger in too much devotion, in too exclusive devotion to the home, the physical home, the mental home, the intellectual home, the religious home.

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Blessed are they who have been willing to forego some of the comforts and the ease of settling down and staying in the home,—not because the home was not beautiful and fine, but for the sake of creating grander, finer homes for a growing and progressive humanity.

However much men may wander, however far they may go from home, however they may devote their middle life to exploration and discovery, all this, as I have said, is for the sake of larger and finer homes, so that the home thought is dominant at the last and always.

And, as a man gets old, blessed is he if he has the memory of a home that was sweet to him, if he can think of father and mother and the brothers and the sisters and the playmates, and the valleys and hills, the rivers, the sunrises and the sunsets, and the moons, and those peerless nights. If he can sit and call these up and fill the air around him with the imaginative figures of these that are silent,—blessed is he, I say.

Blessed is he if, as the years advance, he has a fireside that he can call his own, if there is a nook in the library and an easy-chair where he may sit and rest, if there are a few books that he has learned to love, so that he is at home with every page, every sentence, every picture, every suggestion.

Blessed, if this home echoes with the footfalls that he has learned to love, if faces dear to him look through the doorways. Blessed, as day passes and nights go by, if he can glide easily, sweetly, gently, adown the years that remain.

And blessed, after all, if he can look forward towards the mist that shuts out the vision that he cherishes in his heart, and if he can believe that it is home over yonder, that the father and the mother that he pictures in the old home are there in the new home, that the wife who has preceded him is there waiting, that the boy he loved is at work over there, the circle of friends gath-

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ering and making up the new home, so that it shall be to him only a passage from one home to another in the lying down to sleep some blessed night in this home that is his in his old age, and waking up to find himself young again and surrounded by the immortal youth of those that all through the years have been dear.

Blessed, then, is the memory, and blessed is the anticipation of home.

Dear Father, because we can call Thee Father, we think of home; for a father has children, and we are Thy children, and we believe that the universe is Thy house, and that, wherever we are, if we will only look up to Thee, we may know that we are at home, and can never be thrust beyond its borders,—at home with Thee, now and evermore. Amen.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MYSELF THIS YEAR?

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WAR AND PEACE.

I HAVE chosen two or three brief passages of Scripture as my starting-point: first from the second chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, the fourteenth verse, the song of the angel,—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased"; then from the twenty-second chapter of the same Gospel, the twenty-eighth verse,—"He that hath no sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one"; and then from the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the thirty-fourth verse,—"Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The ministers of the country have been asked by those representing the International Peace Congress to preach on the subject of Peace, and of course in its favor. I gladly comply with that request.

I think it is well to note at the outset the real attitude of Jesus. Jesus, I take it, was not a "peace-at-any-price" man. Some one has said that any peace was better than any war. I cannot think that Jesus would have said so. There is a text in the New Testament which seems to embody to me the principle of the gospel of Jesus,—"First pure, then peaceable."

There is no possibility of peace except on the basis of right. Of course, I mean no enduring peace. There may be a cessation of hostilities. So much for that.

When a physician is called in to do what he can for a case of illness, if he is a wise man, he will wish in the first place, as far as possible, to understand the nature, the constitution of the patient, and to trace the origin

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and nature of the disease. There is no use in any prescription unless something of this kind precedes it.

In accordance with this principle I wish to ask you to consider with me for a little while the conditions out of which wars inevitably spring. The principal condition we shall find in the origin, the history, and the nature of man.

Modern science has made us familiar with the phrase, "the battle of life and the survival of the fittest." You are well aware, I suppose, though I have found people who ought to have known better making the mistake, that "fittest" in this phrase does not necessarily mean the morally or spiritually best.

Dr. Talmage, some years ago, in lecturing against evolution, assumed that this was what it did mean, showing an utter ignorance of the scientific terminology with which he was dealing. The fittest only means that which is fitted to its conditions, and so capable of winning in the conflict.

Now what I wish you to note is this. Waive aside for the time the question as to whether it is a good thing or a bad thing: *it is*, it is a fact; and our moral judgment on it one way or the other does not touch that fact.

Every form of life on earth, from the lowest up to the highest, has always been engaged in a struggle for life. Go out on some lovely spring morning into the fields, and note the beautiful carpet of grass. It looks so very peaceful; but here the struggle is going on. Hundreds of grass seeds are planted that can never come to maturity. Hundreds of little green spires look up from the sod that can never flourish. There is room in the soil, there is food and water in the air, there is sunshine enough for a certain number: all the others must perish. Those that are best fitted to their condition will survive.

The same kind of battle is going on in every lake, in every ocean, in every little stream wherever there are

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forms of life, the same warfare among the birds that sing at our windows in the spring mornings. Not apparent, but underneath, everywhere, this contest; and the same has been true from the beginning with men.

Consider for a moment the conditions in which the race started. We find the people separated into little tribes; and these tribes are what? They are families, no matter how large they may grow. We may have a patriarchial family, like that of Abraham, perhaps reaching to hundreds or thousands in number; but the belief in blood kinship dominates that band.

If any members come into it from outside, it must be by adoption. It is one family; and they are engaged in a struggle with all the other families with which they come in contact; they fight for a place to live and grow and expand.

If a little tribe should come into existence and did not exert itself, did not show power to win its way, it would be wiped out of existence: only as the result of strife could it continue.

It fights for what? For a place to camp and live; for pasturage, if it is an agricultural tribe; fights for a well of water or for a flowing stream; fights for whatever is necessary to its continued existence. So that in the early days of the human race you may say that the normal condition of things was one of warfare. And this inevitably grew out of the state of affairs that surrounded them on every hand.

This condition, modified in this direction or that, has continued practically until to-day. Note how modern are the dawning conceptions of brotherhood, of the possibilities of peace. In ancient Athens—I have had occasion before to call your attention to the fact—the divine Plato himself considered it a virtue for an Athenian to hate Sparta.

You do not need to go back so far as that. How has

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it been in the modern world? I also remember that I have quoted to you the ideas prevailing in England during the wars of Nelson: every man was regarded as a true Englishman if he hated a Frenchman "as he did the devil."

It is wrapped up with the growth of religion; for you must remember that these separate tribes in the ancient world had their own gods, and there was no community between their religion and the religion of any other tribe. These gods were perhaps the forefathers of the tribe, or in some way vitally connected with it, bound up with it, so that the gods were at war with each other, as well as their worshippers.

In the great poems of Homer the gods of Troy and the gods of Greece descended to the plain, and engaged in the conflict alongside of Hector and Achilles. And how has it been with the growth of that religion out of which our Christianity has come? Did not Jehovah lead his people out of Egypt, and promise them the land of Canaan? but the land of Canaan was occupied already. What then? They were directed to invade the country, to fight for it, and to kill off so far as possible everybody that opposed. It was a virtue in those days to slaughter your enemies.

There comes to my mind, as I stand here and speak, a passage from one of the Psalms, much later, hundreds of years later, than the conquest. It points out the fact that a man is regarded as virtuous, a blessing is pronounced on him, when he takes the little children of his enemies and dashes out their brains against the stones.

I am recognizing the facts,—facts in the conditions of the past out of which we have grown. Every one is familiar with the idea that to-day God is supposed to be on the side now of this army and now of that. At any rate, the priests of two nations who are at war equally pray to him for help and victory.

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It is out of conditions like these, then, from which we here in this twentieth century have come. We have inherited these ideals, we have inherited these religious conceptions. When I say "we," I mean the great mass of the people. We have inherited this legacy of alienation and hatred, this attitude towards the foreigner.

When Thomas Paine gave utterance to the immortal sentence, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion," he uttered a truth that it will take us hundreds of years yet to arrive at. It is a star on the horizon, leading us onward; but we are ages behind it.

Do we love an Englishman as we do an American? Do we love a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard? Now and then we get over these antagonisms enough to recognize the common humanity; but it is very rare.

This, then, is the inheritance of the past. Out of such conditions we have come; and, such being the fact, wars are simply inevitable. Of course, I am not saying that they are right, that they are good. I simply say that, the world being what it is, people being what they are, and the past what it has been, they are as inevitable as volcanoes or earthquakes or cyclones.

Of course, war is horrible. No one can picture it in colors lurid enough to adequately set forth its horror. I wish to make two or three suggestions.

Think, in the first place, of the financial loss of war.

I shall not trouble you with statistics. I shall not tell you how much it costs a day to support the army. I shall not tell you how much money goes into a battleship. You can search these things out at your leisure. But consider the enormous expenditure of war, the loss of property which is destroyed, the cost of supporting the army, the cost of supporting the navy.

And then think of the financial loss to the country of withdrawing permanently from its productive forces thousands of its active young men, so that they do nothing

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to make the country richer, but are only a financial burden to be carried.

Think of the beautiful roads, of the parks, the public buildings, the museums, the pictures, the statues, the school-houses, the charitable institutions,—think of the things that might be created to help the world bear its evils, or to wipe those evils out of existence, if we could only take the money that war costs, and use it to help instead of to hurt!

Then consider another count. Think of the thousands of men, young, active, helpful, strong, maimed, crippled for life! Think of the thousands killed uselessly, think of the broken hearts!

I see a young man leaving home to go to the war; and I watch the old father, as the son does not return, struggling against the misfortunes that are too heavy for him to bear, and going down to a weakened and perhaps helpless old age. I see the mother, broken-hearted at the loss of her boy, waiting week after week for the news, wondering why a letter does not come, hardly daring to pick up the paper, and then, after the report of a battle, waiting in tense anxiety to know whether her son is living or dead.

I see lovers parted; and the woman, tender in her devotion, waiting year after year, having no place for another love, battling, feeble, against want, fighting for a living, wearing the stigma—so often attached with thoughtless cruelty—of "old maid," and her heart hungry for the tenderness that must be forever denied. The heart-aches, the cruelties, the wrongs of war!

And then I cannot help thinking of the horrible religious incongruity. The Czar of Russia, the first to propose a great Peace Court, with its headquarters at The Hague, and now engaged in the bitterest hand-to-hand conflict with another nation, and trying to drag God out of his righteous heaven and make him an ally of barbarism and tyranny!

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Unless people carefully study and note the real principles involved, I do not wonder that sometimes they lose all faith in religion when they see religious motives perverted to the support of ends like these.

There is another evil,—the moral evil wrought on the young men who go into the army. I know very well, I remember, that some of my playmates were made men of by their war experience, ennobled, dignified; but there were thousands of them not only physically, but morally and spiritually mangled and disabled.

Think of the fiendish passions that are developed, the brutal instincts that are called out, until men grow hard, and can look on the death of a fellow-man as on something practically of no account.

And think of the legacy of hatreds and alienations that are left after even the justest and most successful war. As an illustration of what I mean, England and France, almost through historic time, have stood looking askance at each other. The Englishman counts nothing quite good that comes from France; and the Frenchman knows that whatever comes from England must be evil. They hate each other, they distrust each other; and so they are utterly unable, as they might have been, to help each other; in literary, in artistic, in philanthropic, in a thousand other ways.

Think of the immense loss to the world that comes through this burden of hatred that is left as a legacy by war.

These only as suggestions of the unspeakable evil of war. And yet not all wars have been evil; or, if war in itself must always be evil, there have been many wars which have been the lesser of two evils, one of which had to be chosen.

Some one said the other day in regard to the political contest that is now going on that, as between two evils, he would choose neither; but, as between two evils, we

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generally have to choose one, or take one, whether we choose it or not.

All wars, then, have not been evil. I wish to give an illustration of one or two, to show you what I mean. I presume there is no patriotic American who is willing to concede that the War of the Revolution was a wicked war. Out of it was born this great republic, which, in spite of its faults and follies, we still dare to believe is the political hope of the world.

Was the War of 1812 an evil? Evil in one way, yes; but America was fighting for the safety of an American citizen anywhere round the world. Are we content with anything less than this? An American must be free to go anywhere on this planet and be safe. We demand that at least: that was what we fought for in 1812.

The Civil War, terrible beyond all power of words to paint; but we were fighting for our life. And, if there was ever an unselfish war since the beginning of history, it was our late war with Spain. I deplored it. I thought then, and I think now, that, if we had only been civilized enough, we might have avoided it. It would have been money in our pockets if we had bought Cuba outright and set it free, leaving aside all question of the lives of thousands that were endangered.

But we were not fighting for ourselves. We were fighting to put an end to an age-long war in Cuba and set a people free. I am one of those who believed that the war in the Philippines was not only inevitable, but right. We had destroyed whatever government there was there by our war with Spain. The fate of the islands was in our hands. We were morally responsible, it seems to me, to see to it that their last condition should not be worst than the first.

Had the people been homogeneous, as our people were during the War of the Revolution, I should have been in favor of setting them free. I was not in favor of turn-

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ing over all the rest of the people there into the hands of Aguinaldo and his tribe. This would have meant more bloodshed, not peace or freedom.

I believe we are to guard the rights of the Philippines and give them their liberty just as soon as they are in a condition to take and use it.

I would go beyond these wars. Perhaps I may surprise you when I say that I believe that the Napoleonic wars in Europe were, on the whole, a good, and not an evil. This does not mean that I approve of Napoleon, who was only incarnate selfishness. He did not mean it for good; but I believe that the last condition of Europe, after breaking up the settled habits and traditions of ages, has been greatly better than it was before, and that the people are in a condition for a better and higher civilization than they could have been otherwise.

War, then, is not always an evil. War is sometimes a good. I believe to-day, further,—I have intimated this before,—that, if there could be some sort of league, or understanding, between England and America, we could keep the peace, and lift the civilization of the planet; but, in order to do it, we should need to be strong,—strong in armies and strong in navies. For it was George Washington who has told us that, if we wish peace, we must at least be prepared for war, we must not be an easy victim for any who chooses to be the aggressor.

Not only have there been just wars, but we must recognize the fact that there are certain admirable qualities in human nature that are trained in the midst of conflict.

Obedience, hardihood, readiness to sacrifice, consecration to some great end without regard to its cost, the development of the heroic qualities,—these have been in the past peculiarly associated with war; and there are a few great names in the history of the world that the world would be poorer, were it possible to forget.

Winkelried, who rushes upon the spears with the cry,

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"Make way for liberty,"—would we like to lose him? The great Alfred of England, one of the noblest types of men that ever lived, whose whole life almost was a war; William the Silent, of the Netherlands; George Washington; Grant and his compeers,—these are heroic names that make us richer as a people. Let us, then, grant all the good there is to be said on the side of war.

But now to turn to our hopes for peace. Are there indications that we can regard as signs favorable to advance even in this direction? I know that within the last fifty years men have said that they hoped to live to see a time when there would be no more war. I do not believe that wars will cease to exist in a hundred years and I fear not in five hundred; but I do believe that this condition of peace is the ideal, and that we are working towards it, and that we may make progress. I do hope that we can put an end to wars among the higher nations. But so much of the world is still barbaric that universal peace looks far away.

Note one or two things. In the old days a nation never thought of apologizing for going to war for any cause. War was the common condition of things. To-day no civilized nation dares to defy the public moral sentiment of the world. When it starts in to engage in warfare with any of its fellows, it appeals to the moral sense of the people, and claims, at any rate, that its cause is just. Is that no progress?

It means nothing less than this,—that the moral ideal to-day is mightier than ships, mightier than armies, mightier than kings. It means that the world is beginning a little to be civilized.

There is another thing we have attained. We are beginning to civilize our methods of warfare. In the old days, you know, I should not dare to describe the sack of a captured city, I should not dare to describe the cruelties and the massacre of captives. It is too horrible

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for the imagination to dwell on,—the methods of war that used to prevail in the past.

But they are gone by. Now among civilized people the work of the Red Cross, the recognition of the right of those who are not engaged in the battles, the forbidding the use of certain cruel kinds of bullets,—in many different ways, war is becoming as civilized as so horrible a thing can be. This means a step in the right direction.

But we wish to eliminate war altogether. Can we do it? Is there any possible hope for such a consummation? What shall we do about it? I wish to suggest a few things:—

In the first place, think about it, talk about it, read about it. Have Peace Congresses, Conventions, Peace Leagues, among nations; establish Courts of Arbitration, if you can,—do all these things that are steps, however slight, in that direction.

And here let me pause to acknowledge with gratitude and pride the part that our own country has played, that our own President has played. I believe that we have done more than perhaps any other single nation on the face of the earth.

President Roosevelt a little while ago turned aside from himself the honor of being the arbitrator in a great international dispute because he wished to build up in every way he could the Court of Peace at The Hague; and Secretary Hay told us in a public meeting in Boston the other day that they were already negotiating treaties of alliance or proposing them with many of the great nations in the world, to the end that hereafter all disputes might be settled by arbitration instead of going to war.

We are, then, taking definite, practical steps in that direction.

But what gives us any hope? What right have we to expect that we shall at last outgrow this legacy of evil that has come down to us from the past?

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In the first place, it means much that we have a dream of peace, and that we look forward to it with loving and longing eyes. The prophets, the seers, the poets of all the world, keep in mind this beautiful picture of that which may be, and hold it up for the admiration of mankind. This ideal is a power.

Then there is another thing; we are learning,—we have known it in a certain way for a good while,—that humanity is one family, that we are brothers, that we are of one common blood; but the modern world is teaching it to us with still more emphasis. Exploration, discovery, travel, are bringing peoples face to face with each other; the teachings of science,—all these things are helping us not only to understand, but to feel the brotherhood of man.

Then there is another thing which, having no thought of religion at first,—or of morals, either, perhaps,—is yet playing into the hands of morals and religion. This is the commercial relations of the world.

People are learning at last that it pays to have peace in order that the great international laws of trade may not be disturbed or interfered with. We are beginning to learn—what I believe at any rate,—I hesitate a little to speak of it, because some people may think it is pure politics, but I will venture it,—what I believe our excessively high tariff means.

We are beginning to learn that you cannot benefit one nation by injuring another; that the wealth of one is the wealth of all, the welfare of one is the welfare of all, that humanity is an organism, and that the hand cannot say to the foot, "I have no need of you," nor the head say to the hands, "I have no need of you"; if one member suffers, all the members suffer. I believe we are beginning dimly to perceive that as a great fundamental truth.

And we are beginning to see another thing,—that a man can be a hero without killing somebody. The

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trouble with the heroic ideals of the past has been that they have been too much associated with warfare. The readiest way to gain recognition and admiration has been to go into the army.

We are beginning to learn—nay, we ought to have learned it ages ago—that the great heroisms are not here. Admire as you will Washington, Winkelried, William the Silent, Alfred, the great warriors of the world, you do not admire them because they killed people. They killed people because they had to in order to attain some great end that was worth the price.

But you admire them for their tenderness, their love of liberty, their devotion to truth, for the great human characteristics, not for the tiger; and we are outgrowing our admiration for men who are merely soldiers.

Napoleon is coming to be a name of utter contempt; for he had no high, fine ideal of human service. It was cold, calculating ambition and brains; and hearts and human bodies were nothing to him, so he climbed to the pinnacle of his fame.

Nobody admires Tamerlane, nobody admires the men who have been merely conquerors for the sake of conquest. You may admire their intellectual ability, that is well; but they could have shown it in some other way.

Who are the great heroes of the world? Jesus, Gautama, Confucius, Zoroaster, the great religious lights and leaders, the great lovers, the tender souls who felt the pain of the world and would assuage it, who appreciated the disease of the world and would heal it,—these are the great men.

Then Homer, Shakespeare, the great lights of the literature of the world; the great scientists,—Newton and Darwin occupy positions of admiration to-day not conceded to any mere fighter that the world ever saw; the discoverers, those who have searched the heavens to find the secrets of God, those who have explored the world;

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the inventors, those who have created machinery, harnessed the powers of nature for the service of man.

The doctors. There is no class of men on the face of the earth for whom I have greater admiration than those physicians who study the conditions and causes of disease, who spend money and time and thought, who risk their lives, that they may prevent and cure disease.

The great heroes of the world,—who are they, then? They are the helpers. It is possible to be heroic without being a fighter, in the soldier sense of that word. We are learning that.

And so we are coming to a time when we can dream of peace. What shall we do about it further? I have spoken of the efforts to make treaties, to establish the principle of arbitration; but now I wish to come to the root of the whole matter.

The question as to whether there shall be any more wars or not is a question of the temper and disposition of men and women individually considered. It is the character of the men and women of a people which makes up the public sentiment; and it is the public sentiment that makes it possible to have a war.

If the great majority of the people love peace and wish peace, then peace will be triumphant. The great thing that we need to do in order to bring about an era of peace in this world is to do the work that the Church is trying to do.

Here we come to the point I love to speak of over and over again. The true Church is trying to make men and women what they ought to be, to teach them to care for truth, for righteousness, for love, for sympathy, for helpfulness,—for those qualities in us that are divine. And there will never be permanent peace in the world until there are enough people in every nation who are developed humanly, spiritually, divinely, so that they want peace. There is no other way.

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All these outward manifestations, treaties, leagues, promises to arbitrate, are only expressions of the will of the people; and there is no power that can compel international arbitration. You cannot compel another nation except by force; and that is war again. So it comes back to individual character.

We must teach the boys to admire the real heroes of the world. We must give them the right kind of books to read. We must guard their sports,—not encourage them in those that cultivate the brute in them.

I suggest here the question for you to consider,—I am not going into it,—as to whether you believe that football cultivates the highest and finest qualities in a boy or whether it tends to make him a fighter.

We must guard the sports of our boys, their reading, their teaching. We must help them to admire the right things.

And we must do all we can to cultivate, as I have said, the spiritual qualities in human nature. Then the dream of Tennyson,—

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,"—

then this may be a reasonable hope.

Do I believe that peace is coming? I know it is coming. God and all human qualities are lifting and leading the world that way. It is inevitable. We are outgrowing the tiger and the hyena and the serpent: we are climbing up into the human. It is slow work; but we are moving that way.

And let me suggest to you again that this world is not old and decrepit. It is not towards night with us: it is early morning. The time is coming when these fine and high things shall be.

I wish at the close to read you just a few beautiful

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verses from Mr. Longfellow, the close of his poem on "The Arsenal at Springfield":—

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

And again, even if I am a little late, I want to read you a few more verses written by John Addington Symonds, voicing the hope in which I believe with all my heart and soul:—

"These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

"They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
Not to spill human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

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"New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

"There shall be no more sin nor shame,
And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie;
For man shall be at one with God,
In bonds of firm necessity."

This is the promise,—the promise of hope, promise of truth, promise of God. It shall be.

Father, we thank Thee for the light that shines before us, the promise of a better day; and, as we hush and listen, we can hear Thy voice whisper, All evil shall pass away, and there shall be peace and joy. Amen.

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With Illustrations from the late Senator Hoar

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POLITICAL IDEALS;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATE SENATOR HOAR.

My text is from the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, the fifth verse,—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

These words are the expression of an unforgetting love for country and home; but Othello is not the only one who has "loved, not wisely, but too well."

We do not always love wisely as individuals; and men who love their country, undoubtedly love it, do not always render it their intelligent and best service.

We are in the midst—or rather nearing the end—of a Presidential campaign. It is none of my business to preach politics in the ordinary sense of that word; but it is my business, it is every true minister's business, to consider the great principles which lie at the basis of our government, and fidelity to which is bound up, not only with political stability, but with our religious, our moral, our home, and our personal lives as well.

The earliest government—for it helps us to understand where we are to glance at where we came from—was a family. The first king was the father,—the father not only of the small family, but of the larger family after it had grown into the tribe; and he held in his hands absolute power, extending even to life and death. He ruled, in the true sense of the word, by "divine right."

For though in those days the father was not always, and perhaps not often, deified while he lived, he was worshipped after his death. He was considered still as not only being interested in, but having power over the

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family or the tribe of which he had been the head while visible, and of which he remained the head, though now invisible. The visible father ruled as the successor to the invisible and deified father,—ruled by his sanction and in his right.

You are aware of the popular doctrine, which still remains in some attenuated form, of the divine right of kings. It had its origin undoubtedly here; and there is one striking example of it still, of particular interest to us considering what is going on to-day in the Far East.

Japan has had an unbroken line of mikados for twenty-five hundred years; and the mikado is nothing but the head of the family. The Japanese worship ancestors; and the one great controlling motive of life with the ordinary Japanese is to be worthy of his ancestors, and at the same time to be a worthy ancestor, so that his children may keep up the worship, and not be ashamed of him.

Here, then, is still the father of the tribe in the recognized Emperor of Japan, ruling in this old sense of a clearly recognized and earnestly accepted divine right.

For a great many years, for ages, this fiction—for at last it became a fiction—still remained. Still, as Shakespeare says, there was divinity that hedged a king,—no matter how he came into possession of the power,—down to the time of Louis XIV., who believed this so thoroughly that he recognized no right and no power outside of himself, and, when somebody said something about the State, he replied, "I am the State."

This was the old idea of sovereignty. I need not trace the steps by which it has become antiquated and outgrown. Originally the tribe had no recognized territorial limits. Wherever the tribe wandered, there went the government with the people. In ancient Athens this change was made, though I need not stop to go into the matter in detail.

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To-day we know that peoples are conglomerate, made up of those who may have come from any part of the earth, and the country is a matter of territorial limitation.

And the power has passed from the king, from the god, to the people. This is a very modern idea; but to-day, even in constitutional monarchies (to go no further than that), it is the people which is the source of power. If a king carries his usurpations too far, the people assert themselves, as they did in England under Cromwell, as they did later in France, as they are ready to do anywhere round the world. The people to-day are king.

The classical formula has been put into shape by Mr. Lincoln in his Gettysburg speech. The first intimation of it we find in Daniel Webster, as far back as 1830. Theodore Parker, in 1850, talked about a "government of all the people, by all the people, and for all the people"; but Lincoln, in his Gettysburg speech in 1863, gave it its final classic form when he spoke of "a government of the people and by the people and for the people."

This is the modern idea; and I wish this morning to consider some of the essential principles of government as it is embodied among our people here to-day.

If every one were disposed to do right, there would be no need of government in the ordinary sense. We should still, I suppose, have to have some sort of public organization to look after certain public affairs that can be more easily looked after in that way; but in the ordinary sense of the word there would be no need of any government if everybody wished to do right.

Government, then, exists for what? To secure public order. It exists for the protection of person and property. It exists for the sake, as I intimated, of carrying on certain public functions which the individual himself cannot so well look after.

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Suppose to-day that each of us had to find out some way of sending a letter across the country or to Europe or to Alaska. Government looks after public roads, public health, a thousand things that individuals cannot properly take care of themselves.

For these purposes, then, government exists. I have had occasion to tell you in the past—I wish to remind you of it again—that a government such as we have here in America is the last and highest result of the ingenuity, the experience, and the character of the people; for you cannot have a government like this unless the great majority of the people are willing to do right.

When we reach a time when the majority of people wish to do wrong, then our republic will be at an end.

The establishment of public order, combined with individual freedom,—this, as I said, is the last and highest result of human achievement and experiment in this direction. We believe we have attained the best results on the whole here; and for the sake not only of ourselves, but our children, and for the sake of the coming generations, we need not to make it worse, but a little better, if we can, and so help on the progress of mankind.

I wish to notice a few of the ideals that are embodied in this kind of government which we are trying to carry on here to-day; and,

First, what is the ideal of public service, the ideal of office-holding?

Of course, when you ask a question like that, the answer is so simple that you can reply for yourselves. Office-holding is not for the sake of the man who holds it. It is not for the sake of a certain organization called a party. It is not for the sake of a corporation. It is not for the sake of any special interest.

The public official, if he is an intelligent and honest man, must hold his place and use his power and influ-

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ence for the public good, for service pure and simple. Not for service here or there, this man or that man, but for all, no matter who put him in, whether a Democratic party or a Republican party. He is a servant of the people of the United States when he is in office; and he is a traitor to the highest essentials and principles and ideals of our republic, if he does not treat his position in that way.

This is nothing more nor less than an embodiment in political ideas of the teaching of Jesus. Do you remember when he was talking with his disciples, and some of them wanted to get into an office? They said, When you get into your kingdom, I would like to be your prime minister, I would like to sit on your right hand, and have my friend here sit on your left in your kingdom.

You remember what Jesus said: This has been the way of the nations in the past: the man who has held office has exercised authority, he has used it for his personal emolument, he has exploited people for his own benefit; but it shall not be so among you,—but it has been, in most cases, from that day to this, even in the Church,—it shall not be so among you. He that will be great among you, let him be your servant. The greatest man is the man who renders the greatest service to his fellow-men.

That is the principle in the government which Jesus talked about; and it is the ideal in a republic like ours.

Now what is the ideal as touching the existence and nature of parties? Parties, I suppose, in a free country like this, are inevitable. Here are great public questions to be dealt with. I need not specify what they are. It is perfectly natural that one man should look at it in one way and another in another; and, as groups of people hold similar ideas, they necessarily gravitate together and organize, and you have parties. You may

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call them whatever you please; but parties will always exist in a free country.

But what is the ideal of the existence of a party in a free country like this? It is here, again, that the party exists—not for its sake, if the men are decent and honest. It exists not for favoritism, not to help on partizan legislation, not to help on one corporation or one kind of business to the neglect of another. The party exists for the public welfare, if it is true and honest and is trying to realize its ideal.

The rule has always been that here, as in regard to other organizations, the party should come to think of itself as something important for its own sake. It is not. The Democratic party is of no importance for its own sake. No more is the Republican, or any other. It exists for the sake of the country; and the only safety is that there shall be enough men who see this to keep themselves free to throw their influence this way or that, as the exigency of the time demands.

You will guess perhaps from this remark that, if somebody should label me a Mugwump, he would not be very far out of the way. I was trained from my childhood up a Whig, Free Soiler, Republican; but I believe to-day that there is danger in any one party's being so strong that it feels that it can do as it pleases.

This is the great threat in a free republic like ours,—a constant threat. I should be glad to have the parties to-day so evenly balanced that the one that behaved the best would feel the surest of getting in.

When a party gets so strong that it feels it can do as it pleases in this State or that, it is pretty sure to please to be up to some sort of mischief. It needs this antagonistic and threatening power always to keep it to the object of its existence; and so the only safety in New York or the country is that there shall be enough strong, earnest, intelligent, devoted, free men who shall care

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more for the country than they do for either party, and who shall be ready to give either party notice that it must be true to the ideals of the country if it hopes to succeed.

Then there is another ideal as touching the relation of the individual to the government. What have I a right as an individual to ask the government to do for me? I have a right to ask for equal protection before the law. I have a right to ask that the government, so far as possible, shall give me the same opportunity in my business affairs, and as to education and all the great interests of life, that it gives to any other man; but I have no right to ask of the government any personal favor.

No group of men has any right to ask any group favor. No corporation has any right to ask a corporation favor. The government exists for all, as the light and the air does. If I by any bit of politics, mechanism of any kind, can get hold of a dollar that belongs to the public, that I have not earned, no matter under cover of a thousand laws, I am a thief; and the man that helped me get it is a thief.

Government does not exist for that. It does not exist to help any man carry on his business at the expense of any other man. It exists for the sake of giving equal rights and equal opportunities to all.

Newspapers have a curious way of reporting things sometimes. I hinted the other day that I had personally—I do not know that I had any right to speak of it here—a little question about the tariff. I am not quite satisfied about it. One of the newspapers reported that I was in favor of the tariff, and the other that I was against it.

I will simply say this: I am not quite sure. I do not claim to know; but, if, as is charged on every hand, the tariff plays into the hands of certain persons and cer-

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tain businesses and certain corporations instead of being for the benefit of all, then it is wrong. The government has no business to become a partner with any man or any corporation. It exists for the benefit of the whole people.

So in regard to labor legislation or any other kind of legislation. All I have a right to ask of the government is that it shall keep its hands off and give me a chance, keep its hands off the other man and give him a chance, but not help either of us. That is not the government's business.

These, then, are the three—in my judgment—great governmental ideals as touching the office-holder, the existence of party, and the individual as related to the government.

Now I wish to call your attention to two or three palpable dangers that threaten the existence of these ideals, and, threatening these, threaten the government itself. One of these is a certain way of using money for the attainment of political ends.

As a concrete example—I cannot think there is any doubt about it—and to save the trouble of abstract description, I will refer you to what is going on in Delaware.

A man went to Delaware with the clearly held purpose of using the little State as a means of getting into the Senate. In the first place, he is violating the fundamental principles of this government in trying for his own purposes and ends to get into the Senate at all. We do not want that kind of people in the Senate.

No one claims that he is an especially wise man. No one claims that he is an especially good man. No one ever accused him of being a statesman or having any special knowledge as to the conduct of public affairs. He is simply trying to buy up enough of the State of Delaware so that he can get into the United States Senate.

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A little of that, and the glory of this republic is gone by. There is a suspicion to-day abroad that there are too many men in Congress who are there simply because they happen to have money. I have no objection to a man because he has money; and the republic started in a way to give us a respect for this. If it had not been for George Washington's independent fortune, the chances are that he would never have been able to continue in his position as commander-in-chief of the American army through the Revolution. That played a large part in the power which he exercised in winning for us independence.

I do not care how many millions a man has who is in the Senate or the House,—one or fifty or a hundred,—I do not care; but, if he buys his way in there, he is no better than the burglar who has broken in where he does not belong and by means of force. Money has no right relation to political office-holding.

So much for that. There is another phase, however, of this money question. (I can only hint at some of these things.) There is another use of money in this republic which is a danger to the perpetuity and welfare of the country. That is the use of public money for private ends.

I have touched on this already a little; but I wish to refer to another phase of it. For example, there is a systematic effort going on in this country to get a certain part of the public money for the support of partisan, denominational public schools. It will be a sad day for this country when anything of that sort exists.

Public money for public ends. And, as I said, the man who gets it, whether as an old soldier who does not need or deserve a pension or Catholics for the aid of Catholic schools, or a corporation through unjust laws for its own exclusive benefit,—any one of these who gets public money in this way has got money that

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does not belong to it; and it deserves the blackest and most opprobrious name that you can apply to it.

There is another phase of the money question. There are those, I suppose, in this country to-day, in different parts of it, who are in politics as a business. They are not there to serve their country or city or town. It is a trade; and they make money out of it.

Here, again, as a good concrete illustration, take the case—I do not suppose he will be troubled if I mention it—of Mr. Croker.

Mr. Croker was in the business here for a good many years, and retired rich enough to have a fine estate in England and enjoy himself on the turf. Did he ever earn money in a business way, in the ordinary sense of that word? I never heard that he did. He was simply at the head of a political club; and the money,—whose money was it? It was the money of the citizens of New York. It came out of the taxes. It is robbery, pure and simple.

What is going on in the State of Missouri to-day? A valiant struggle on the part of a young man to free the State from the boodlers. What does that mean? Free the State from a set of men who are making politics a business and making money out of it. They have no idea of serving their country or State or city. They are serving themselves and their friends, corrupting the country. They are poison in the blood. They are ulcers, they are cancers, they are every kind of dangerous disease, eating out the very life of the body—the fair, sweet body—of our country that we love, and that we wish to keep healthy and sane and strong for the sake of our children and for the sake of the world.

Then there is another danger that threatens the country. That is a danger that pertains chiefly to the educated and very respectable people; and yet it may be as dangerous as any of these others.

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This is apathy or indifference or aloofness from the public service. There are certain dainty, dilettante people who do not take the trouble to register or vote. They talk about the "dirty pool of politics." Perhaps the pool of politics is sometimes dirty. All the more cause then for a Hercules to perform his great labor of cleansing for the public weal.

If the pool of politics is dirty, it is because you have neglected it, because you have let it become a sink and a drain for everything that is iniquitous and corrupt, it is because you have not helped to keep things sweet and clean.

There are enough people always, in any city, who really love their fellow-men and care for good government, to have good government, if they work hard enough. There is no trouble about governing New York.

You tell me that the majority of the people in New York want bad government, and you will tell me there is no hope of the republic. I do not believe it. There are enough people in New York who want good government so that they can cast the deciding vote if they will choose to do it, if they will think about it, if they will put themselves to a little trouble, if they will make the necessary effort, if they will throw away personal and partisan considerations and give themselves to the good of the town.

So it is the people on Fifth Avenue, or the people who disfranchise themselves for the sake of saving their taxes, the people who live on New York, whose business is here, whose welfare is bound up with it, but who will not take the trouble to serve it.

There are enough of these people to carry the welfare of the city in their hands; and, ultimately, if the city does not go right and if the country does not go right, do not dare to talk about the dangerous classes. You are the dangerous classes, if you do not look after the welfare of the republic.

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Now at the end I wish to make a few personal references to one of the great and noble men of this country who has recently passed over to the majority. I refer, of course, to the late Senator Hoar.

Senator Hoar had his faults. If it were worth while or a gracious task, I could put my finger on some of them. I have never found anybody yet who did not have his faults; and I have said a great many times that, if ever I found myself in a country full of perfect people, I am very much afraid I should be lonesome.

Let the faults then go by. Let us take the magnificent example that he has left us. Let us tell our children about him. Let us hold him up as one of the noble men of the republic. For, so long as men like him can be found, the republic is safe.

What sort of man was he? He belonged to a distinguished and noble family,—a family whose history he could trace back to the mother country, a family of which he was proud. I was riding in Concord one day with his brother, Judge Hoar, who was at one time a member of Grant's cabinet; and in a witty, humorous way he told me about his pride in the family. He said: There is no member of my family, so far as I can find out, who has ever done anything to make me ashamed except one; and—this was a little fling at a local institution—it is one of my family who owns the land on which stands the Concord School of Philosophy. This is the only thing in the family I have to be ashamed of.

Senator Hoar was proud of his family; and family pride is a grand thing, if you can be proud of the right things. If a man has a family that he would be ashamed to disgrace, he has a splendid inheritance and a splendid spur.

He was, then, proud of his family. What was his character? Every way beyond reproach. Nobody, I think, could ever accuse him of anything that was wrong.

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Again, he was a scholar. He was master of the world's literature: he found in it stimulus, rest, delight; and, mark you, here was one point of his scholarship. We talk sometimes of the business man in politics; and the business man is a good thing. Why cannot we have a combination?

Over and over again you will find cities and towns and nations and States attempting to do something that they never would try in the world if they only understood history; because the thing has been tried over and over again, and has failed.

Only a man who understands the history of government in the past is fit to help make government now. So much for Hoar's scholarship. He knew the history of the world; and he was proud of our country as the culmination of the world's history, and was ready to lay at her feet all that was finest and best in himself.

Senator Hoar held office all his life; and yet he never asked for it. He was not an office-seeker. The office went hunting for him because of his recognized fitness for it. Time and again throughout his life he had distinguished positions offered him, he was begged to take them; and he declined, simply because he believed he could render the government a better service where he was. So he never sought office.

Another thing to his infinite credit. He died poor. He never made a dollar out of the country, out of his opportunities. Do you stop to think of what that means? A man in his position would know enough about what the government was going to do in this direction or that so as to give him endless opportunity if he chose,—a man of his ability; but he never made a dollar out of the country. He died, as I said, a poor man.

He never used the country or his position for his own sake, for his own friends, to attain any personal or private end. He did what he could in the light of his in-

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heritance, of his own splendid endowments, as the result of his years of culture,—he did everything he could to make himself a great, a true, a noble man for the sake of the country, the republic that he loved.

When Lowell was in England, somebody asked him how long this republic would endure; and his reply was that it would endure so long as it was true to the fundamental principles of its founders.

That means true to the principles that I have been pointing out this morning. Do you imagine that we as a nation are immune? There is no manifest destiny that insures our perpetuity. This government as a free government, as the hope of mankind, as the promise of the future, will last so long as you and I and all of us are true, honest, intelligent, faithful servants of the country, for the sake of the world, and not one year longer.

If we are not true, then this experiment will go down as hundreds of others have gone down in the past; and changes and revolutions will come, until he whose right it is shall reign.

Father, we consecrate ourselves this morning to the republic, for the sake of religion, for the sake of morality, for the sake of home, for our own personal sake. We consecrate ourselves to the republic: that means we give ourselves to the service of our fellows, and, serving our fellows, we are servants of Thee. Amen.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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THE FADING LEAF.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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1904

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NOTE.

I preached on this subject two or three times in Boston—always at some one's request. This is the second time I have preached on it in New York—having been asked to do so. But—as it has never been written—of course it is not a verbal repetition.

M. J. S.

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NOV 5 1934

THE FADING LEAF.

My text is in the sixty-fourth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, a part of the sixth verse,—"We all do fade as a leaf."

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds."

So says the English poet Cowper. He might well have said a good deal more. Not only is there a sympathy in us with sounds, but there is also a sympathy with odors, with forms, colors, outlines, landscapes, skies,—with whatever is a part of the moods and changing phases of the natural world around us.

And this is not accidental. Though we be children of the infinite God, this old earth is our mother; and, as a little child in its mother's arms reflects its mother's moods,—smiles when the mother smiles, bursts out into crying when the mother frowns,—so are we, in the arms of our dear old earth mother, played upon by all her changing fancies and feelings.

Our moods are reflected upon the world around us; and in turn the world's moods are reflected upon us. It is something more than poetry. I think we shall find, when we analyze it deeply, that it is by no mere fancy that we attribute to the world around us human feelings.

The morning smiles, the clouds weep in tears of rain, the brooks sing, the waves on the seashore murmur, the leaves whisper, the mountains call to us and lift us up, and the stars at night have hints to give us of some infinite mysteries.

The poets have put this thought into a good many

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forms, one or two of which, briefly, I wish to read to you. Byron, for example, says,—

> "I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling."

He says again,—

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore."

And once more,—

> "Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
> Of me, and of my soul, as I of them?"

And Wordsworth, you know, talks about a Presence that disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts; and then he adds,—

> "Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
> And mountains, and of all that we behold
> From this green earth."

We think of the world as in some way alive; and, curiously enough, after we have been talking for ages about "dead matter," the scientists are beginning to tell us that there is no such thing as dead matter; and some of those that we call most materialistic, like Haeckel of Germany, are hinting that perhaps all Nature, all forms at any rate of what we call life, however low, have at least some crude beginnings of consciousness. They tell us, in other words, that these things feel; and so the sympathy between them and us is heightened.

In the early world, when men were in their childhood, they thought of spirits everywhere. Every tree had its spirit, every brook, every mountain, every cloud. The sea, the thunder,—whatever was moving,—seemed to them to be alive with a spirit akin to their own.

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They carried it even farther than that. Every rock had its spirit, every form and shape in the natural world. We have outgrown that; but what have we done? Have we done much more than drop the letter "s," and so change "spirits" into "spirit"?

We still think of some infinite and eternal Power back of all the phenomenal movements of the universe; and John Fiske, one of the greatest scientific thinkers of his age, tells us that we are entitled to think of that spirit as at least "quasi-human." And even Herbert Spencer, the agnostic, tells us that there is no point in science better established than that which recognizes that it is the same Power which is manifest in the universe around us which wells up in our own breasts, and that we call consciousness.

Perhaps, then, we have a right, after a fashion, to think of the universe as Pope has expressed it:—

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
> That, changed through all, is yet in all the same;
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Naturally, then, we feel sympathy with the moods of the world around us. Some of us love one phase of this Nature better than another. The Swiss is never quite at home away from his mountains. Others love the lakes, others the woods. I love above all things the sea. But, though we may be turned this way or that, it is the same sentiment of sympathy and kinship which draws us.

Mr. Lowell has told us in very beautiful words what he thinks is most akin to himself:—

> "I care not how men trace their ancestry,
> To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;

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But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.

We feel this sympathy, perhaps, in some special way when we are young and when the year is young. In the spring it is so easy to be hopeful,—in the spring of life and in the spring of the year; and Lowell again has expressed this thought so beautifully that I wish to give it to you:—

"Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living."

But the spring does not stay. Spring in the world passes, and summer comes, and then autumn; and the spring of life does not stay. I can remember, when I was a boy, that the days seemed like an eternity. They were never too long; but it seemed as though, when I got up in the morning, that there was room and time for everything before I need think of sunset and of going to bed again. The days were so long, so sweet, so full.

But they get shorter as we get older; and the pathos of the rapidity of the passing of life sweeps over us.

When I was a boy, I can remember how I used to go scuffling my feet through the windrows of the leaves that had fallen and filled the gutters along the roadsides, delighting in dividing them this way and that, in hearing them crackle under my feet, in seeing the puffs of wind come and swirl them away.

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But I feel tenderly towards them now. I do not think I should enjoy doing that to-day. There is a pathos about the falling leaf. Somebody—I do not know who it is—has put this into these words:—

"'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
With sad and solemn sound."

Sadly and solemnly the fading leaf speaks to us. It has a pathos in its tone, particularly to those of us who are getting older than we used to be.

And yet these leaves are so beautiful. They are a synonym for that which is finest, perhaps, in all the landscape of the world,—these beautiful, coloring, changing, fading leaves of October and November.

"November strows the woodlands o'er
With many a brilliant color,
The world is brighter than before;
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather;
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together."

I propose then for a little while this morning to turn my subject straight around, and to look at it from another point of view. Instead of trying to find the sadness and the pathos in the fading leaf, I wish to ask you to consider with me for a little while the beauty and the glory, the fitness of it.

It was fit when the bud burst out in May, when it unfolded into its perfect leaf in June. It is just as fit, just as much a part of the divine wisdom and order, that the leaf should turn yellow and red, russet, that it should fade, that it should fall.

So, instead of putting the emphasis in what I have to

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say this morning on the word "fade," I am going to ask you to put it on the smaller word "as,"—"We all do fade *as* the leaf." Fortunate, indeed, are we, if this be true.

How is it that the leaf fades? In the first place, it fades when it has had its summer. We ought not to ask too much of the world. If we can take our turn at life's feast, we ought not to begrudge the little ones that are coming along, and are ready, if we will only be kind enough to vacate, to take our chairs.

That is what we did. If we have had our turn, had our summer, is not that enough?

The leaf has a beautiful time, if we may think of it for a moment as conscious, as having sentience, coming out as a bud, bursting into a beautiful leaf. It hangs, sways there in the balmy spring airs, plays with the winds, catches the first light of the rising sun, is tinted with the glory of the same sun at its setting, is pattered on by the falling drops of rain. It hears the song of the first birds as they come from the south, watches them building their nests on the bough just below where it hangs, sees eggs deposited, sees them chipped by and by, and the young come out, notes their first attempts to fly; sees the children, and hears them playing underneath the tree; sees the old man come and sit down in the shade, and is glad to be a part of that sheltering cover.

Such, if we may only for our poetical and illustrative purpose endow the leaf with consciousness, we may imagine the beauty and happiness of its summer life to be.

But June passes into July. There come the hot, long sweltering days of August; and by and by come September and October. There is the first chill in the air, as the sun begins to run low towards the south. Then a touch of frost, and the leaf begins to change its color; and there comes a promise of its fading.

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And, as I said a moment ago, this changing color and this process of fading are not only as beautiful as any other part of its life, but perhaps the culmination and crown of its beauty.

But as the leaves fall one after another, as the winds beat upon them, the storms descend, they are shaken and detached. For one reason or another now and then you will find a leaf that hangs after the time for it to fall has passed. And there comes an hour when such a leaf is not beautiful. There are cases where one may stay well into the winter, and perhaps on towards spring; but it is not a destiny to be desired.

And so in our human lives it seems to me that it is possible for us to cling to the bough just a little too long, after we have lost our beauty, after the wholesomeness and sweetness of life have passed away.

I have known cases—a great many of them—in my life like this; and the one prayer, almost the only one that I would make if I could be sure of having it answered, in my own case,—I do not think I care anything about death, one way or the other, beyond this,—my one prayer would be that I might not cling to the bough too long. I want my friends to be sorry when I go, not to feel relieved.

Oliver Wendell Holmes touched many a human theme with a delicate hand. I wish to read you two or three verses of his "Last Leaf," humorous and pathetic:—

"I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

"But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,

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And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

I remember an old man concerning whom, as Tennyson said,

"Without whose life I had not been."

I watched him many a day as he sat by the fireside at the age of ninety; and his life was over. The wife of his youth had been dead for a good many years. His hands were hard, but beautiful to me, with the tokens of years of faithful toil. But he was not living in my world. He would wake up and face me, and talk, and then go back into the world of which he was a part.

He saw his children when they were small, around his feet, and he lived the life of his youth; and I could not be sorry for him when the time came that he might follow the longing of his heart, and join those that had preceded him in the journey of life.

We sometimes talk about an "earthly immortality"; but, if we analyze the thought and consider just what it means, we shall not find it something to be desired. If all of the people who are on this world could continue living for ten thousand years, what would happen? By

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and by the time would come when the world would be so full that there could be no more children born, and a world—living in one for a hundred years without any children—I should not want it. It seems to me it would be unspeakably dreary.

But, if one man alone could live for ten thousand years, by and by everybody who lived in his youth and childhood would have grown old and died. And, oh, how utterly lonely he would be! He would get out of sympathy with this new world growing up around him, he would find it hard to adapt himself to these constant changes; and the time would come, I verily believe, when he would pray, passionately, earnestly, eagerly, that he might be allowed to go on and out, and see what there is beyond the limits of this little world.

The leaf, then, dies when it has had its summer.

Another point. It fades and falls when it has accomplished its life-work. A leaf is one of the hardest-worked things in nature. As we look at it tossing in the breeze and glimmering in the light, it looks like all play. What does a leaf do?

In the first place, it plays a very important part in the æsthetic life of the world. It works to make the world beautiful. I think sometimes we are apt to underestimate the seriousness of this beauty side of things. It is not enough for a human life that the body be fed. It is not enough that we have clothing, houses. It is not enough that all these ordinary wants are met. There is in us a demand for beautiful things; and by as much as we are civilized, by as much as we are spiritualized, by so much do we come to care that all the things around us, the things that are consecrated to use even, the common implements of life, be made beautiful.

The leaf, then, plays an important part in beautifying the world. Picture to yourself a world the whole year round without one, and then see.

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There is another thing it does. It is altruistic. It helps cast a shadow for the birds, for the growing fruit, for cattle, for children, for grown-up men and women. It casts a grateful shadow, making the summer days sweeter and more beautiful.

Then there is another thing that the leaf does. The leaf is working to build up the tree. This green substance in the leaf we call chlorophyll is the only agency in Nature with which we are familiar that is constantly creating the miracle of turning what we are accustomed to call "dead matter" into living matter. The leaf creates the life of the tree, and aids it in its growth.

And then it does another thing. They tell us that between the animal world and the vegetable there is kept a sort of equilibrium of the constituent elements in the atmosphere that makes it fit for us to breathe.

Animal life is constantly pouring into the air elements which are poisonous. Vegetable life is constantly taking out of the air the excess of these poisonous elements, so that it is wholesome for us to take into our lungs,—an agency that gives us life and vigor.

Such, then, is the work of the leaf. But there comes a time when the leaf has finished its task: it can do nothing more. Then is the time for it to fade and fall. And ought not we to be willing to do the same?

There comes a time when we can do no more work. The brain gets weary of thinking. This wondrous mechanism of thought is like a water mill, the wheels of which begin to turn slowly as the water in the stream gets lower and lower, and then by and by it stops.

Our bodies are constructed in such a way that they are evidently intended by Nature to run a certain circuit or cycle, and to get through. They are exhausted, they cannot play their part any more; and then is the time to fade and fall,—gracefully fade and fall.

I love life. I love this beautiful world. There is not

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a phase of it in any of its seasons, there is not a phase of it in any day, from sunrise to sunset, when it does not play upon me and give me exquisite delight. I love it.

I love my work; but I know perfectly well that the time is coming when I shall be through, when I can work no more, when I can learn no more, when I can take no more delight in the ordinary rounds of life. And then I do not want to stay here. I believe so thoroughly that there is something over yonder that is fine and good, finer and better than anything we know of here, that, instead of lagging superfluous on the stage when I have played my part, I want to go and be cast as a person in another drama.

I have no fear of dying. Loving this life as I do, I am in no hurry about it. It is something concerning which I never worry: only I do want to go when I get through.

There is another thing about the leaf. I have intimated already that the time of the fading of the leaf is the time when its beauty culminates. Now if we can only fade, you and I, as the leaf fades, that means what?

It means that we grow more beautiful as we get older, —actually grow more beautiful, sweeter, as we get older. That certainly is what life ought to mean. There is a certain beauty about a leaf, a well-made leaf of blank paper; but, if one of your little children has scrawled on it, trying to write or express some half-formed thought, it is spoiled for its commercial value, but it is worth to you a hundred times what it was before. It has begun to mean something; and, spoiled as paper, it has taken on an added value.

A piece of canvas that is blank has about it a certain fitness and beauty; but let Raphael touch it with his brush, and it takes on an added beauty and glory.

A block of marble is fair; but, when Michel Angelo with his chisel has wrought out a David or a Moses, he

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has put a new and higher kind of meaning into the marble.

One of the most exquisitely beautiful things in all this world is a little baby, beautiful beyond any words. The poets cannot sing sweet enough things about the new-born child. But, if the child should stay a child forever, it would come after a while to be a monstrosity. It is only because it is a bud that is unfolding, that has in it such latent capacities for the infinite, that we think of it as a wonder. It comes to us

> "Trailing clouds of glory
> From God, who was its home";

but it is because it is going to grow and become something more that it has about it that touch of infinite wonder and beauty. The boy is more beautiful to one who can look within than the baby, the young man more beautiful still, mid-life finer still, unless it deteriorates. If it grows and unfolds normally, a child of God, reaching out towards God, every step of getting nearer to him ought to have about it an added sweetness and beauty.

Old age ought to be the most beautiful time in all the world. There was one of the old mayors of Boston—I think it was Mayor Quincy—who lived to be over ninety; and he used to say that the happiest and sweetest part of his whole life were the ten years between eighty and ninety.

It ought to be so, if we grow old naturally, healthily. But there are people—you know them and I know them—who, as they get into middle life, begin to coarsen in their fibre. They become defiled: they absorb the evil things of life instead of the good. They degenerate: they grow ugly in feature, ugly in soul, twisted and perverted in brain.

This kind of growing old is not beautiful: it is hideous. There are people who grow selfish, grow petty, vain,

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jealous, narrow, grasping, hard, pessimistic. I have a friend—a man for whom I am pathetically sorry—who told me within a year or so that he did not believe any man could reach the age of fifty without being a pessimist; that is, without having a bitter and hard view of human life.

There is something wrong in a nature that can say that, something false in its development, something that is undivine. It must have had unfortunate experiences.

I have known old ladies fairer and sweeter than any girls I have ever seen. I can think of one here, another there,—for my life is so rich that I have known a good many of them,—who were sweet beyond expression as they grew older. They grew old sympathetically, tenderly, in touch with youth, and rejoicing in the bloom and activity of youth, keeping young themselves in their hearts, so that they were good illustrations of perpetual youth.

But, again, I have known people—and so have you—who get out of touch with childhood. They do not want a child around. A child irritates, worries them. They wonder why a child cannot keep still. They wonder why he wishes to ask questions, why he wants to run and play and dance and laugh; and they are out of touch with that kind of world. They get tired of thinking: they are out of touch with the world intellectually.

One of the most blessed things I know of is the case of those men who keep their brains young, who expect young men to make new discoveries, who do not believe that they have fathomed the infinite universe, and so are glad when a new discoverer finds some new star or sails into some new sea or lands on the outermost verge of some new continent of truth. It is beautiful to grow old like that, like those who do keep in sympathy with the young.

Let us all try, friends, to grow old in that way, to

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become more beautiful as the years go by. And as sometimes an example is better than a precept, if we wish an illustration of what it means to grow old sweetly, we need only to look at him who has sat on this platform so many years, the senior minister of this church, young in his thoughts, his feelings, his sympathies, sweet and tender and beautiful as the years go by. There was a strength about him, I suppose, forty years ago that is not there to-day; but that was a coarse, strong, physical strength. There is a strength of sweetness, a strength of ripeness, of spirituality, of conquest, that is finer than all that which age must leave behind; and he has attained that,—a serenity, a sweetness, a beauty that may be an example for us all.

He is not a last leaf upon the bough, clinging beyond his time. God grant that he may cling for many a year to come; and when, out of the ripeness of his experience, he has some sweet word of wisdom or counsel to give us, how tenderly, how reverently, how gladly shall we listen!

And now there is one other thought connected with the subject to which I must call brief attention. The leaf fades when the fading is the necessary condition of its taking a next step in advance. It gets through here; and, if it is ever going to be anything more than a distinctly dead leaf, it must fall.

It will become a part of the richness of the soil in which the tree roots itself; but next spring it will become something more. It will spring up in a new tree, leaf, flower, become a part of some fine fruit, enter anew into the life of the world.

But there is something more in us than there is in the leaf. The greatest and noblest men of the world have told us that, when they came to their old age, they had not gotten through, they had not expressed a tithe of what was in them, they had only begun to live.

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But the time comes when, if we are to live a larger and fuller and freer life, we must fade and fall, and go through this process of transformation. We get done here; and there is nothing more we can do. We cannot become more in this life. We learn all this world has to tell us, or, at any rate, all that our brains are capable of absorbing. We accomplish all the work that we are able to do; and now, if we are going ahead, if this is not the end, we must fade and fall as a part of the process of advance.

There are plants and flowers, you know, which the gardener places in pots and covers in the hot-house until they reach a certain growth. Then they must be taken outdoors, transplanted, put into a wider space.

There are ships which are built on the ways; and, if they were allowed to stay always on the ways, they would simply decay and fall to pieces. They must be pushed off the ways, launched, sailed down the river, out into the bay, and find the ocean that rolls round the world.

If we could live here on this little planet, we might learn all it has for us, we might exhaust it, I suppose, by and by; but then we should be done. I believe that God has for us a larger destiny; and death, instead of being the calamity that we have pictured it so long, is God's gate-keeper. When we have got through here, he opens the gate; and we go out into the larger life.

When we have absorbed this world, then we are set free and made citizens of the universe. I believe that all these wide realms of space are thronging and thrilling with countless forms of life. I believe that these little material worlds which we see are floating and throbbing in this ocean of spirit. I believe that there is our destiny.

And so we are not "doomed" to die. We are not sen-

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tenced to die, as if for a crime. We are permitted to die, when we get through here, in order that we may go on.

Are, then, these little lives of ours here worth while?

It was only a little leaf
That hung for a while on its bough:
It danced and fluttered; but life was brief,
And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf;
Did it pay to live at all?
The sun smiled on it, the cold rains came,
And then it was doomed to fall.

It was only a little leaf;
But on it did shine the sun,
The winds did caress it, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf;
But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life, and at the last
Earth clasped it to her heart.

We are most of us as undistinguished and as inconspicuous as one of the millions of leaves that have fallen during the last few weeks in the forests. Is it worth while to live at all?

What does the commonest life mean? It means this pulsing sympathy with the infinite universe around us. It means looking out over the fields, seeing the forests, gazing up to the stars, hearing the birds sing, listening to the waterfall. It means love, it means friendship, it means patriotism, it means service, it means fatherhood, motherhood, seeing the little ones grow up around our feet.

It means an opportunity to play a man's part. It means to be a child of God. It means to serve this

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world, and then take the next step out into the unseen, to a future of which we can at present only dream.

It is worth while, then, to be only a little leaf; and the best thing that can befall any of us is that we fade *as* a leaf.

Father, we thank Thee for the life that has been granted us. We thank Thee for all its wondrous sights and sounds and experiences and feelings. We thank Thee for its opportunities of service. We thank Thee for its hopes; and we consecrate ourselves to doing the utmost we can to make it high and sweet for Thee. Amen.

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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OUR POOR RELATIONS, THE ANIMALS.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1904

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.

This is thy brother, this poor silver fish,
Close to the surface, dying in his dish;
Thy flesh, thy beating heart, thy very life;
All this, I say, thou art, against thy wish.

Thou mayst not turn away, thou shalt allow
The truth, nor shalt thou dare to question how;
There is but one great heart in nature beating,
And this is thy heart, this, I say, art thou.

In all thy power and all thy pettiness,
With this and that poor selfish purpose, this
And that high-climbing fancy, and a heart
Caught into heaven or cast in the abyss,—

Thou art the same with all the little earth,
A little part; and sympathy of birth
Shall tell thee, and thine openness of soul,
What fear is death and what a life is worth.

P. H. SAVAGE.

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OUR POOR RELATIONS, THE ANIMALS.

I HAVE chosen four or five different passages as texts, because I wish you to get in mind the range of expression contained in the Bible on this subject.

First, I call your attention, without quoting them, to the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of the first chapter of Genesis in connection and contrast with the twenty-seventh verse. It is where God is represented as having created all the living things below the human, and then, in quite a different way, as having created man.

Then in the twenty-fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, at the fourth verse, you will find the words, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

In the twelfth chapter of the Book of Proverbs the tenth verse reads as follows: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

In the tenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew the twenty-ninth and thirtieth verses read as follows: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father: the very hairs of your head are numbered."

And then, for the last verse, in the ninth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, Paul quotes and comments on the verse which I read from Deuteronomy: "For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.

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Is it for the oxen that God careth, or saith he it altogether for our sake? Yea, for our sake it was written."

If we go far enough back in the history of the world, we come to a time when the chronic relation between man and the animal world was one of warfare. It was necessarily so; but, unfortunately, this condition has left inherited traces which are not yet outgrown.

Note the conditions. When men first emerged from the purely animal condition, they were the weakest creatures, almost, on the face of the earth. The human child still is the weakest of all the young that begin their career on this planet.

Men had no natural weapons of the ordinary kind with which to fight against their enemies, the animals. For you must remember that the animals were enemies, rivals. They occupied the ground; and, if men were to have any peaceful habitation, they must clear it of these animals or bring them in some way under control.

And man had no natural weapons. He was not as strong as a good many other animals. He was not as fleet of foot as other animals. He had no horns nor hoofs nor poisonous sting with which to defend himself.

Where did his strength, then, lie? It was in just that peculiarity which has made him, as the years have gone by, the master of the world. He had a certain added brain power, so that he was wiser than they. He could outwit—that is, out-know—his rivals and his enemies.

And there was a physical peculiarity. He not only began to stand upon his feet; but this wonderful fact—did you ever think of it?—that the thumb is opposed to the four fingers in men, and that so they are able to grasp, was apparent. They had hands. And with these hands they could tear off a limb from a tree and use it as a cudgel; and with this brain power they could think out various devices; they could chip the flint, and so come into possession of knives or spear-heads. They

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could go on discovering and making various kinds of weapons with which to protect themselves.

But for a long period of time men veritably fought for their lives with the other animals; and the world has not yet, curiously enough, outgrown that condition.

Before coming to the present time, however, let me ask you to note something of strange significance in the Bible. I wonder how many of you ever noticed it? When the conquest of Canaan was going on, the Israelites are told not to destroy their enemies, the previous possessors of the land, too rapidly, lest the wild beasts increase in such numbers as to threaten their very existence. You see the strenuousness of the warfare in so modern a time as that.

But it is going on to-day. Every year in India there are hundreds of thousands of men and women and children who lose their lives. The tigers, the serpents, the different wild beasts of the jungle, are continually preying upon them. So that men have had to fight the animals in order that they might live.

And out of this necessity there have grown up certain inherited feelings of antagonism that we need to-day to outgrow and leave behind.

I wish you to note another strange phase of human development. I suppose every nation in the world has passed through this phase. You do not have to go back so very far to find it. We find it to-day in our story books, particularly those that the children enjoy. In these books the animals think, can talk, converse with each other and with men. There is a tribe of people of whom I have read—I do not this moment recall its name—who to-day tell us that the monkeys might talk if they only would, but that they keep still through fear that they might be set to work if they showed too much intelligence.

We do not have to go back too far before we find a

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time when people believed in identity of life and nature between themselves and the animals. They were not so very different a kind of being. They were substantially the same. Indeed, we find that condition of things on this continent when it was discovered.

You are aware of the fact that many a tribe of Indians traces its descent from some animal that they call the totem of the tribe. They trace back to the tortoise, the bear, the wolf, and so on. And they veritably believed that they were descended from some one of these animals.

For these animals possessed the same kind of natures that they did. The gods they worshipped were their own human ancestors, having entered into the spiritual world, become invisible, and endowed in the popular imagination with a tremendous increase of power beyond that which they used to possess when they lived here.

And it might be the souls of some of these ancestors inhabiting the bodies of some of the animals. There was the possibility of intercommunication of life and office in this way.

And here is the basis for much of the practice of sacrifice that has obtained in the past. The people believed that the animal which was sacrificed was of the same nature as the god, and that they also possessed the same nature as the animal and as the god; and so in this ceremony there was intercommunication of nature and life, a re-establishment of vital bonds between themselves and the god,—bonds of worship and obedience on their part, bonds of protection and care on the part of the deity.

The next step to which I wish to call your attention was a very easy one to take following this. You are aware of course that perhaps at least a third part of the inhabitants of the world, if not more, still believes in the transmigration of the soul,—not merely that the same soul at different periods of the earth's history may inhabit different human bodies, but that the soul may in-

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habit the bodies of animals, of birds, of reptiles, of insects, of anything that lives.

Being so near to the time when they believed in the practical identity of nature of all the different forms of life, you see how easy it was for an idea like this to spring up.

And, when we go among the Buddhists or to India or to other parts of the world where this belief obtains, we may wonder at the attitude which people maintain towards animals; but we are not to think that it is the kind of tenderness that we think ought to exist to-day towards lower creatures. It is fear oftentimes.

The people are afraid to kill an animal or a bird. Why? Lest it may be the body of some man, perhaps some friend, some member of their own family. And in this way they commit sacrilege, they offend the gods, and perhaps as a result they may have to pay the penalty in their next incarnation of wearing precisely this kind of a body which they have cruelly or thoughtlessly destroyed.

So the fact that among these people they do not eat meat and do not kill animals for sport or in any other way when they can help it is simply because it is a part of their religion. It is not natural, human tenderness for the creatures of the lower world.

Now I wish you to note another step; and it is a very curious one. It looks as though we were doubling on our track and going back to the beginning; for what has modern science to teach us to-day concerning the animals?

That they are veritably, in all literalness, our relations, our relatives. It tells us that there is only one life in the universe, from the least, tiniest globule that we can speak of as living up through all forms of vegetable life, of life in the seas, of life in the jungles, of life in the air, clear up to man,—life divine, life in God, life

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from God, life climbing back towards God. That is the teaching of modern science.

So animals, then,—these birds, these reptiles, the insects, whatever has life,—all these are our relations: they share with us the same life that we share with God.

And how many of the qualities that we are proud of as men do they also possess? Animals think, reason. I think they do. If you choose to call the process of mind through which they go "instinct," then be consistent, and call it instinct in yourself; for, so far as we can trace it, the two are identical.

Animals dream, imagine, remember, love, hate. What superb qualities there are in some of them! There is a faithfulness, a constancy, a devotion, developed in some of the dogs that perhaps does not have its equal anywhere else in the world.

Human love can be tired out, can be killed by abuse, can be starved. But notice the dog. Let him love and be devoted to a master, and neither hunger nor thirst, nor cold nor neglect, nor abuse, neither drunkenness nor the lowest degree of that which is disreputable on the part of a man, alienates him. He is faithful, constant, devoted still.

And these animals love enough so that they sacrifice their lives for each other and for their young. And they love enough so that they die of grief on the graves of their human masters. And similar things are true of other animals besides the dog.

We, then, ought to remember, whatever we do towards the animals, that we stand in this vital relation towards them. Remember what they are and what they are capable of. I shall come back to this with some other ideas before I am through.

Now I wish to call your attention to a strange and to me a very sad fact. Whatever the reason may have been for kindness and tenderness, or apparent kindness

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and tenderness, in other parts of the world, and whatever the reason may have been for the absence of these in Christianity, I believe it to be true—it is so far as I have been able to study the matter—that there never has been a period in human history when animals have been so abused, so maltreated, so neglected, treated so inhumanly, as they have been in Christendom for the last nineteen hundred years; and yet we worship a man whose distinguishing quality was gentleness and love, and whom we call the Prince of Peace.

I wish to suggest one or two things as having some possible bearing on this strange fact. I have read to you several passages from the Bible this morning by way of texts. I wish you to note two or three of them.

In the creation account it is said that God made the animals and the birds and the creeping things of the earth,—made them just as he did the clouds and the islands, the continents and the seas. Then he made man in a different way. He made him in his own image, and gave him dominion over all these, set him up above them as a king not only, but as having a right—at any rate, this right has been asserted—of exploiting all these for his own advantage and his own pleasure, just as he happened to feel like doing.

There is no command in the Bible anywhere to treat animals kindly, to be specially considerate about them. There is this passage I read about not muzzling the ox when he is treading out the corn,—giving him a chance to get a mouthful of food now and then in the process; that is what it means.

It is said that the righteous man is merciful to his beast. There is a passage that says even the Sabbath may be broken to get a sheep out of a pit, if he has fallen into it; but it does not say whether it is on account of mercy to the sheep or to save a man's property.

Jesus tells us that God notes even the fall of a sparrow;

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but a large part of Christianity has followed Paul instead of Jesus both in its theology and in a good many other ways. And you will note that Paul quotes the passage about the ox when he is treading the corn, and then raises the question as to whether that is because God cares anything about the ox. No, he says, not at all, that is for our sake; and then he goes on and deduces the lesson, saying it has a moral meaning for men, and nothing to do with consideration or tenderness for the ox.

So there was no distinct and definite Christian command to be kind towards animals.

Then let us look at the conditions of things, say, in the Middle Ages. I do not remember the precise century; but about the time of the ninth Louis in France nearly one-half, if not quite one-half, of the entire area of France was reserved as hunting grounds for the nobility. And what did the nobles do?

These men who ruled the people by divine right, what were they doing? They were fighting, they were eating and drinking, they were gaming, they were playing at love, or they were hunting; and that is all they did when they were awake.

The word "clerk," a man who could read, was a term of contempt. None of them knew how to read; and he would have been ashamed of himself if he had known. So there was nothing else for them to do except to engage in such occupations as I have spoken of. So every day they found their amusement, when they were not busy about something else, simply in killing something.

And it has grown into a habit in Christendom. To-day somebody has said that the young Englishman, when he has nothing more important to do, says, "Let us go and kill something." That is his idea of having a good time.

And so they travel all over the world,—come here with Buffalo Bill in the Rocky Mountains, go to Africa

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and India—purely for the delight of killing something. That is their great idea of having a good time.

This is the traditional attitude, then, towards the animals that has been maintained throughout nearly the history of Christendom.

I wish now—for I am running over these preliminaries as rapidly as I can—to point out to you and ask you to consider with me some of the ways by which we are needlessly cruel,—cruel towards these poor relations of ours, the lower forms of life.

In the first place I want to speak again of this matter of sport, about which I have just been talking. I do not wish to be too severe, too hard here. I merely wish to ask people to think a little. The Indians of the plains, whatever else they did, never engaged in this mere sport of killing things for the fun of it. They killed animals to get them out of the way, they killed them for food; but I have never known of a case of their killing them merely for amusement.

I have carried a rifle ever since I was able to lift one. I love to shoot. I used to love to shoot at birds and beasts and all sorts of living things; but I was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age before—nobody taught it to me—the idea came into my mind that possibly it was more amusement for me than it was for them, that possibly they did not enjoy being shot.

And, then, the further question came as to whether I had any right to shoot them merely for amusement. And, whether I have decided it rightly or wrongly, I have decided in favor of the animals; and I have never taken any pleasure in killing things since.

I do not object to a man's fishing and using what he catches for food; I do not object to his going into the woods and shooting game for food; but I never could quite see the prowess of going into the woods merely to shoot a moose or a deer or a bear, something that is

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possessed of a wonderful life, a magnificent life, which you can take away in a moment, but cannot give back again.

How any man can look in the clear, soft, deep eye of one of these wild creatures, and then pull the trigger of his rifle, I cannot understand. It seems to me that it is not the highest type of what we think of as human,—this merely killing things for amusement.

And there is another aspect of the case. We are cruel as the result of the commercial spirit. We assume, for example, that we have a perfect right to take possession of a wild horse and tame him for our uses, and then that he is a piece of property, he is an engine, or a machine, containing so much force, and we have a right to use that force for our advantage, to use it up in a year or ten or five, or any number we please, just as it happens to suit our convenience, and then we have a right to fling him away as a worn-out bit of machinery, and replace him with a new one.

That is the assumption; and so you will find street railways, for example, estimating the length of life of a horse. And in a good many different departments of the world it is the same. They use them up just as fast as it pays to use them up, and then get a new supply.

The question as to whether the horse likes it or suffers in the process does not come up for consideration or as to whether we have a right in this way to exploit the lives of our poor relations. This seems never to be considered.

I never could understand how, if a man has had a horse that he has learned to love, a horse that has served him well for several years, how he can turn that horse off when he gets a little past the best time of his life, let him go into the common market, let him get into the hands of anybody who will wring the last drop of

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vitality out of him before flinging him to the rubbish heap.

If I were a man of means and had a horse that I liked, I would turn him out to pasture in his old age, or, if I could not do that, I would put him into the hands of somebody I knew who would use him kindly and carefully, and then put him to a painless end. Or, if I could not do either of these things, I would put him out of the way myself. I would not turn him over into what is almost of necessity certain last years of suffering, of cruelty, of neglect.

There is another way in which we are cruel. We are cruel through vanity. And here the tender-hearted and loving women are the most pitiless sinners of all. Certain creatures, certain birds, are almost exterminated, merely for ornament; and they tell us that some of them are caught and put to death for their plumage just at the time of the year when it means suffering and starvation and death for their helpless young.

And women, tender-hearted, and who would faint at the sight of a drop of blood, calling themselves religious, will deck themselves out with these trophies of atrocious cruelty, and then go into the house of God and bend their heads meekly in a hideous mockery of devotion.

Men are guilty along these lines of vanity as well. Men want their horses to make a fine appearance on the street, so they adopt the overhead check, put into their mouths a bit that is torment, so that they will appear alive, restless. They dock their tails. They will do all sorts of things purely out of vanity, to make a finer display on the street.

I wish these people who do these things could have some parallel thing in their own case for a little while, a bit like this in their own mouths, their own heads tipped back, and held there until it was torture. The docking is not so bad so long as the horse is in the hands of a kind

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and careful and wealthy master; but, turned out in his old age, it becomes a source of positive suffering and cruelty.

Then there is the cruelty that comes from thoughtlessness,—thoughtlessness on the part of men and women. I feel like quoting here a saying of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Thrale was taken to task one day by the doctor for something which she had said or done; and she defended herself by saying, "I didn't think." "But, madame," said the doctor, "you have no right not to think." And, when it touches questions of right or wrong, cruelty or kindness, neither men nor women have any right not to think. Brains were given us for the express purpose of enabling us to think.

How many people, not perhaps in the city so much, but in the country through, cause cruelty to the animals by forgetting to feed them, because it is not quite convenient at a certain time to let them have any drink, neglect them in all sorts of ways, let them suffer from exposure to the cold!

And in the case of our dogs and cats, our household companions and pets, how much of cruelty there is the round year through which is the result of not being willing to take a little trouble or from thoughtfulness!

You will find people in the spring shut up their houses and go to the country, and turn the household cat loose to starve or annoy the neighbors on the streets. In a hundred ways—I merely suggest them: you know what they are, if you will only stop and think—we are cruel because we are selfish, we are thoughtless, we are not willing to take trouble.

And I want to hint in regard to the unconscious cruelty on the part of children. Boys run through and sum up the development of the race from the time they are born until they get to be men. They pass through a period when they are nothing but barbarians; and barbarism

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does not always mean purposed cruelty. It means not thinking, delight in animal activity, no matter what it costs anything else.

So you will find boys—I have been one myself—instinctively hurl a stone at a bird, until every bird in the neighborhood is frightened when they see a boy come in sight,—just because they want to try their skill or see something move; and so they torment dogs and cats and every wild creature of the woods, merely out of the exuberance of their tendency to play, to see things go.

Why do I speak of this? Because we have power to help our children to do a little thinking as they grow up, and teach them to be a little kindly. There is no child, I think, who goes into our Park and sees the squirrels run up and feed out of his hand, who is not capable of learning that that is a sweeter, finer relation than it would be if the squirrel took to its heels the moment a boy came in sight.

Teach them the delight and wonder of our relations to the animal world, and to live in kindliness and sympathy towards them.

There is one other form of cruelty that I must speak of; and that is the cruelty of modern science in the way of vivisection. I am not going to express myself overradically on this subject. I am not at all sure that there have not been cases of vivisection which have been justified by the result. There may be cases to-day. I am told by the best authorities that there are. But I am inclined to believe that it is unjustifiably overdone, and that there is a large amount of cruelty that public sentiment ought to condemn.

If disease can be prevented and life saved in this way, it may be justifiable. But surely it should be reduced to the lowest possible minimum; and the methods should be made as humane as possible.

So I believe we ought to cultivate a healthy public

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sentiment in this direction and prevent these different kinds of cruelty so far as we may.

Are we responsible? Here in New York every day are scenes still to make your heart ache,—horses overloaded. I walk down Fifth Avenue every morning in the year, and frequently I see from one to half a dozen horses fallen on the asphalt. The head of our Street Cleaning Department the other day told us it was entirely unnecessary, and that it was not the fault of his department, but the fault of our method of sprinkling the streets instead of having them thoroughly and efficiently cleansed.

Let us feel ourselves responsible. As the old men in the anti-slavery days here in the North felt themselves responsible for the lash on the backs of the slaves in the South, let us all feel responsible for this needless, this preventable cruelty.

How many of us would be willing to take the trouble to give an hour, if necessary, for a complaint against a case of cruelty, to go into court if it were necessary to testify? I should shrink from it, I know, a great many times. I hope, however, I should be decent enough to do it in spite of the shrinking. Let us hold ourselves responsible for these things until we have done everything we can to prevent them.

And—at the end—I have said that men have assumed that they had a right to the service of these animals. I am willing to concede that we have a right—if it was a question of a right between the life of an animal and our own—to put the animal out of the way.

I am not willing to take the attitude of the vegetarian, and say that we have no right to kill them for food. But have the animals any rights? We have trained horses, we have domesticated the dog and the cat and a good many other animals that we do not use in the way of labor, but simply keep for our amusement.

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Have we a right by force to take possession of these independent lives? I will not discuss that; I simply raise that question; but in all humanity, if we do exercise the power, whether it is a right or not, is it not perfectly clear that we have no right to make slaves of them first and then be inhumanly cruel by the year afterwards?

If we take them into our possession and use them for our service and our pleasure, the least we can do is to treat them as well as we know how, and to give them at least comfort, good shelter, food, drink, a little passing kindliness,—to treat them fairly well.

I think they have rights. They have just as much right in one way as you or I; and the tiniest thing, the one whose life is the briefest, ought we not to treat it with peculiar consideration?

Here is a little insect. It is going to live only an hour, dancing, fluttering in the sunshine. Shall we not let him have that little hour? What is the use of killing him, merely for a whim, the exercise of superfluous power on our part?

The animals have a right to live, a right to whatever enjoyment they can get out of life,—just as much right as you or I. Let us concede that right.

And let us remember that, if we do not do it for their sakes, we ought to do it for our own. A man ought to be—not a gentleman (the word "gentleman" has been so abused that it does not convey the idea I mean): he ought to be a gentle man, for his own sake, for the sake of realizing the ideal of his own nobility of nature.

Cowper said, you know, that he would not number on his list of friends the man

> "Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Why not give the worm a chance to live his little life? At any rate, we ought to cultivate kindliness for the

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sake of God, for the sake of our own natures, for the sake of the same divine and human nature which they share, for the sake of brotherliness, and of love, and make it a part of our religion.

Remember that beautiful verse—I could not preach on this subject without quoting it—from "The Ancient Mariner,"—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God, who loveth us,
> He made and loves them all."

Father, let this same spirit of tenderness and sympathy which is Thy nature be ours, and let us be kindly, not only to each other, but to whatever can suffer or enjoy. Amen.

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Life's Dark Problems

I. THE ANSWER OF JOB

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THE ANSWER OF JOB.

"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

THESE are the words of Paul in his letter to the Romans. It is indeed a strange scene that lies before us as we look out over the face of the earth and of human society. It is not at all, I suppose, the kind of world that any of us would have thought a wise and strong and good God would have created. It seems to us unreasonable, and it seems cruel.

Note the conditions beneath our feet, among the lowest and the unconscious forms of life, the grasses, the shrubs, the trees,—a contest going on none the less deadly because unconscious and unaccompanied by pain. The earth itself is a strange home for a sensitive and possibly suffering people,—earthquakes, volcanoes, cyclones, tidal waves, pestilences, poisons, powers of possible evil, on every hand.

And, when we come up the next step higher, and look at the state of affairs in the animal world, we behold a scene of strife, superficially beautiful but also cruel.

And let me say right here, in parenthesis, I believe that on the whole, as I shall show before I am through my series, it is a scene of gladness and joy; and yet so many things of another and opposite character thrust in our faces,—the serpent with his poisonous fangs lying in wait, the spider weaving his web for his victim, the hawk ready to swoop down upon the beautiful singing bird, wild beasts fighting in the jungles, fishes devouring one another right and left in the seas and rivers.

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So it is no wonder, looking at it in this way, that Tennyson should talk about

> "Nature red in tooth and claw
> With ravin,"

that he should speak of this same nature as shrieking against the creed of trust in the universal goodness and love.

And, when we front this human nature of ours, we find something more cruel than we discover among the lower forms of animal life, because here are ingenuity, able to devise more cruel methods, hatred, wars, crimes of every kind, disease, pain, thwarted lives, blighted hopes, blasted ambitions, evils physical, mental, moral, spiritual.

And the great problem fronts us as to whether in the face of these we can still believe in the goodness of things, —not only the goodness, but the wisdom of things. Some of the greatest writers of the world have tried their hand at the solution of this problem.

Milton tells us that he wrote his great epic to "justify the ways of God to men." Pope writes his famous "Essay," to quote him verbally, "to vindicate the ways of God to man." And so writers both of prose and poem have tried their hand at the solution of this great problem that has so bewildered the eyes and burdened the hearts of the race.

I wish to read you two or three lines from Pope, as expressing his creed,—

> "All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
> All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good;
> And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

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That is the question. Can we believe that? If we can, why, then we can sing with Browning,—

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

But let me tell you what John Stuart Mill thought about it. I wish to point out the significant fact that he wrote this before the modern theory of evolution had been demonstrated. And this theory of evolution completely flanks his difficulty, in my judgment. That I cannot go into at length this morning, but shall very likely deal with it during the course of the winter.

What is it that Mill says? He says it is plain, in the face of the evils of the world, that God cannot at the same time be almighty and all-wise and all-good. He says, if he is almighty, then he either fails in wisdom or goodness. If he is all-wise, then he is not strong enough to have his way, or else he is not quite good enough to care. If he is all-good, then he must lack either wisdom or power. Because, if he were all three, the universe would be perfect.

That is the dilemma which this great thinker presented to the world. But, as I said, I believe that when we remember that the universe is in process, and not yet complete, we have a right to decline to accept either horn of Mr. Mill's dilemma, and still seek for a solution of our difficulty.

One or two points preliminary I need to present to you with as much clearness and force as possible. To the atheist, to him who does not believe in God, there is no problem to discuss. There is nothing for him to do except to take the position of the Stoic, and bear things as best he may.

Do you not see, if we here, in all our good and evil, are the product of mere blind, unthinking, unintelligent force, why, then what is the use of our fretting? There

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is nobody to complain about, there is nobody to complain to; there is nobody to get angry with, there is nobody to charge with injustice. There is no court of appeal, there is no hope of redress; and a man is as foolish to get bitter about it and angry as he would be to fight against the north-west wind when it is blowing.

If you are an agnostic, then, again, there is no problem. You simply give it up. You say, I do not know; and all you can do is to meet things as well as possible and bear them as best you may.

The problem is for the theist. If we believe in God, then, somehow, somewhere, somewhen, things must be right. That is what believing in God means. So of course I shall assume, while I am discussing these questions, that we occupy the position of the theist. We believe in God; and yet we are bewildered and troubled as to how it is possible, along with the belief in him, that such things should be.

I have taken the Book of Job as a first point for consideration, because in Hebrew literature and in Hebrew religious life, that literature and life which preceded Christianity and out of which Christianity has been born, —in these the Book of Job is the first formal attempt to deal with these questions.

It seems to me, then, important for us to consider the extent of this attempt to settle the problem. How near does it come to it? How much help is there for us in the Book of Job?

Before coming to that, however, directly, I must call your attention to the popular mind, the popular opinion of the time as to the cause of evil in the world, the cause of suffering. You will find that the whole Old Testament is practically at one here. It is worthy of note that the author of the Book of Job had not heard anything about the Garden of Eden or the fall of man in Adam.

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How do we know that? Is it proof that he makes no reference to any of these things? I think it is, when we consider what it was that he attempted to do.

Here is a man who is undertaking to explain the fact that good people suffer in the world; and he knows about the fall of man and the agency of Satan and the curse of God pronounced on the inanimate world and the animal world and the human world altogether. He knows that this is the ultimate reason; and yet in an elaborate and prolonged discussion he does not refer to it. This of course is incomprehensible. We feel perfectly sure that Job knew nothing about the doctrine of the fall of man.

If we could accept that still, why, we should find an explanation, of its kind, for all human ill. But Job had not heard of it, and consequently does not refer to it. The people of his time had not heard of it.

Now what was the reason that was given throughout the Old Testament period? For it is worth your while to note that with the exception of that first chapter of Genesis there is nobody in the Old Testament who appears to have laid any stress on the doctrine of the fall of man. It is not mentioned anywhere else. It is never referred to as explaining anything.

And this means of course that that first chapter of Genesis was very late in the history of Hebrew thought, although it appears in the first book of the Bible; and this book was placed first in the Bible, not because it was the first book to be written, but because it was supposed to give an account of the creation of the world, and that was the natural place for it.

We must waive one side, then, the whole question of the fall of man, so far as this morning's discussion is concerned.

I want you to notice the state of mind of the ordinary Hebrew as to the cause of human suffering. I am going

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to read you—for it is very brief and it sums it all up—the first Psalm:—

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And what is the result?

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

In other words, the teaching of the Old Testament is that all suffering is the result of sin, that it is punishment on the part of God for disobedience; and that means that only bad people suffer. Good people of course cannot suffer. How can they be punished, when they have done no wrong? How can a righteous God afflict them with evils, when they have been true to him? That is the doctrine of the Old Testament all the way through.

Do you remember those words of the Psalmist? I am afraid that, when we do read the Bible, we read it without very much thinking. "I have been young," he says, "and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Think of it! He had never seen a righteous man in trouble, nor the children of a righteous man in poverty! His experience must have been rather narrow, or else he must have been blinded by a theory so as not to notice the facts.

The one punishment for doing wrong in the Old Testament, the one great, final punishment of all, is death.

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There is no punishment of any future kind anywhere in the Old Testament, no hereafter. All reward and all punishment are confined to this life; and the distinct and definite promise is that, if a man is good, he shall have—what? Health, long life, children, business, prosperity, honor among his neighbors and people,—all things that he desires shall he his if he is obedient to God.

And all things that he does not desire shall be his if he does not obey him. That is the law of the Old Testament. That represents the popular opinion as to what actually took place.

And you can see, if you think a little closely, how cruel it sometimes became. It became terribly cruel in the case of Job. If you read the Old Testament through, you will find that everywhere it is good things for the good, bad things for the bad, in this life. That was the popular explanation at the time the Book of Job was written.

I say that without knowing when that time was. I suppose there is no possibility of settling the definite date of the book perhaps within centuries. We do not know who the author of it was, we do not know where it was written; but that makes no difference with my statement. This was the popular conception of the cause of human suffering at the time the book was composed and published.

And the thing for you to note is that this book takes a definite step ahead in dealing with these dark problems of human life. The author of the Book of Job had found out what we know perfectly well, that the ordinary Old Testament explanation was not adequate; that, though there might be some truth in it, it was not the whole truth, and that, if we were going to understand the ways of God to men, we must go deeper than this.

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You and I know how far from the truth this is. Just consider for a moment. I knew a case of a lady last summer, one of the truest, sweetest, noblest, tenderest women in all the world; and yet she suffered beyond any power of describing it, through long weary days, long weary nights, days and nights stretching out into horrible weeks, and weeks into horrible months.

Why could not she have died peaceably and quickly? Why must she suffer all this prolonged agony, until those that loved her best prayed that she might go? Was it for anything she had done? To any one who knew her the question is absurd. She was one of the sweetest women in all the world, and the truest.

On the other hand, here is some man who has broken all the Ten Commandments, and hunted after others to break, who, so far as we can see, suffers almost nothing at all,—lives prosperously, comfortably, indulgently, year in and year out; and then, when he has to go, at the last falls asleep in a moment, and escapes even the agony of dying.

We know that these things are commonplaces. I knew a young man, just on the verge of a life success, noble, sweet, true, pure, having shown that he had wings, a promise of power and fame; and yet in a moment his life was taken away.

On the other hand, I know another young man; and he has devoted himself since he was old enough to think to doing evil year after year. He has broken his father's heart, and been a perpetual drain on his father's purse. His father has worked to shield him from disgrace, to keep him from the penitentiary; and he has been a burden and a sorrow to everybody who knew him. But his health is good; and, so far as any one can see, there is the prospect of a long life ahead of him.

You might multiply these cases by the hundred. Here is a man whose character is unimpeachable, but

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who is poor. He has struggled with poverty all his life long. Here, on the other hand, is a man who has no principles, and, apparently, no conscience; and he is a business success, he is rich. No relation, you see, between the results in either case and the moral character of the two men.

And so in every direction. I believe, do you know,—I have no time to point it out now,—that there is an inevitable, unescapable law running through all this confusion, and helping at any rate to explain. I have no time to go into that this morning. I simply say it, so you may not think I am as pessimistic as I may seem in making these statements. I am simply placing before you certain facts which need to be explained.

I have known of persons artistic, musical, lovers of all that is beautiful and fair, who would have given half a life to have been able to cross the sea, and see the marvels of beauty that are to be discovered there; and they have never been able.

I have seen in Europe by the dozen vulgarly wealthy people, with no appreciation of architecture or painting or music or sculpture or anything of the kind, wasting on follies or vices a hundred times more than would be needed to satisfy the hunger and thirst of these noble souls.

Now these things are not equal, according to any measure which human equality has devised. If we had had the planning of the world, we certainly should not have made these things so.

We know then, that it is not fair or true or right to charge a man with being a bad man because he is poor or because he is sick, or because he has lost his friends or because of suffering of any kind. We know that there is no necessary relation between these two facts. As much as this the writer of the Book of Job has discovered,

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so that his teaching is a distinct and definite step ahead, so far as the popular opinion of his age was concerned.

And now I wish to ask you to consider with me for a little while this poem of Job, its story and its attempt to solve the difficulty which it undertook.

It is unfortunate, so far as the literary value of parts of the Bible are concerned, that we have been accustomed to treat the book purely as a religious production. The Book of Job is a poem with a prose prologue and epilogue. And how does it rank? If you should translate it simply as a poem, publish it in a book by itself as a poem, it would rank with perhaps the six greatest poems of all the world.

It may stand unshamed beside Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, Goethe. A great poem. There are a few of the Psalms which are unsurpassed in the lyric literature of the world. There are parts of the Second Isaiah which in sublimity and power and grandeur are equal, perhaps, to the best in Job; but Job has this advantage,—it is a complete and formal and finished treatise by itself, and not merely a set of proclamations such as you find in the Second Isaiah.

Now what is this Book of Job, so far as it is an attempt to answer our question? I presume you are familiar with the story.

In a famous city of the East lived a famous man, the greatest man of his whole country, the wealthiest man, the man occupying the highest position; and he was a man faultless in character, upright and ideal in every way.

And, because he was this kind of a man, according to the popular ideals he had been blessed in every way. He had seven sons and three daughters. He had thousands of cattle and sheep and asses. He occupied a high position in the gates of his city. But even this man, although it contradicted all the theories of the age, did not prove to be free from suffering.

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The story goes that God is holding court one day, and the angels are gathered about him, when Satan, an evil spirit, not yet fully developed into the modern devil,—not shut up in hell, you see, but free to travel whither he would,—appears among the other sons of God. And God calls his attention to his servant Job, and asks him if he had observed how remarkable a man he was. But he who has no faith in human goodness, without a satisfactory reason for it, answered that Job had been blessed in every way and had no reason for being bad, but said, Now you just destroy his property, touch his prosperity, and see what will be the result: he will curse you to your face.

Whereupon God said: I turn him over into your hands. You can try him, but do not touch his person. You have full control over all that he owns—all that belongs to him. And then, suddenly, one series of calamities follows another. His oxen, sheep, and asses are captured or destroyed. And then his children, the seven sons and the three daughters, are feasting together, and a whirlwind comes and seizes the building where they are sitting, and overwhelms them in sudden ruin.

And Job sees everything that he cares for on earth stripped away. Still, he does not complain or utter one word of fault against his Maker.

Again the sons of God are gathered in the presence of the court of heaven, and Satan appears among them; and God calls his attention to the fact that his attempt has proved a failure. Whereupon Satan says: Yes, but everything a man has will he give for his life. You just touch his body now, and see what will be the result. And God says, I give him then, as far as his physical condition is concerned, completely into your hands: only spare his life.

And then Job is afflicted with a loathsome disease from head to foot, and sits desolate in the ashes; and

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even his wife turns against him, and wonders why he does not curse God and die. And still he brings no railing accusation against his Maker.

Here, then, the author of Job holds up this wonderful problem for the people who had been accustomed to believe that suffering means sin of some kind. Here is this perfect man suffering everything. But it is curious to me that Job never finds out what had been going on behind the scenes. God does not tell him why he had afflicted him in this way. He does not know anything about Satan's agency in the matter.

But, while he sits thus disconsolate, his three friends come to visit him; and no wonder their poor comfort has turned these names into a proverb. They come, and sit down with Job; and though they had been his friends, and honored and known him all his life, they are so filled with the idea that suffering must mean wrong-doing that they can think of no other explanation. And so in long chapters they lay all sorts of sins to his charge, and ask him why he conceals the wrong-doing he has been guilty of, why he does not confess, why he adds hypocrisy to his other crimes.

The three friends will not believe for a moment that God is anything but just; and, if he is just, of course Job's suffering means punishment for something that he has been doing. The main part of the Book of Job, sublime in poetry and beautiful in its argument, is taken up with playing on different phases of this one theme.

Job meantime protests he is innocent, says he wishes he could find some way of coming into the presence of his Judge and pleading his cause with him, he wishes there was some one as a medium to stand between him and his Judge; and it is wonderful, I think, the character that is revealed in him, when, even in the last extremity he has given up hope, he says, He will slay me, I have no doubt he will slay me; yet I will trust him.

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After these three friends have exhausted themselves, then comes the fourth, Elihu; and he deals in the same kind of criticisms, varying them somewhat by talking about the mystery of the universe.

And then at last God himself appears, and speaks out of the whirlwind; and what does he say? He says nothing about what had been going on behind the scenes. He does not tell Job that he has been testing him. He does not tell him that Satan has had anything to do with it. He rebukes Job for his presumption, and then overwhelms him through wonderful chapter after chapter by portraying the inexplicable marvels of the universe, and saying to Job, If you cannot answer these questions, if you cannot understand these mysteries, why should you presume to comprehend the dealings of the Infinite One?

That is God's answer to the sufferer. He turns then, and rebukes the friends who have misjudged him, condemns them utterly, and says they can be forgiven only after Job has offered a sacrifice and made prayers in their behalf.

Then at the end comes that strange restitution. Job has seven more sons given him, and three daughters, the most beautiful women in the East; and he has twice as many yoke of oxen and twice as many sheep and asses. His prosperity is doubled, and the book ends; and where are we, so far as any solution of our problem is concerned?

I wish to call your attention specifically to two or three points. I shall of course do it briefly. We cannot to-day take as an explanation of anything that goes on in the world the agency of evil spirits. We cannot believe that God permits evil spirits in the other world to interfere with the forces of nature, to produce storms, tempests, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, pestilences, disease, evils of any kind.

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In the first place, we do not believe there are any spirits that have power over the forces of nature: it is utterly unscientific and incomprehensible to the mind of any intelligent person; and we cannot believe that any good God would let any evil spirit do it even if there were those who were capable of it.

We have come at last to recognize the fact that power does not confer irresponsibility. The old theory was that might meant right. The chief of a tribe could not do wrong. Whatever he did was accepted. But to-day we say that, if a man authorizes an agent or permits an agent to do a certain thing, he is responsible. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Shall we not think of God as being as good as we expect men to be?

So, if it were possible for God to authorize and permit an evil spirit to do a certain thing, he would be responsible for the result. It hardly needs saying this to-day; and yet our Puritan forefathers believed it all. And you will find people talking to-day as though they believed it, when, if you ask them the direct question, probably they would deny it.

Another point. We cannot any longer believe that God would put a good man through a course of suffering, inflict evil upon him merely as the result of a whim on his part, to test a man, to prove that he was superior to wrong-doing. We cannot believe that that is any explanation of the sufferings of this world.

God has no right to subject his children to unnecessary pain or disease or heartache merely because he is God, merely because he has the power.

There is another thing that is a part of the explanation of the Book of Job that cannot help us much to-day. They tell us at the last that Job had all his losses made up to him. Did he? He had seven sons and three daughters given him; but they were not the ones he had lost. It is all very well to double the amount

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of his property loss. He might bear that, say that was adequate compensation; but if God has taken away my child, whom I loved as I love my life, would it be any compensation to me to give me another child?

I might indeed love the other child; but what of that first overwhelming loss,—a loss that the years cannot take away? There is no explanation there.

Then the last one of all is simply to overwhelm us, shut our mouths and drown us, so to speak, in the sense of God's mysteries. All Jehovah does when he appears is to ask Job questions that he cannot answer, and overwhelm him with the thought of his inability to comprehend the Infinite.

Is that any answer? Does that help us to bear our burdens? Indeed, one thing is true. If I could be perfectly certain that I have a Father in heaven, that he loves me, that he is almighty, that he is all-wise,—if I can be perfectly certain of that, and if I can know that he asks me to wait without understanding something that he is doing, why of course I can wait. That is easy enough.

A boy can wait if his father tells him that he knows what he is doing, and will explain it to him by and by when he gets ready. Of course, he can.

But, so far as the great modern heart of the world is concerned, it is this very question of the fatherhood, the love, the justice, the power in the heavens, that is in question.

I am overwhelmed with letters from all over the world bearing on these problems. I received one from a lovely old lady down in the State of Maine some months ago. In it she asks me pitifully, tearfully, as to whether she can any longer believe that she has a Father in heaven. She said, I used to believe that; but in presence of the calamities, the sorrows, the sufferings, the evils of the world, I am beginning to wonder whether I really have one. That is the question.

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So simply to tell us that the universe is a mystery we cannot fathom does not help us to wait patiently in the presence of these great sorrows that we cannot, on that theory alone, explain.

The Book of Job then, although it was a step ahead for its age, does not help us much. We must go on with our study, trusting that by and by we shall find a better answer.

Father, if we may think of Thee as Father, then indeed we can be patient, we can bear, we can wait, we can hope. Oh, help us to see light enough, at any rate, so that we can take the next step, and trust in the Eternal Goodness. Amen.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

"The field is the world."—MATT. xiii. 38.

IT was my good fortune, some years ago, to be the guest, through one very pleasant week, of a farmer in Scotland who, with his father before him, had held the land for almost a hundred years to such a purpose that I would liken the place in my admiration to the garden within the four rivers the first man in our Bible was created to dress and keep. He was an old man who had been nursed and nurtured in the Presbyterian kirk in which his father was an elder; but, as he grew up to his early manhood, he began first to question and then to doubt the truth of the Shorter Catechism he had got by heart in his boyhood, and of many things the minister would say in his sermons, so that he must needs tell his father of his trouble, of which this was the substance as he told me,—that he could not make good sense of the sermons he was hearing Sunday by Sunday. And his father answered, "Nae sensible man could, my son," closed the conference, and had no more to say then or afterward.

Then the young man began to feel after a faith that would satisfy his heart and mind as he went about his work on the farm. And it came to pass that one Sunday he was staying in Edinburgh; and, passing a church, the impulse touched him to enter, join in the worship, and hear the sermon.

It was the turning-point in his life and his faith. The minister, he said, might have known his secret; for he affirmed in his discourse the truths he had found, so far

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as he knew no other man believed, but to a finer and clearer purpose.

In his seclusion on the farm, he said, no word or whisper had come to him of our church or our faith; but, as he came out after the service, he said to a gentleman, "Will you kindly tell me the name of this church and the denomination?" And he answered, "We are Unitarians, sir"; and the young man said in his heart, "Then I am of that faith, this is my church also," went there again presently, and took a pew. This was forty years from the time when he told me the story. The farm was seventeen miles from the city; but he had seldom missed a Sunday from his church in all those years, and, as I learned from other members, had been, and was still one of the strong pillars of the church.

I had printed a volume of sermons he had read; and, when I was to cross the ocean, he wrote a cordial invitation to come and be his guest on the farm. I was to preach in Edinburgh,—his home was on the way,—so I said I would gladly come, and still remember my warm welcome by the family. It was a week to be marked with a white stone for many reasons, but for this especially as I look backward through the years,—the talks in which he would tell me about the life on the farm, and would bring out of his treasury the sheaves of landward wisdom he had garnered in the threescore years of his active and most faithful life, and use them for keys to open the things of the spirit, as they blended with the faith which was dear to him as his own life, so that, as I listened, I thought he answered well and truly to the saying of Bishop Jeremy Taylor whom Emerson calls the Shakspere of divines,—that your good husbandman is also a minister of God in his degree,—and the saying of the Master to His friends, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see," when in his quaint and homely monologues he would blend the outward with the in-

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ward truth, while the finest field of wheat I ever saw on the earth swayed as we sat on the lawn in the soft summer wind, and grew golden in the evening sun, the century flower of the hundred years in which the father and the son had been coworkers together with God.

His faith had so blended with his life that, of all the men I can remember, he could teach me by his work on the week-day what I must teach by my word on the Sunday, what faith means in the essence, and hope and love. And I still remember this was the first article in his home-made creed,—that no man can be well worth his salt on the farm who does not love the land which is blended so intimately with his life, and hold it as a sort of sacred trust. For, when we do this, the outward things begin to hold a sacred meaning and come home to you as they came home to our divine Teacher, who loved to draw his parables from the land and the landward men with whose life his own was so closely blended, —the men who were at work all about him,—and say, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto these." So, being myself no landward man, but rather one who loves in the summer time to sit under a great elm or apple tree and watch them at their work, I loved to hear my host take up his parable of the husbandman and the similitudes between the land and the life, the outward and visible form, and the inward and spiritual truth, as these were blended together in his devout and reverent heart; to make rude notes also that would refresh my memory of my pleasant and pregnant week, for, while these things may be familiar to you who were raised on the farm and know them by heart, my whole working life had lain in the factory, the forge, and my ministry in the great young city in the West.

Your true farmer will not sow good seed on bad land, he said, and hope to reap a harvest like that we shall reap from the field over yonder. The land must answer

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well to the harvest. It would be no use, my saying the result is in the hands of the Most High, who can make wheat like that grow on granite or on the edge of the turnpike or in the marsh. He *will* do no such thing, and what He *can* do is not the question, but what He *will* do through the steadfast laws of the earth and the heavens, the soil and the seed, the rain and the sunshine; for these are the laws of the Most High.

And I must not hope to reap a rich harvest from poor land like that of which the Master speaks touching the seed that was sown on the rock and the mere film of soil, and that which fell among the heavy overweight of weeds in the mud-hole. I must enrich the poor thin reach, or, if it is rank with the weeds, it will be of no use thinking some good Providence will slay them in answer to my faith and hope. The good Providence will answer to no faith that will nourish improvidence in the sower. I must invest my faith and hope in a good share and coulter, and, if needs be, in quick-lime, because leniency toward the weeds is mere fooling. I must fight them for all I am worth. And I must not nurse the imagination that can rejoice to see the azure and scarlet flowers affronting my growing grain, because I know I cannot have cornflower and cockle and a plenteous harvest also ripen in the self-same furrows. They have their own use and their own place, but this is not to fructify the springing blade or ripen the ear that will be forty, sixty, or a hundred fold. They can occupy till I come, and then they must die and return to the dust, that my hope in a good harvest may not wither, and my faith be justified in my work. So I love to have Robert Burns tell me how the thistle caught at his heart as he was clearing the land from the weeds, and sings

> "I turned the weeder clips aside,
> And spared the symbol dear."

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It is lovely, but it is not good farming; and the incident is more than much fine wheat,—I mean to a Scotchman, of course,—but I have yet to find the good farmer in Scotland who spared the thistle in the springing grain because of the lovely song.

And when we have ploughed the field, made it all mellow, and sown the good seed, we do not wait to see what will come forth if we let it alone until the harvest, because we know it will not be wheat alone, but weeds also. Therefore, we must lose no time in dreaming that all these things will work together for good to us because we love the land and have faith and hope in the harvest, or it may come to pass that all things will work together for evil. The land says to me: I am ready now for anything that lies in my heart, weeds or wheat as you may elect: this makes no matter to me. First come, first served, is the law from now to the harvest; and it lies with you to determine what this shall be. But you can as easily bid the sun stand still on Gibeon and the moon on the valley of Ajalon as bid me wait for all that will grow and ripen. The Scripture stands as true for the land then as for the life and the work we have to do. Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. The question of the harvest rests with you now; and the Eternal who ruleth in the heavens and on the earth, while every day you lose in giving the weeds room and verge to grow, will discount your faith and hope in a noble harvest home.

The time would fail me to tell you how we found the outward and visible things touch the inward and spiritual in the faith we held in common; but now I must touch the memories that bring this truth into line with my good farmer's faith,—the faith which began to bud and blossom on the farm before he heard the sermon or knew there was another man like-minded in all the world. In one of our communings he said: We never plant one

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thing and hope to reap another, because we know that the law is holy, just, and good on the land as it is in our life,—the law by which we shall reap what we have sown, a good harvest by Heaven's blessing for good sowing, and evil for evil, blessing for blessing, and bane for bane, a noble harvest also in answer to the liberal hand and scantness for holding back to save. So we may believe in doctrines and dogmas that make this holy law of small or of no account,—the doctrines and dogmas that can turn weeds into wheat through our faith in God and His Christ; but, dogmatise as we will in the creeds and the standards, the harvest must still be one with the sowing or the planting. No plan of salvation has been revealed to me which will turn the tares into fine wheat, no election or free grace to make grapes grow on thorns or figs on thistles. So said the Master, and so we must say who hold the land in trust from the Most High. This was where the farmer began to draw the line between the dogmas laid down in the pulpit on the Sunday and of the Shorter Catechism. These tell me that, if I have faith, I am saved and safe, because I am not under the law, but under grace. This may be true on Sunday, but it never was and never can be true on the week-days and on the farm. There I must show my faith by my works, in the sowing and reaping, where reaping what I sow is in itself the law of grace; and, if it were not so, thrift need never strike hands with striving, and there would be no good farmer left on the land. We should all be looking to the great Providence to do for us what we are bound to do for ourselves, and make the sentence in the Lord's Prayer rest and turn on the one word, "*Give* us this day our daily bread."

There is no forgiveness for sowing evil seed on my land, or good seed, if I do not look after the weeds. My reaping in the harvest may storm me or flog me, so that I shall cease to do evil and learn to do well, and, when

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the spring comes, to give me another chance, my loss may be in some sense my gain, the best spring from my shame in the worst, but bad is the best from the evil sowing.

So the memories return of the week at my summer school in Scotland with the best farmer in the Lothians by the common verdict. I read the old notes, and muse over them and am there again, sitting in the dooryard or riding far and wide,—two men of the same faith bringing out of the treasury things new and old touching the earthward and the heavenward, and the faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. My good teacher went to his rest and reward many years ago; but the fine presence still lives with me, and I can hear his voice,—the man who was of our faith, and did not know it (as are so many more) until the memorable Sunday when he found the little band in the church over against the castle, heard the truth we hold from the minister, and said, "This is my teacher, and these are my brethren and sisters."

So may I take up the thread of our conference on this Sunday before Thanksgiving, and ask you to think of the great mystery, and wonder that a handful of grain should live, well sown, to such a splendid purpose, and grow to the thirty, sixty, or the hundred fold, while the birds in the air and the rodents on the earth are waiting to devour the harvest he sows in the faith and hope that he can hold his own against all comers, because he is more than many sparrows, more than all the rodents. He is God's husbandman, who has promised, while the world stands, to give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

Yes, and it may seem now and then between the seed-time and the harvest, if he takes counsel of his doubts and fears, that He who ruleth in the heavens and on the earth had slain his faith and hope, so stern the fight may

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be with the rain and drought, the rust and weevil; but such doubts and fears cannot stay his hand now, because he sows in the faith that the heavens do not bend over him just to breed mildew and rust. They bend over him for blessing, not for bane. He sows in faith, and is of the same mind as Dean Stanley's grandsire, who was also a minister of the Most High in these things, to find that, if one thing did not do so well as he expected, another was apt to do better, so that he could remember no worthless years.

So my good husbandman may wonder if he will see the harvest he hoped for, but faith blooms into hope in spite of the disasters. Faith in himself, in the land, in the seed, in the seasons, in the good mother Nature, and in God over all, saying, it may be, with the simple-hearted woman in the story we all love,—"Silas Marner," —"It is the will o' them above us that a many things should be dark to us, but there's some things I've never felt i' the dark about, and they are mostly what comes i' the day's work." I think again that we may find the gospel of God and His Christ within the law of this good sowing and reaping, as we rise from the land to the life, and mind the words of our divine Teacher,—"The field is the world, and he that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man."

And in the name of Him in whom we live and move and have our being, God over all and under all and in you all, challenge the dogma so many still insist on, that in this nature we share with Him there dwelleth no good thing, that it is weedy and worthless as we hold it, and must be transformed by Heaven's pure bounty; for there is no hope in us and no help. We can do nothing of ourselves, and are worse than nothing, while the worth, if there shall be any in the harvest home, will not be in what we have striven to do, but in what has been done for us.

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We find no such affront to our human nature when we see our wise husbandman at work on his land, the land he loves. Ask him, as he draws the furrows, how he can plough in faith and hope when the land is so matted with last year's weeds, and he will answer: It may be hard work, to be sure, to get them well under and give the field and the seed a fair chance to bring forth a good harvest, but the worth of the land is often proven by the rankness of the weeds. And, given the power to do this, then the one thing he can do will be to master them by all means, and make that you call infernal so much more divine.

The weeds may be matted fearfully and wofully in our human nature from the years or even the centuries before we were born. And there may be this difference again between our life and another, that the culture and cleanness of the centuries may lie within the life of one man as the culture and cleanness of a hundred years lay in the field of ripe wheat I saw that week, while this wild wealth of weeds may lie in another life as it lies in the rich loams of the South and West in our own land that have newly come under the plough and harrow, yet the grosser land, and not the cleaner, may hold the finer promise of the many years to come.

Again, when one man has done his level best to slay the weeds and have done with them, and has sown to the wisest and best purpose, his harvest for this very reason may not compare with that of some other man who need not strive so hard. Yes, and one man may seem to have made the harvest, like that I saw, grow and ripen by the turn of his hand, so wise he may be in the wisdom of two or of ten generations, while another must slave hard through the summer, and then reap only a scant harvest to set against the full garner of his neighbor. In one man's field the weeds may seem to be exotics and in the other come up in heavy

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ranks, so that his heart aches to see them. This, again, is the truth about our human life. We have all known such men,—nay, we may be of such a weedy manhood,—yet, as we scan this mystery of the evil and the good that my faithful man and true, whose poor scant harvest seems lost in the undergrowth and overgrowth of the weeds, and yet still holds in his heart some secret of a right noble striving to get the weeds well under and have a harvest worthy the striving, may not he also win the "Well done, good and faithful servant," when the harvest is past and the summer is ended?

But we come now to another thought. It must have been in the fall of the year when the Master touches the parable of the sower and reaper I read for our morning's lesson. He had watched the sowing and the growth to the harvest through many springs and summers, and knew how it had fallen on the wayside, and on the ledge where there was no deepness of earth, in the hollow, rich to grossness through the drip of the tilth, and on the great space of good land, the joy of the husbandman's heart.

It was all good seed with a fair and even chance before it fell from his hand, but on the wayside only the birds were the better for the sowing, on the ledge the roots struck down and the blades sprang early and easily, but there was no deepness to match the fine aspiration, and they withered away, while in the hollow the good seed had to fight the thorns and briers; but beyond all these frustrations and failures here was the royal harvest of the thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold. So, when his disciples would know what we should call the moral of the story, he tells them it is a parable of our life, changes the tenor from the seed to the man, and says, "This is *he*" that was sown on the wayside and the ledge, in the hollow and on the rich clean land, and then says, These are the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

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He had spoken to the throng which had gone away, all sorts and conditions of men. They knew how poor and scant the lot was on which some had fallen, on the hungry ledge or the wayside, and how gross and rank the lot of others; and here was the mystery, the pity, and the pain, for there was a fine grain of worth in them also, but the base undergrowth and overgrowth, the environment as we say now, had slain the promise in them of the harvest, and this was the mystery to his most pitiful and tender human heart.

And is not this the truth now as it was then, that human lives are still cast on the thin hungry ledges, on the hard beaten ways, and in the gross underdip, so that they become what we are so apt to call castaways in our world and our life? It was our whole life he touches in the parable, the true and good that ripens into character and conduct and the aspiration towards heaven, and here was the harvest of the good seed sown on the clean land; but there have been those in all the ages and are now who will have us believe that this is not only the mystery of the kingdom of heaven, but of hell also for the castaways, and have doomed them to hell when they have done with earth and time. There was no such thought, if I can understand him, in his tender human heart. It was the kingdom—the supremacy—of heaven always. The castaways must be counted in the sum for their worth and their failure. The hand flashing out, sowing here and yonder some seed to honor and some, as we should say, to dishonor, sows to no blind or wasteful purpose. He was here also; and they were here who must go forth to proclaim his gospel, to look after the sowing of the poor thin ledge, the wayside lot so hard and hopeless, and the sinks to seek and save that which was lost.

So you will notice how slight his care was for the lives sown on the fair clean lot, and how he makes good his

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saying, "They that be whole need no physician, but they that be sick." Always it is the hapless man or woman, the castaway, he would help, pouring out his life for them, and never saying in one instance, It serves you right, because he had not come to destroy life, as he tells his followers, but to save life. The pity of it and the pain was this,—that they could not be whole men, as their lot had fallen in the seed from the sower's hand, and he would save them as he found them.

Here, then, is the truth of the sad frustration of the noblest and best in so many human lives. The mystery we cannot fathom of the hapless men and women, the dead failures who cannot beat their music out or do anything, it may be, at all in the measure of their early promise, the sowing on the thin hungry ledge and the hard beaten way. The bright and winsome boy who bids fair to be the flower of the flock,—what has befallen the fine promise? It may be he was to be a noble minister or an artist or a merchant; but, instead of going to hear him preach, you would pay him to be silent, or his pictures have to go a-begging, or he cannot as a merchant hold his market and win.

Here, again, is a home of a pure salted virtue with a family to match the home, all but this son who had an equal place in their love and care. A great heart-ache takes the place of the hope and joy. He goes to the bad, as we say. He was sown on the sink, he is a castaway. This is the mystery of the kingdom of heaven.

And now is your life so far clean and sweet as a newly turned garden, and are you saying, What shall I do to win a noble harvest when the harvest time is past and the summer ended? I will tell you what you must not do who are in the spring-time of life. You must not wait to see what will come of the waiting. You must sow good seed in your garden,—the seed of good principles, of honest endeavor, of high aspirations and pure

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affections, holy desires, just counsels, and reverence. Let the sun lie fair on your sowing, because you have taken care the seed should lie fair to the sun. Be true to the worship which blooms and ripens into worthship. Read noble books, be glad for good companions, win your place in the world's life,—your true place,—and hold it against all odds. Have the weeds already got the start? Ignoble ambitions, temptations to sell the truth and serve the hour, or, if our life lies before us, to make an alliance that will be a sin where God has ordained a sacrament? These may be the weeds we must fight, and more besides than I can name. We must not, I must not, you must not, lose heart and hope. Our life may be like the strong land where you can guess at the deepness of the soil by the splendor of the weeds. We must tear at them and get them out. We must be wilful with the weeds for the sake of the good harvest. Beautiful they may be as the azure and scarlet flowers. We must not mind that: we must get them out, and then we may not alone win the noble harvest, we may transmit the cleanness, the sweetness, to the generations yet unborn. Heirs of God they shall be, and joint heirs with his Christ.

"Earth of man the bounteous mother
Feeds him still with corn and wine,
He who best would aid a brother
Shares with him these gifts divine.
Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These like man are fruits of earth.
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.
Sow thy seed and reap in gladness,
Man himself is all a seed.
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the grain to ripeness lead."

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SOME THEOLOGICAL ANSWERS.

As the Book of Job was the first formal attempt made on the part of anybody connected with the Hebrew people to solve this problem as to the relation of suffering and evil to the goodness of the world, I considered that first. We found no satisfactory answer there to our question. I propose now to ask you to consider some of the theological attempts that have been made at an explanation.

If we go back towards the beginning of human history, we shall find that this difficulty did not really exist. In other words, their theory of things was such that suffering and evil found an easy explanation. The explanation, when we consider their intellectual and moral point of view, was a very natural and satisfactory one.

What was it? They believed that when people died, men and women, they did not cease to exist: they only passed into an invisible world; and this invisible world was not far off somewhere, it was close around us. The spirits of the dead were just the same kind of people that they used to be here. Some of them were good, some of them were bad, vindictive, mischievous, evil; and they were endowed in the beliefs of the people of the time with an indefinite extension of the power which they used to possess here. They were not only as strong as they were here, but a good deal stronger; and they were supposed to have control over what we regard to-day as natural forces.

So these invisible people were everywhere. They haunted the places where they used to live, where their

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bodies were buried, they were in all the air, mingling with all the life of the time; and the good ones, the friendly ones, were ready to help, and the bad ones were ready to harm. And, when anything evil occurred, this was their ready, their natural explanation: it was the work of some mischievous or malignant or evil spirit.

It was supposed, for example, that they had control, as I said a moment ago, over natural forces. They could produce tempests, they could blight the crops, they could interfere with all sorts of occupations, they could produce disease and death. And so, whenever anything evil occurred, it was very easy to attribute it to the work of some one of these inimical and invisible powers.

They had not risen at that time to any conception whatever of what we regard to-day as natural forces and natural laws. Everything that happened, good or bad, was the work of some one of these invisible persons.

You see, then, they had no special problem. There was no necessity on their part to reconcile these things that occurred to the goodness of any ruling Power. These good forces did what they could to help them. Sometimes they could fight against and thwart the purposes of the evil ones; but all they could do, if these invisible friends did not interfere to protect them, was to placate or buy them off, these wicked gods,—so far as they were able, to try and win their favor.

Perhaps you have not noticed that these ideas were not outgrown even in what we regard with so much favor and admiration as the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The gods were some of them good, some of them bad, some of them friendly, some of them hostile. They were open to the same kinds of motives and influences that people were in this world.

As an illustration, take the famous ten years' siege of the city of Troy. What was the cause of it? Why,

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three of the goddesses entered into competition as to which of them should be regarded as the most beautiful; and Paris was made the arbiter. Each one offered him some prize, tried to bribe him to a judgment in her favor. He decided for Venus; and of course the other two were made the enemies not only of him, but of his whole people.

And, as we read the story of the siege as recorded in Homer, it is seen that Juno was always fighting against the Trojans, and Venus was doing what she could to protect them. They were each trying to get the aid of Jupiter and to have him favor her side; and they even descended into the conflict, and took part in the battles, like the other warriors.

You see how comparatively modern these ideas are, that the good and the evil of this life are produced by the good and evil powers in conflict in the other life.

When we come to the beginning of definite Hebrew history or when we begin with that which is farther back and more or less legendary, we find that for some unexplained reason the Hebrews had little belief in these other world forces.

From the time of Moses until the Captivity these ideas of other-worldly influences playing a part in the life of men had very little to do with Hebrew belief. They did believe after a fashion in spirits in the other world. There was, so to express it, a sort of submerged belief of this kind; but it plays no part in the formal religion or in the definite teachings of the Hebrew people.

We know that they did have some belief of this kind, because it is witnessed to us by such stories as that of the witch of Endor and by the fact that the law-givers prohibited people having anything to do with familiar spirits. This shows that they were more or less believed in.

But there came into the Hebrew mind another ex-

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planation of the existence of evil which has played so important a part in Christian theology that we must give it a little definite and careful attention. We do not know just when it appeared. The story is contained to-day in the Book of Genesis; but the early prophets of the eighth century before Christ seem not to have known anything about it, and it bears traces of Persian and Babylonian influence, so that it may not have taken definite shape in the Hebrew mind until down towards the period of the Captivity.

As I have said before, the story is placed in the first book in the Bible, not because that was the first book written, but because it contains what was believed to to the history of the beginnings.

What is this explanation? It is nothing less than the story of the Fall of Man. I wish you to note certain features of it, to which you perhaps give less attention than they deserve.

It came to be believed by the Hebrews that God created the first man and woman perfect, and placed them in a garden. Up to this time no evil of any kind existed, everything was perfectly good. All was perfect happiness and peace. There was no warfare among the lower animals, there were no noxious weeds or growths of any kind. It was a perfect world.

God laid one prohibition, and one only, on the first man: he was not to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, whatever that might be. He disobeys; and so we are told that, as the result of that, all evil came into the world. The animals, who had been peaceful up to that time, began to slay and prey upon each other. The ground was cursed, so that it brought forth its crops with difficulty. It was threatened upon Eve that she and her descendants should bear children in pain and suffering as the result of this eating of the forbidden fruit.

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And, last of all, death was pronounced against them as a penalty. Not only death for them, but for all their descendants in all time, and suffering and pain and every kind of evil for all time.

Not only that. Those who were not specially saved by a scheme of redemption which was devised ages after that time, and of which of course the people at that time could know nothing,—they were to suffer the penalty of everlasting torment in the next life.

Here, then, is the explanation which for ages dominated the Hebrew thought, which for the last nineteen hundred years has dominated Christian theology. It has been believed that this was an adequate, satisfactory, rational, and moral explanation of the coming of evil into the world. Let us look at it for just a moment.

In the first place, if you think of it carefully, you will see that Adam had no sort of fair probation. Dr. Edward Beecher, the elder and hardly less famous brother of Henry Ward Beecher, published a book some years ago in which he demonstrated at length that Adam had no fair probation. In order to do that, he must have been able to look down the ages and foresee for all time, not only, but through eternity, the result of his action. He must have been perfectly free to choose, and must have chosen with an eye to all the conditions and all the results.

Of course, it is absurd for us to suppose for a minute that he had any such intelligence, that he had any such foresight, that he comprehended in all its fulness what he was doing.

It was threatened against him that he should die, that was all. Nothing was said, mark you, by the Creator at that time about all of his descendants dying, nothing was said about any future punishment in another life. He is simply threatened with death, if he eats the fruit of that tree.

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And here comes another very mysterious, intelligent Power, and talks with him, and tells him it is pure jealousy; says that God knows perfectly well that he will not die, he will become very wise, and know good and evil, if he eats of the fruit. And Adam was not quite sure which he was to believe. At any rate there was no fair probation.

Then there is another consideration for us to take into account. Even if Adam had understood all about it, had known perfectly what he was doing, had chosen deliberately, think of another feature of the case.

Why should I, five or six thousand years (according to the popular chronology) after that time, be suffering, be regarded as a sinner, be treated as a victim of God's anger, for what somebody else did over whose action I had absolutely no control? Why should I be in danger of eternal torment because a man six thousand years ago chose to eat an apple after he was forbidden to do it?

Think for an instant. It is simply amazing that intelligent, moral men can have considered and discussed and weighed a problem like this for centuries. It is simply hideously unjust and immoral,—the whole conception.

I say deliberately, if there were a Power in the universe capable of doing anything like that, that there never has lived a man since the beginning of the world that was one-thousandth part as bad as he.

Think of explaining the existence of pain and sin and suffering in that sort of fashion!

But there are two or three other considerations. In the first place we know perfectly well to-day—there is not a shadow of question about it—that thorns and thistles and poisonous growths and vipers were in existence before man came on the planet at all. How, then, could they have been the result of his action?

There have been very curious, ingeniously ludicrous

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attempts to get over this difficulty. I remember a doctor of divinity saying that God placed these things on the earth before man appeared, because he knew that man was going to fall after he did appear.

Then there is another feature of the immorality of this solution. I was taught, when I was in the Divinity School, that God created Adam in such a way and so circumstanced him that he would fall; and yet he held Adam responsible for it because he did not in some outright fashion make him fall. He knew that he was going to create him on purpose to do it, it was essential to the scheme of things that he should; and yet Adam is held responsible, and we are to suffer for it for all time.

And there is a Presbyterian doctor of divinity, a famous theological teacher of my time, and whose books I have had in my library, who has actually taught that a babe, when first born, is guilty in the presence of God.

For what? We must leave him to explain. But there is one other consideration. All educated people to-day know that there never was any fall of man or any Eden. The story is of no more moral or spiritual consequence than are the myths of Hercules or of Jason and the Golden Fleece. It is the ascent of man and not his fall which we have to deal with.

We must waive the Fall of Man aside then, I think, as any rational explanation of the existence of evil in the world.

Let us continue our search. When we come to the New Testament, do we find any real help in our difficulty? Let me ask you to think, very candidly and clearly. The Gospels know nothing about the fall of man. Paul was the first of the New Testament writers. His whole theology starts with and hinges on the doctrine of the fall, and Pauline theology has dominated Christendom for the last nineteen hundred years.

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Paul teaches that evil came into the world by the fall of the first Adam. We are to be delivered from evil by the suffering and death of the second Adam. So out of these conceptions Paul wrought his whole theological scheme.

But he did better than most of his followers, because he was a Universalist. He taught that some time everybody was going to be delivered as a result of the salvation which had been prepared and which he was proclaiming to the world.

Leaving Paul then out of account, let us look at the New Testament, and see what it has to offer by way of explanation for these dark facts of human life.

Two or three hundred years perhaps before Christ the Hebrews had come to believe that we were surrounded on every hand by good and evil spirits in the invisible, as so many of their neighbors had previously believed. So that at the time of Christ the air above and around us was supposed to be full of spirits, good and bad. Here was the seat of Satan's kingdom. He is spoken of in the New Testament as "the prince of the powers of the air"; and these powers of the air were the invisible inhabitants everywhere thronging throughout space.

If you will read an account of the thought of that time, you will have all this worked out for you in detail. It was even thought to be impossible for a man to throw a stone without hitting some spirit, the air was so full of them.

And what were they doing? They were good and bad; and they were contending together for the prize of the human soul. And man was to try the spirits, if he had anything to do with them, to find out which were good and bad, to link himself with one and against the other; for this battle of good and evil was going on not only among men, but in the invisible world that enfolded them as well.

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So that here we find ourselves back towards the beginning of the world, so far as an explanation of these dark problems is concerned.

I wish you to note in detail as to what some of these beliefs were. It was supposed that these evil spirits could bring to pass all sorts of evil results,—a pestilence, a famine, disease, death. The New Testament is full of the idea that certain kinds of diseases especially were produced by evil spirits. Let me give you a hint as to one or two of them.

Nearly all persons who were suffering from nervous disorders and insanity were supposed to be possessed of devils,—that is the explanation of it; and we find Jesus himself apparently accepting that idea. He talks about casting out devils, tells the disciples why they could not on certain occasions cast them out, and seems to share the popular belief of the time.

But not only that. Here is a man who has been born blind; and the disciples ask Jesus, Who is it that has sinned, the man himself—in a previous state of existence of course—or his father or mother? Somebody has sinned, or else it was the work of an evil spirit.

You remember the case of the woman who came to be healed. It is said she had been afflicted for eighteen years, she had been bent double. Jesus healed her on the Sabbath Day; and he is criticised for doing it. He said: You loose one of your animals on the Sabbath, you help a sheep out of a pit. Shall I not release this woman, who has been bound by Satan for eighteen years, on the Sabbath Day?

He accepts the idea that this was the cause of the woman's trouble, that it was Satanic in its origin.

You remember the tower that fell and killed a lot of people. It never seemed to occur to any one that it had not been built properly, or that the foundation had given way, or that there was any natural cause for its

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fall; but it was a judgment of God, and it was discussed from that point of view. Then there was the deaf and dumb man. He had a deaf and dumb spirit.

So we find that the Testament teaches that nearly all evils are caused by evil spirits, or that they are judgments of God for sin, or—and now one other reason. The reason is implied in a good many other passages; but it is taught deliberately in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Hebrews.

God chastens his children; God punishes them if they are really his children, as earthly parents are supposed to punish their children for their own good.

I cannot help wondering, let me say here in parentheses, as to how much of the hardening of fathers' and mothers' hearts, and of cruelty towards children, may have originated in this kind of New Testament teaching.

The point is here. It says distinctly: If you are really one of God's children, one of his sons, then you must expect to be whipped. Earthly parents have whipped their children for their good. God whips his children for their good; and here is an explanation for a great deal of the suffering that good people have to endure.

Can we accept that? I tell you frankly, friends, that I cannot. As I look over the world, what do I see? I see that not only good people are whipped, but bad people are not. Some good people are not whipped, and some bad are. There does not seem to be anything rational, consistent, or orderly in the procedure. If people are whipped when they are good, it is for the sake of training them and making them better or it is because temporarily they have done something wrong and need to be corrected.

Now what do we find in the world? We find some of the sweetest, truest, noblest souls that ever lived, who have never thought an evil thought or done an evil deed, who have suffered year-long torture. I cannot

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reconcile a fact like that with God's chastizing people for their own good.

And in another direction you find people are chastened who are not benefited by it. If God really whips people to make them better, they ought to be made better. He is strong enough to do as he wills, nobody is able to defeat his purpose; but we find that people who are fairly good, to start with, are made bitter and hard by this chastisement. It does not work out for them the peaceable fruits of righteousness in a large number of cases.

I cannot believe for one moment that God goes through this world and picks out a person here, and says he is to suffer such and such punishment, and here is another, who is to suffer something else, and here another, and he shall suffer something else; and here is another, for no reason that we can see, who is not to suffer at all. It makes simply confusion. It interferes with any clear or rational or moral account of things to believe that this is God's method of doing things.

I think I shall be able to show you by and by that it is not his method, that he does not do anything of the kind.

I cannot find,—for I tell you frankly friends, I can find a great deal in the New Testament that is inspiring and helpful and comforting and divine,—but I cannot find there any explanation for the evils and sufferings and sorrows of the world.

Let us come up the years since the New Testament time, and see what we discover. During the last nineteen hundred years almost precisely these same ideas have prevailed universally throughout Christendom. In the Middle Ages you will find that pestilence and famine and disease and suffering and death are explained either as the work of devils or as a judgment of God, or the chastisement of God inflicted arbitrarily on his children; and, instead of studying a pestilence or a disease to find

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out any natural cause for it, they attack it—how? With prayers, with the relics of saints, with charms, with processions, with what is pure and simple magic; and that has been practically universal for the last nineteen hundred years.

Consider our forefathers in this country, here in New York and in New England, in all the Colonies that made up the country before the Revolution. The same ideas prevailed there: many of these evils were the work of evil spirits. In Massachusetts you remember what a visitation they had of witchcraft, evil spirits at work in human life, judgments of God in every direction, or else God in some mysterious way choosing to punish his children for something they did not understand.

I said our Puritan and New York forefathers. Have we outlived it yet? Let me give you one or two memories as illustrative. Some years ago, when I was in an Orthodox Church, I helped carry on a series of meetings with a famous revivalist. Over and over again he talked to the people in his sermons about God's placing a coffin across their path to make them repent.

What does that mean? It means that God deliberately and purposely kills one of your family or friends, one of your children, to make you come forward in a revival meeting. Can you have any respect—to say nothing of a feeling of worship—for that kind of God?

I remember a personal friend in Boston, a teacher in one of the public schools, and naturally more than average in her intelligence; and yet she told me after her sister died that she was afraid that God had taken her sister away. Why? Because she had not attended regularly enough the church services during Lent!

God in heaven killing people because their friends do not go to church in Lent! Think of it. Think of the barbarism. What a thin veneer of civilization it is that the world has yet attained!

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I can remember, when I was in a church in the West, there was a fire in a neighboring city. The ministers all went to preaching about it as a judgment of God. I noticed, however, in the accounts in the newspaper one curious fact: the last thing that the fire burned was a good, sound orthodox church, and right next to it, left standing unharmed, was a saloon.

It seemed to be a curious kind of divine judgment that burned a church and spared the saloon. And, if you will study these cases of divine judgment, you will find large numbers of them defective in this way. They are neither reasonable nor moral; and they do not explain anything.

What point, then, have we reached so far in our investigation? We have discovered—according to my judgment, at any rate—that none of these attempts to explain are adequate, rational, or moral explanations. Evil exists, suffering, pain, heartache—why? The attempts to tell us why so far seem to me entirely to fall short. Religion so far has not given us a satisfactory explanation. It has told us about the divine power and the divine life, and it overwhelms us with the fact of the divine mystery; but it does not explain.

It has done one grand, sweet thing. It has told us to believe that we have a Father; it has told us to trust in this Father; it has told us to be patient under our burdens; it has told us to take care that the evils of life do not crush our spirits; it has told us to meet them bravely and simply and faithfully; it has told us to see to it that, whatever the conditions of our lives are, we shall work out some grand, fine, sweet result, that we shall not let these things overwhelm us; and that is much.

If we can do no more than that, if religion has taught us no more than that, that indeed is much.

But I believe that we are at present able to find some satisfactory clews to at least some of these mysteries.

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We have not reached them yet, so we must still go on in our search.

Father, though Thou slay us, still let us be able to cling to our trust in Thee. If Thou art, Thou art good and strong and wise; and there must be a meaning in these great mysteries, and we trust that we may be able to find it, to find at least enough so that we can hold fast to our integrity and patiently walk in Thy way. Amen.

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III. THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT

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THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

My subject this morning, being the third in the Series on "Life's Dark Problems," is "The Divine Government."

God has made to us no supernatural revelation as to his method of governing the world. He has left us, as indeed he has in every other direction, to find this out for ourselves. We discover it by study and by experience, and it is better that it is so; for by the processes of study and experience we not only discover truth, but we grow, we develop, so that we can understand, comprehend, and feel that which we have attained.

Such being the case, it is perfectly natural that men in different stages of human development should have transferred to the heavens their best ideals of earthly conditions. What else could they do? We are men: we have to think as men, imagine as men. We have to think from our human point of view; and it may be accurate as far as it goes. The only difficulty is that the world has in so many cases imagined that the crude and ignorant conceptions of the earthly world were definitely inspired, and so infallible and not to be improved upon. So these old ideas persist even after we are wise enough to have learned something better.

It was natural, then, that the first men, the earthly men of the world, should have thought of the world being governed as their particular tribe or kingdom was governed. So they imagined a king seated on a throne, and arbitrarily directing the affairs of the world. An emperor, if he be an absolute monarch, issues a command, an edict, an ukase. He orders that certain things

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be done, that certain other things be not done; and he attaches to those orders an entirely arbitrary result in the way of reward or punishment. It is "You do thus, and I will do so."

There is no natural, no necessary causal link between the thing done and the reward or the punishment. It is, as I have said, purely arbitrary; and we know in a good many kingdoms in this world subjects have been rewarded, set on high, enriched, ennobled, for doing wrong, for ministering, for example, to the king's vices. And other men, who were noble and true, have been punished even to being put to death for doing right. And it has not been uncommon indeed, but has been almost universal in the kingdoms of this world, that subjects' offences against the king's dignity or person have been regarded as of a great deal more importance than right action towards the neighbor or the fellow-man.

It is a greater crime to-day to insult the kaiser than it is to steal or to lie or to cheat in business; and a man is a good deal more certain of being severely punished for it.

This hints at what you will be able to think out for yourselves as true in a hundred different directions; and that which has been true in regard to these earthly governments has been supposed to be true in regard to the heavenly. In almost all of the religions of the world it has been a greater offence to speak slightingly of the Deity, to disregard some one of his ordinances, to do despite to some form of public worship, to commit sacrilege, as we say, or blasphemy, than it has been to be dishonest, to injure ever so seriously your fellow-man.

The point that I wish you to notice is that these results of reward or punishment have not only been arbitrary, but a great many times they have not been conditioned on moral action, on what we are accustomed to think of as right or wrong.

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This has been true of earthly governments: it has been supposed to be true of heavenly governments. The whole thing, then, has been arbitrary. People have been supposed to be poor or to be sick or to be disgraced in some way, to lose their friends, to die themselves, not necessarily because they were bad in any human sense of the word, but because of some offence against an arbitrary enactment.

What do we know to-day? It is not a question among intelligent people. We know that the world is not governed after any such fashion. We live in a universe where there is a demonstrated universal and eternal order. Everything is under laws of cause and effect.

There are no rewards in this world, so far as God's actions towards the world is concerned: there are no punishments,—of course I am using these words in their ordinary meaning,—there are only results. Everything that happens is preceded by some other thing that stands in what we call a causal relation to it. This thing being what it is, this other thing necessarily follows under ordinary conditions; and that is everywhere the case. It is worth your while to know the scientific meaning of the word "law." I hear people, those who are well educated in modern thought, who have not outgrown the careless use of language, speak of law as though it was a cause, as though it did things, as though it governed or controlled affairs. Law, as the scientists use the word, is not a ceremony like that of the Mosaic legislation. It is not an edict issued by a king, a parliament, or a congress. It is simply the name for a process. It is only a name, a name for an observed order. As an illustration, we say that it is the law, a law of nature, that water will freeze at a temperature of thirty-two degrees F.; and it always will, normal conditions prevailing. That is a law of nature, a law of God expressed in and manifested through nature.

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It is the law in chemistry that with certain elements, certain definite elements, a certain number will always combine in precisely the same way to produce a certain definite and fixed result. It never varies. It will do it the first time you try it and do it the millionth time you try it. These forces will always act in precisely the same way under precisely the same conditions.

So everywhere in the universe is observable this fixed, this changeless order, no matter whether we like it or dislike it, no matter whether we think it is the best way to govern the universe or not. I am simply telling you this morning what the world has discovered to be true.

We have been accustomed in the past, as an illustration of what I mean, to pray for rain. The Old Testament tells us that the prophet on a certain occasion, endowed by authority of God to do so, shut up the heavens, so that there was not a particle of rain for three years and six months; and then again, when he asked God to send the rain, it came once more.

Can we think of anything like that as possible to-day? I know people are not through yet with praying for rain, supposing that they can change the atmospheric conditions. If you for a moment look into the skies over your head this morning, the conditions that exist are connected by an unbroken series with the conditions of yesterday and the day before, and so back for millions of years; and there never anywhere along the whole line has been the slightest arbitrary interference with those conditions.

To change those conditions this morning, to blot out one tiny drop of moisture, would be as great a miracle as though by prayer or force of will you could hurl the Catskills into New York Harbor. One would be just as much a miracle as the other.

We are in a universe, then, where the universal laws of cause and effect prevail.

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Is this a bad thing? I think it is the most blessed thing conceivable. Let me suggest to you one or two considerations concerning it.

In the first place, it is a necessary inference from the fact that God is perfectly wise. Consider,—of course, I use this only to illustrate,—if we could imagine God as doing something the first time, he does it of course in the best conceivable way, the perfect way. Suppose he has occasion to do it again. Conditions being the same, will he not do it again in the best conceivable way,—that is, in the same way? If he has to do it the third time, will he not do it in the same way? If he has to do it millions and millions of times, will he not always do it in the best way,—that is, the same way, conditions being the same?

Do you not see, then, that the statement of one of the New Testament writers that speaks of him as "without variableness or shadow of turning" is the necessary result of his being a perfectly wise Being,—that is, of his being God?

Another consideration. If it were not for this perfect and invariable order, do you not see that we could never know anything? Study, human knowledge, science, would be impossible.

I said a moment ago that water freezes at thirty-two degrees F. under ordinary conditions. Suppose I learn that fact to-day. To-morrow I try it, and find out that it freezes at thirty-four or twenty-five. Could I ever know anything about the qualities of water or what it would do under different conditions? If it is one thing at one time and something else at another time, knowledge is impossible; and what is true in regard to that is true everywhere.

In order that I may study, in order that I may lay out an intelligent plan for my human life and follow it year after year, I must be able to count on things. I must be

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able to know that there is a perfect order, and that God and his methods and his works are "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Not only that, there is still another consideration. In a world where this was not true, anything like moral growth and development would be impossible. I must be able to know what will result from a certain thought, a certain course of conduct, certain words that I utter. I must know that this is an orderly world, so that I can deal with it intelligently, so that I can rely upon results before I am able to develop anything like a consistent character that stands in any intelligent relation to an orderly world.

People do not believe this yet. Intelligent people, if they know it, forget it. People who are perfectly familiar with the results of modern science seem at times to entirely overlook it. My mail is flooded with letters from people who do not know it or who forget it.

Almost every day on the street I converse with somebody who either does not know it or who forgets it. For example, a man says to me: "I have tried to be good. Why must I suffer from being ill?"—"I have tried to be good. Why has God taken my child, my husband, my wife, away from me?"—"I have tried to be good. Why have I lost my money, or why have I not been able to make more money than I have?"—"Here is a person who is not good at all, and he is prosperous and apparently happy. I have tried to be good; and I am not prosperous."

What do questions like this mean? They mean that the person that asks them either does not believe in the definite order and government of the world or else, for the time being, he has overlooked these facts.

Let us now take up by way of illustration, to make the matter perfectly clear, and consider several departments of human activity. Here is a farmer, for example. It

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used to be the custom to pray for a good crop, to pray for rain when there was a drought. It used to be the custom, when the corn was planted, to organize a religious service or procession. There were all sorts of ceremonials gone through that were supposed to produce certain results on the crop. Now is it not perfectly clear, as we think of it to-day, that this is not the divine order?

The universe, as we know it, as the result of modern science, is a different universe. It is a moral universe; it is an orderly universe, a true one that you can count on and deal with. You can produce results; but you must produce them in a natural way,—that is, in a definite way, in accordance with the definitely established conditions to be found there.

If a farmer finds a good piece of soil,—he knows a good piece of soil when he sees it, and finds it,—if he prepares it properly, if he plants good seed, if the sun shine and the rain fall, if he hoes it, cultivates it, of course he would have a good crop; and whether, morally or religiously speaking, he is a good man or a bad man would have nothing whatever to do with the ripening of his harvest. Will it? Can it?

As a farmer dealing with soils and seeds and crops, he is obeying God, so far as the farming is concerned; and the results are natural, they are inevitable. It is God's eternal working that produces these results. Whether he swears, whether he drinks too much, whether he is kind to his wife and children, whether he is a good neighbor or not,—those things, do you not see, have nothing whatever to do with the fact that as a farmer he has found out God's way and obeyed him, and the result of necessity follows.

It is impertinent to introduce any other conditions. It is not piety to suppose that God will change his universal and eternal laws as to the farm because some one prays.

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Prayer is good in its place; but it has nothing necessarily to do with farming. It concerns another department of human life.

Let us consider it in another department. It used to be said that the Cunard steamships were so universally safe to travel in because every time a steamer sailed from port prayers were offered for its safety.

Here again, if that were true, if prayers could take a steamship safely across the Atlantic from port to port, then why not let praying do the whole business? Why not send any sort of an old ship to sea with any sort of men aboard, whether they know anything about navigation or not? If prayer is a substitute for shipbuilding and knowledge of navigation and a compliance with its laws, why then you may leave one side the whole business of navigation, and let prayer do the whole.

But here again, if the man who stands at the wheel keeps the ship pointed in the right direction, if the ship has been properly constructed to do his will,—that is, if the laws of God touching navigation have been understood and obeyed,—then the ship passes safely over the sea; and it is of no consequence, so far as navigation is concerned, as to what is the moral character of the captain or the sailors or what their personal habits may be.

It is of a great deal of importance, looked at from some other point of view; but, if I were going to sail from New York to Liverpool, I should prefer the finest steamer I could discover, the most experienced captain, and I would rather have them, and have them entirely neglectful of religion, entirely oblivious to morals, have them engage in profanity if they pleased all the way over, than to have another set of men who knew nothing about navigation, in a miserable ship, though they conducted a prayer-meeting from port to port.

In other words, it is not obedience to the will of God

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to neglect his laws at sea, when you wish to make a voyage, and attempt to substitute for that the keeping of some other law that has no reference whatever to navigation. Piety towards God, in sailing the sea, is discovering and obeying the laws of the sea which are God's laws.

A hint, an illustration, in one other department of life, because it is spoken of so very commonly,—the conduct of business. Ever since I can remember I have had people talking to me as though they expected God to reward them in cash payments for being good; that is, if they were loving, true, kind, and moral and religious, that they ought to get along in a business way, and they wonder at the government of a world that lets bad people get rich and good people stay poor.

Can you not see that here, again, there is no sort of causal connection between the two whatsoever? Here are men who have a business genius, as truly as other men have an artistic genius or a scientific genius or a musical genius. They can make money anywhere. I have known cases of a man in a certain situation failing, another man's taking up the same business precisely right on the same spot and making himself rich. The difference was not in the difference of the conditions, but simply in the difference of the men. One had the natural ability, and the other did not; and this financial ability, again, is not necessarily connected with either religion or morals in any causal way.

A man is not necessarily bad because he is rich. He is not necessarily good because he is poor. God does not punish people by taking money away from them arbitrarily. He does not reward them by giving them money arbitrarily. The accumulation of money is a perfectly natural process, under natural conditions; and the people who have the opportunity and who know how to do it are the ones who make money and keep it,

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and so are recognized in the world to-day in a commercial way.

But remember that, while I have given you illustrations in three departments of human life, the same principles and laws hold true in every department of life.

I have known mothers who mourned because God, as they say, makes a child ill or takes it away. Some of us who stand beside and observe them believe that we can find the causes at work without laying the responsibility on God at all. We may not have to go any further than the carelessness or the ignorance or the pride of the mother.

Causes produce results here just as well as anywhere else. If the best man in the world is exposed to yellow fever, and his system is in the condition to feel the touch of the infection, and he has yellow fever and dies, his being good has nothing to do with it.

If a good man eats some arsenic by mistake, God does not suspend the laws of the universe because of this lamentable blunder; and it is well for us that he does not.

This universal order is infinitely more important to the welfare and happiness of the world than is the continued life of any one man, no matter who or how good he may be.

If the best man in the universe walks over the edge of a precipice in the dark, the force of gravity will not be suspended for his personal benefit.

This universe moves on. The only safety for us is to learn the laws of its movement, and keep out of its way. It will not stop because we are imprudent, because we make a mistake, because we choose impudently to defy it, because we pray, because we are religious, because we are moral.

As Matthew Arnold has written it in "Empedocles on Etna,"—

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"Streams will not curb their pride
The just man not to entomb,
Nor lightnings go aside
To give his virtues room."

But this universe in its regular working does not produce equal results, people tell me. The inequality of human conditions is one of the grave charges made against the government of the world. Let us consider it for a moment in the light of this universal order which we have been discussing.

Nothing, no two things, have ever been discovered on the face of the earth precisely alike, so far as the work of nature is concerned. There are no two leaves in the forest alike, no two trees alike, no two birds alike, no two animals alike, no two men or women alike.

Indeed, according to the demonstrated truth of evolution, the progress of the world instead of being towards uniformity is towards more and more variety everywhere.

It does not seem to have been God's intention to make things or people equal. The rose is not the equal of the oak, the violet is not the equal of the pine; and, when we come to consider these human natures of ours, one man is fine-looking and another is not, one man has remarkable brain power and the other is commonplace or even below that. One man has artistic tastes, love for the beautiful: another has not. One has a sense of humor, and another has not. One is touched by some sublime spectacle, and the other is not. There is every conceivable difference, and not only that, but every difference you can imagine in regard to qualities of character, goodness and badness, in regard to capacity for happiness, in regard to what are supposed to be the ordinary means and conditions for enjoyment,—as many books, possessions, houses, cattle, horses, property of every kind,—every kind of variety that you can pos-

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sibly imagine,—no two people alike. Why is this? How is it?

In certain Oriental religions that are being more or less adopted here in the west,—curiously enough as it seems to me,—they claim to explain this as a result of reincarnation brought out under the law of Karma. I never could see any help in this. People are not alike now. Were they always unlike? Were they unlike in the beginning? If they were, then He who made them so is responsible. Were they just alike at the beginning? If they were, and were circumstanced and conditioned just the same, then of course they would have continued just the same.

Why, then, do they happen to differ? What began the difference? If they had been just alike at the first, and situated in just the same way, they would have kept on just alike. But they are not alike.

This reincarnation only pushes the conception of the difficulty back behind the curtain of the past, where for a little while it is out of sight, but does not help it: it does not change it at all.

Ultimately,—we might as well face the matter frankly, —ultimately, the Author of this universe is responsible for all these human differences.

There is another thing that is frequently spoken of in connection with this that I can only refer to in a word, although it is very important. That is the law of heredity.

We have inherited so many differences and disabilities; and there are those who say that this, as evolution teaches it to-day, is just as bad as the old theological foreordination. It would be if the results were inexorable and if they were eternal; but under the law of cause and effect the results are not inexorable and the results are not eternal. We can work ourselves out of this condition and up to the finest that we can compre-

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hend. Waiving, then, this aside as explaining it, do we need an explanation? Would we have absolute equality if we could?

Suppose Mont Blanc should become envious of Mount Everest, that one of the Himalayas that they tell us is the highest in the world. What claim has Mont Blanc to be as high as Mount Everest? Why would it be any better off or happier if it were?

If all the world, all the parts of the world, were just as high as any other part, there would be neither mountains nor valleys, but an unbearable monotony; and so in human life. Why should I be envious of Shakspere? I confess I would like to have been able to write "Hamlet"; but what claim have I to the ability to write "Hamlet" any more than Shakspere? I do not think either of us had any claim to it; but, when the ability was given to Shakspere instead of to me, I was not wronged. Somebody had to have it. If anybody was going to, why not Shakspere as well as anybody else? If all the people in the world were Shaksperes, who would read Shakspere, who would act Shakspere, who would enjoy reading Shakspere? It would be again an unbearable monotony.

Why, we are childlike when we talk about this fact of inequality, that it is a moral difficulty that needs to be solved at all. It is that alone which makes the world a possible place to live in. Its infinite variety is its beauty, its ineffable charm.

And then, to touch a little more clearly on a point I suggested in passing, pray tell me what claim you have on the universe, or what claim I have on the universe, for any definite amount of beauty, of power, or brilliancy or happiness, or anything else? Before I existed at all, I had no claim on existence, of course. Some power brought me here, and gave me a certain amount of power and intelligence and moral character and the capacity for enjoyment. What was given me was an outright

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bestowal, and I have no claim on one single particle of it; and, if this same power has given twice as much to somebody else, that person has no merit for possessing it. Neither is he to blame for possessing it. Neither have I any right to be envious or jealous of him because he possesses it. So far as it goes, the good is an outright gift of the universe.

And then on the question whether we have any right, any reasonable right, to judge these matters, there are certain things that make up in one way to those people who seem to lack. May I illustrate what I mean by a concrete case? If the person that I have in mind is present, she need not be troubled. She need not be afraid that somebody else knows the one to whom I refer.

I know a woman who is getting along in years. She is very near what young people speak of as old age. She has been sick and suffering a good many years of her life. She is poor, has been obliged to go without a thousand things that she would like to have had, and that most people somehow think they are wronged if they do not possess; but, for the life of me, I cannot pity her, because I know her. I have talked with her. She is one of the sweetest, truest, noblest women I know; and she told me in a conversation not a great while ago that the joy of her motherhood, the satisfaction, the delight that had come to her through being a mother, through the gift of her children and her love for them, was something that the universe could not buy.

I do not think a woman like that is poor. I do not think that we need to stop and waste any great amount of pity on her. I know a great many rich people, in beautiful homes, who would gladly exchange places if they knew this inner life.

So there are in every direction combinations that neither you nor I are able to weigh or measure. There

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are people on whom we waste compassion, who do not need it, because we choose to measure them by our present standards; and there are people whom we envy who, if you knew it, are to be profoundly pitied. So God is not so very unequal as we are prone to imagine in the distribution of his gifts.

Do these considerations which I have been able to offer this morning explain everything? No. I do not pretend that they do. I do believe, however, that they will help us, if we think them out carefully, to understand these problems a little better, to have a more intelligent conception of them, and give us some good reason for supposing that even those things that we cannot quite adequately explain at present are still capable of explanation in accordance with the wisdom and the goodness of our Father in heaven.

And one thing that helps me, and that, if you give it due place in your thought, will also help you, is the demonstrated science of evolution. Here is an individual soul. He is going through a process of growth, of training, of development. At the present time, apparently, there is a period of retrogression. You may think he is going backward. Perhaps he is just now. I believe that every soul in this universe is doomed to be trained, to be lifted, to be taught through sorrow, through anguish, through tears, through no matter what processes or experience, until it comes to that of which it is capable. And, when we look over the universe as a whole, we simply know—we simply know that things are not finished, that they are only in process.

Suppose a man who had never seen a finished ship should visit a ship-yard, and pronounce judgment on the framework of a vessel on the ways, laugh at the idea of that thing's ever going to sea or crossing the Atlantic. You would be justified in suggesting to him that perhaps he had better wait until it was finished before he pronounced judgment.

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So let me say to you that you have no right to pronounce judgment on this scheme of human life until you are sure it is finished. And we know it is no guesswork, that the universe all around us is simply in process, that it is moving towards some far-off,—shall we say finished event?—some far-off event anyway; and we trust it is to be finished. We trust also that it will prove divine. But this we know, that it is only in process.

You can go into an orchard in June. You bite an apple, and it is bitter. You say it is absurd to suppose that that is a good piece of work. Wait until September or October, then judge it. So I believe that we have a right to trust faithfully the wisdom and the love of God in the working of this perfectly orderly universe in which we have found ourselves, and that we have no right to pronounce judgment here until we are sure it is complete. Wait then, and judge when you know.

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PAIN.

The unknown author of the Book of Revelation, twenty-first chapter and fourth verse, has written these words: "Neither shall pain be any more." This is from his vision of the ideal condition of things of which humanity from the beginning has cherished its dream.

We are to consider this morning the problem of pain as related to our faith in the goodness of the universal order. But before we consider the fact of pain, as to whether or not it is consistent with goodness, we need to understand the problem. What is the nature of pain? How much pain is there in the world? How much of it is unnecessary? How much of it is chargeable against the universe, and for how much are we ourselves responsible?

One of the main characteristics of this modern world of ours is the development of tenderness and sympathy, of the desire to help, such as in previous ages were not known; and this very sensitiveness, tenderness, sympathy of ours,—this is apt to exaggerate the facts of suffering.

Now, while I do not wish to minimize these facts, it does seem to me that there is an equal danger in exaggerating them; because the great question which we wish to try to settle, if we can, is as to whether or not the fact of pain makes it unreasonable for us to believe in the goodness of God.

We wish, then, to bring as an indictment against that goodness the mere bare necessary facts. It only makes the problem more difficult of solution, if we suppose

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that the quantity of pain in the world is very much more than it actually is. Let us, then, at the outset go on a little search to see if we may discover something approximating the reality in this direction.

When we look down at the lower forms of life beneath us, we have come to think, under the teachings of modern science and the growth of this sympathy and tenderness to which I have referred, that it is only one bloody scene of warfare, suffering, death.

Tennyson, without meaning to, has taught us to think of

> "Nature red in tooth and claw
> With ravin."

He has told us how this nature "shrieks" against the creed of belief in the Divine Goodness. Let us try to see what are the real facts. Is this lower life of the world a scene of suffering, or is it predominantly and almost exclusively a scene of happiness, at least of comparative freedom from pain? One or two illustrations. These must stand as suggestions of many others for which I shall not have time.

Every one who has made a study in this direction knows that there are certain very low forms of life, certain kinds of worms, that may be cut in two without hurting them; that is, instead of destroying the life of the worm, it simply results in there being two worms. Each half proceeds to develop itself until it goes off and leads a perfect life of its own. Then there are certain of the crustaceans which can lose a limb, have it torn off perhaps in conflict with some enemy, without any apparent discomfort.

What would be the result if an arm or a leg were violently torn from a human body? Agony unspeakable not only, but almost inevitable death. In the case of these creatures that I have referred to there is apparently no suffering. At any rate, they proceed to grow another

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limb, and go about their occupations as though nothing had happened.

Even so highly developed an animal as the horse does not suffer anything like the amount of pain that we should suffer if we were placed in the same condition. One fact alone seems to me to demonstrate this. I have known of a horse, having broken a leg just above the hoof and having been turned into a pasture, to go walking about on the broken end of his leg, crowding it down into the soil and pushing the flesh away from the bone, and nibbling the grass with apparent content.

That means, of course, that there was no suffering comparable for an instant to what would have been the case if it had been a man.

All this means merely this: that, in order that there should be keen feeling of any sort, there must be a highly organized nervous system, finely developed and complex in its development; and the possibility of feeling either pain or pleasure keeps step with this nervous development.

On the part of these lower forms of life, then, there is no possibility of suffering that at all approaches that which we should endure in similar conditions. Does this mean that you are to be careless of the treatment of the lower animals? I point it out for a precisely opposite reason. We are careless, and we do inflict a large amount of needless suffering; but, if we are to reform the world in this direction, we must deal with facts.

We must not press our sentimental feelings so far as to produce a reaction on the part of hard-headed and common-sense people. If we do, the result will be that instead of joining with us to help put an end to this needless suffering, they will tell us we are creating facts in our imagination that do not really exist, and they will refuse to recognize that which really does exist,

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and so refuse to help us bring the cruelty to an end. We need, then, to try to find what is true.

Now, as we stand beside some brook on a spring morning and see the fish gliding through the water, we know, of course, that they eat each other. We know that they prey upon each other, as do the most of the lower forms of life. Shall we let that one fact, then, obscure the other evident fact, that their life is one of almost continuous fulness of happiness and joy, so far as they are capable of feeling happiness? There is no such possibility of suffering here as there would be in our case.

I remember once, when I was a boy, catching a fish which had a hook in its jaw. It had been there nobody knows how long,—a year, two years perhaps; but it gave it no apparent inconvenience, and did not at all interfere with its biting at the next hook that came in its way. I speak of this simply to show that we must not exaggerate the possibility of suffering on the part of the lower forms of life. Some fair morning, when the sun has risen and all the woods are throbbing and thrilling with life, shall we obscure this scene of manifest and evident delight by remembering merely that birds prey upon each other, that sometimes the eagle destroys the sparrow, that there are cases of one kind pursuing another and feeding upon it?

These are facts; but let me suggest right here—the whole question of death I waive to one side, because that will have to be treated by itself. They must all die, as we must all die. Granting the fact, then, that these lower forms of life must come to an end, I believe that there is no sort of question that they suffer less by the present method of pursuit and mutual destruction than they would by being left to grow old and die, probably, of starvation because they were incapable of providing for their wants. I believe the present method is the kindly method; and this is emphasized by a further consideration.

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So far as we have been able to discover, it is doubtless true that the victim in the case of pursuit and destruction fears and suffers so long as fear and suffering can help it to escape, but that, when the capture is effected, both the fear and suffering end,—practically end. If it is true of higher forms of life, much more is it likely to be true of the lower.

I have had occasion to remind you of what I need to speak of again to illustrate this point,—that Mr. Livingstone, the great explorer, tells us that he was once captured by a lion; and he said that, though he expected instant death, the minute the lion's paw was on him there was no more fear, no more suffering, simply a wondering kind of curiosity as to what next,—a nerve paralysis as to ordinary pain. Mr. Whymper, the great Alpine climber, tells us that on a certain occasion he slipped in the Alps, and fell about two thousand feet. He struck, fortunately, in soft snow, and was not seriously injured; but he said that the prospect of death (which, of course, he immediately expected) had about it no terror, that, the moment he found himself going, it was simply a great wonder as to how it was going to end.

We have very good reason, then, to suppose that the creatures which are captured as prey and devoured by other creatures suffer so long as suffering can do them any good in helping their escape, but that beyond that it practically ends.

Let us take a subject higher than the animal world. Consider, for a little, the lower grades of human life. We find sometimes our finished—as we imagine it to be—civilization, our refined, sensitive modern world, looking down on the barbarous races, and thinking that God has treated them very harshly in that, having created them at all, he had not lifted them to some higher grade of existence by some sudden process.

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Here, again, we look down upon these lower ranges of life, and import into these people our feeling, our sympathies, our way of looking at life, and judge that life as something dreadful because it would be something dreadful to us if we were suddenly thrust down among them and compelled to share it. But it is not dreadful at all to them. We do a similar thing in supposing that a man feels poor because he does not have as large an income as we have. As a matter of fact, possibly, his wages have been raised; and he feels rich. We should feel very poor if we had to live on his wages even after they were raised. But it is all a matter of comparison.

These lower races are comfortable. They have their own joys, their pleasures, but they are not capable of sympathizing with and sharing in the things that delight us. If we should by a bit of false philanthropy lift them to our level suddenly, and try to make them live our life, we should simply make them miserable. They wish to lead their own; and they enjoy a higher kind only as they gradually grow into the ability to comprehend it, to feel it, to sympathize with it.

I do not think, then, that we are very wise if we spend our years in pitying the barbarous races of the world; and still less are we wise if we make their condition a reason for charging the government of the universe with injustice because they do not share our joys.

Consider, again, what we sometimes speak of as the lower grades of life in our civilized country. You would not like to be forced to live in what we, perhaps without much judgment, sometimes speak of as the slums on the East or the West Side. It would be a dreadful life to you; and, as you go among these people, your sympathy or pity is called out. It ought to be to this extent at least, that you ought to be ready to do everything you can to help those that are willing to take a step forward and upward. You ought even to go

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further, if you could. You ought to kindle in some one who does not care a desire for something higher and better, and then you ought to do what you can to meet and satisfy that desire. But do not imagine that the kind of lives they live are lives of unmitigated suffering.

Most of them are quite contented, quite happy, quite comfortable. Many are satisfied with the kind of tenements they live in. A great many of them who have migrated to this country, as poorly off as they seem to us to be, are doubtless very much better off than they were in the homes which they have left. So they are on the road to something better. Do not pity them to the extent of charging their condition as a count in the indictment of the goodness of the universe. They are so contented, many of them, that, if you offer them what we regard as a good deal better way of living, they will decline it. They prefer the kind of life they live to the cleanest, sweetest, and happiest life you can imagine in the country.

That means that this country life does not appeal to them; and you cannot suddenly put into their natures tastes and desires which are not there. These things are of slow growth. Recognize, then, the conditions which surround these people. Recognize the facts, and try to estimate the problem as being simply what it is.

One other point I wish to suggest. We sometimes pity the healthy poor,—the poor in the country, the poor boys growing up on farms, healthy in body, healthy in mind. I remember a picture,—a barefoot, ragged boy in a dusty country road, a carriage and a span of horses, with people finely dressed, carelessly driving by. The people glance at the boy; and probably, if they care enough to think about it at all, it is with a sort of pity for this ragged urchin who knows nothing about their life. They look down upon him. He is a part of the

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problem of the government of the world. And yet that boy was living in countries and lands that perhaps they had never dreamed of. He created worlds, by his imaginative powers, that were full of splendor and wonder, full of hope. He saw and realized ambitions. He looked forward to things that he should carve out at some future day; and he was entirely unconscious that he needed any pity. He did not want any, surely. He was happy; and he lived in a wonder world that he himself had made.

Do not waste your time pitying the healthy, honest poor, those who can earn a living, those who can make a little gain from year to year, those who can look forward dreaming of something better, those who through these experiences are working out character and achieving destiny.

The noblest men (many of them) that this country has produced have come out of boyhoods like that. They call for no sympathy; and they are not legitimately any count in any indictment against the goodness of the world.

I wish now to notice another phase of this subject. I have touched on some of the lower forms of life, as we ordinarily think of them,—some of the lower grades of human life; and now I wish to ask you to consider the kind of lives that we who are here this morning are leading, and what bearing they have on our problem. Are we as badly off as we think we are?

In the first place, I wish to say that I do not believe that any of you relatively ever suffered one-half as much as you think you have. We have ten or fifteen beautiful sunny days. We plan perhaps some excursion or some journey on the next day; and it storms. What do we say? Why, it always storms when we wish to do anything.

We remember so easily the things that go athwart our plans. We forget so easily the long stretches of

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sunny, comfortable hours. Look back over your lives now, and try to make a fair estimate. How much pain have you really suffered as compared with the hours and days and weeks and months that have been comparatively free from pain?

The pain in most of our lives is practically infinitesimal as compared with the comfort; and yet there is a certain touch of egotism about us. If we have nothing else to be proud of, we try to be proud of the fact that we have suffered more than anybody else or have had worse trials and troubles than anybody else. As a matter of fact, in the case of the most of us it is not at all true.

Now I am going to suggest to you another line of thought. How much of the suffering that we have had to bear, how much of the pain, has been absolutely necessary? How much of the world's pain have we a right to charge against the government of God, and how much of it are we ourselves responsible for? Remember now we wish to get at the facts. We wish to find how much we have a right to charge against the goodness of the universe; and we have no right to charge anything except necessary and inevitable pain.

How much of the pain that you and I have suffered from, how much that the world suffers from to-day, is caused by vice, the breaking of God's laws? How much is caused by crime, the breaking of human laws? How much of the pain is caused by words that need not have been spoken? How much is caused by acts that need not have been done? How much of the pain that we suffer through illness is pain that might have been avoided?

We inherit illness sometimes from our fathers and mothers or a far-away ancestor; but a large part of the illness we suffer from we have brought upon ourselves,—eating, drinking, careless living, indulging this way and that, disregarding the laws of our bodies, determined to

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have the immediate indulgence, rejoicing in that,—not thanking anybody for that,—but, when the inevitable pain comes, crying out against the goodness of God.

How many mothers' hearts are broken that need not have been, by the boys? How many wives are crushed needlessly by the husbands? How many husbands are made unhappy needlessly by the wives? How many children's lives are narrowed, imbittered needlessly, by fathers and mothers? How many people are injured because we wish to get ahead a little faster than conditions legitimately permit us to in a business way? How many times have you endeavored to crush a competitor, no matter how much it costs him in suffering or wealth?

How many cruel wars,—the concentration of every vice, every crime, every conceivable evil, every imaginable pain, multiplied by the thousand and the tens of thousands in utterly needless wars? Shall we charge this against God? Do we dare to, as we look him in the face and think that we are disregarding every one of his laws in bringing about these horrible results that need not exist at all?

How much suffering do we bring upon ourselves through envy, through jealousy, through personal antipathies and hatreds, in every conceivable way?

Now what I wish to point out to you is this. That this needless pain we have not to explain at all as touching the goodness of God. I waive these entirely one side, when you come to me, and present them as part of the problem impeaching the justice of the government of the world. I say they are no part of our problem. Bring to me only those things that are part of God's plan, that are inevitable in the nature of things, and that we have not needlessly created.

It is only these necessary pains that I attempt to explain, that I am trying to reconcile with the goodness

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of God. I believe then, friends—and I ask you to study each case by itself, and see if my statement be not true —that every necessary pain in the universe is something to thank God for instead of something needing to be explained.

Let me give you my reason. People curiously and illogically imagine all sorts of absurd worlds. I have not time to go into it this morning; but it is an absurdity on the face of it to suppose that God could create a perfectly good and happy world, and one perfectly wise, all in a minute, by sheer exercise of power. It is an absurdity in its mere statement. I have not time enough, however, to deal with it to-day. Think it out for yourselves. But I have time to make three or four points which, it seems to me, are conclusive in this matter. If we are to exist at all, then pain, a certain amount of it, the possibility of it, is inevitable. If you will choose existence, you must choose at least the possibility of pain along with it; and God himself cannot help it. It is not a question of power. It is a question as to possibility.

Think for a moment. A nervous system which is capable of exquisite pleasure must be equally capable of exquisite pain. It is capable of feeling; and, if it can feel that which is agreeable, of course it can feel that which is disagreeable; and, unless a perpetually recurring miracle keeps you from making a mistake, then pain, of course, must come.

Can you imagine a piano, or a manufacturer of pianos making an instrument, that, rightly touched, shall produce exquisite harmony, that would not under a blunderer's hands produce a discord? The thing is absurd on the face of it. The possibility of pleasure, then, the possibility of feeling anything, carries with it the possibility of feeling pain.

And now, in the next place, it is absolutely necessary that we should feel pain if we are to continue to exist.

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If some power could bring into the universe a race of beings incapable of feeling pain, they would be wiped out of existence within a month. What would they do? They would be continually getting in the way of the moving forces of the universe; and, unless it hurt so that they learned to keep out of the way, they would inevitably be crushed out of existence. Suppose it did not hurt to fall into the fire, suppose it did not hurt to break an arm or a leg, suppose it did not hurt to fall over a precipice, suppose it did not hurt to be run over by an automobile in the street,—suppose that none of these things hurt, how should we learn to keep out of the way?

The third point. There could be no consciousness if there were no pain. What do I mean? I mean that the basis of all consciousness is contrast. To illustrate, if all the world were of one color, there would be no color; and it would be as though we were blind. It is only because there are differences in things that we observe anything or note the distinction between one thing and another. If a chair and a table were precisely alike, who would ever know that there were such things as chairs and tables? If there were no such thing as pain, who would know that he had ever been happy? If from the very beginning we had been perfectly free from pain, we should not know it. We could not understand our condition. It would mean nothing to us. There would be nothing to rejoice in either. It is only against a background of pain that we know what pleasure means, that we can taste of the ecstasy of numberless delights.

And now, in the next place, it follows that all necessary pain is protective, guardian in its nature. All the necessary pain in the world is a token of God's care and guarding, protecting love. All necessary pain is merely a sign-board set up,—"No Thoroughfare,"—"Danger-

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ous Passing,"—warning us away from things that would harm us. There is no other kind of necessary pain in the universe but that.

Did you ever note the fact that those parts of the body that are most exposed and that need protecting most are the ones that are specially sensitive, capable of exquisite pain? Did you ever notice what I pointed out incidentally in passing, that in the lower forms of life pain is warning, protecting, almost always?

If a man is ill, he suffers pain. Nature is telling him that something is wrong, and that he must attend to it. If a man's illness reaches a point where it is hopeless, almost always the pain ceases. There is no use in warning any longer. So long as you are keenly sensitive to pain, there is hope for you. It means that the body is alive. It means that it is attempting to exercise its recuperative power.

So, everywhere in life where you find pain, it is God telling you that you must look out, that you are doing something wrong, that you are disregarding his laws. In society everywhere this is universally true. So that, as I said, all necessary pain is inevitable in the nature of things not only, but is a token of God's tender, loving, fatherly care.

I quoted at the outset these words from the unknown author of the Book of Revelation: "There shall be pain no more." When will that be true? I do not believe in any other world where everybody is either suffering perfectly or enjoying perfectly, either the one or the other. I do not believe that the best person in the world the minute he goes into the other life is in perfect bliss, is where he will never know the shadow of pain again. I do not expect any such condition as that for a million years,—how many millions I do not know.

We are told that Jesus left the glory that he had in

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the other life, and came here to help us; and must we not think of him as feeling an exquisite delight in helping such as the harps and the singing could never have brought him? If we are half men, we would rather suffer and so help as long as anybody else suffers and needs help. Heaven may stand open as long as it will. I do not expect to enter and stay there, even if I am permitted, so long as there is somebody outside that needs help, and so long as people are pouring, millions and millions every year, over into that life, half formed, half developed. How many years, how many ages, will it be before they need helping no longer?

It is the delight of sympathy and love to help those that need it. So I expect no aimless lotus-eaters, Rasselas kind of felicity in any other life. I do not want it. I want the sense of effort, the sense of victory, the sense of overcoming. I want something to do; and so long, as I said, as there is a poor blind, wandering soul anywhere in the universe, the people that are Christ-like will be going out after them until all are gathered in. And even then, in the perfect consummation of all things, if we can imagine it, we should not know that we were happy except for our sacred memories of darkness and tears and heartache and pain.

Father, we thank Thee, not only for Thy smiles, not only for the thrills of delight,—we thank Thee for these necessary pains that teach us the highest and deepest things in existence, that teach us the meaning of love and joy not only, but give us the blessedness of helping and being like Thee, caring for the wandering and the sick and the poor. Amen.

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THE PILGRIMS.

A Sermon for Forefathers' Day.

My text you may find in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth verses: "For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that country from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

Think of it! Humanity had been on this earth, so scientific men tell us, at least three hundred and fifty thousand years. Christianity itself had been in existence sixteen hundred years; and up to that time there was no place on the face of the earth where a man was at liberty to live his own life and think his own thoughts and freely speak his own convictions. It took the world so long to develop even one little free people; and they were looked upon with suspicion and cast out, persecuted.

It is not so strange as it would seem at first, when we consider the conditions out of which this state of affairs inevitably grew. Men believed, for example, that they had received an absolutely clear revelation from their God as to what he wanted them to believe and what he wanted them to do. That being the case, of course they did not feel at liberty to depart from it. If we believed it, we should not feel at liberty to depart from such customs.

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Not only that,—they not only believed that they had the truth, but they believed that God would be very angry with them if they dared to speak in any other way than the way in which he had told them, if they dared to establish any ceremonies or customs different from those that he had delivered to them. Not only would he be angry, but he would punish them. Not only would he punish them if they departed from any of these things, but he would punish them if they permitted anybody else to, so far as their power extended. That was the universal belief of the world for thousands of years. And in there, you see, is the root of persecution.

When, for example, the Spanish drove the Moors and the Jews from Spain, they did not do it simply because they disliked the Moors or the Jew. They did it because these were heretics, and they were afraid not to do it. They were afraid that God would punish their country if they permitted such departures from what they held to be the revealed rules of faith and practice.

So it was natural in the seventeenth century in England,—it was natural that the Pilgrims were persecuted. For who were these Pilgrims?

England had established a church which was a part of its legal machinery; and behind it was all the authority of the nation. This church determined what opinions people were to hold. It established certain rituals, services, ceremonies. And these, as they believed, had divine authority back of them; and they, the secular power, felt under obligation to enforce these divine teachings.

And who were these Pilgrims? They were a little upstart band of men and women who were impertinent enough to have opinions of their own. They differed from the Archbishop of Canterbury, from Parliament, from the usages of centuries,—differed, as these people would have said, from God himself. So they were to

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be persecuted, to be cast out. But, in spite of all this overshadowing despotism that tended to crush out all individuality, thought, and life, these so-called pernicious ideas grew. These pernicious ideas were that a man had a right to think on his own account, had a right to hold his own opinions, and even to speak them to a neighbor, if he felt like doing it. These ideas grew until there was quite a little body of people holding them there in England. Some of them were called Puritans because they wished to purify the Church in which they stayed. Some of them were called Pilgrims because they came out of the Church and left it behind.

In the neighborhood of Scrooby, a little town in the east and south of England, there was quite a large, quite a respectable body of these people. But they were so outcast, so persecuted, that they found life in England unendurable; and, hearing that there was a larger freedom of opinion in Holland, they decided to go there. They made their headquarters in Leyden; and there, under the leadership of one of the most remarkable ministers in history, John Robinson, they flourished and prospered. The people of the country found them peaceful, law-abiding, industrious, and permitted them to live their own life in their own little colony. But, as the years went by, they came to have the fear that, if they stayed there, they would be swallowed up, that they would naturally become absorbed by the Hollanders, that they would lose their own individuality, lose their own speech, and cease to be what they were proud of being, though they were persecuted,—Englishmen.

All of them could not go. The majority of them decided to migrate to this New World, start afresh in a new country among people of their own speech and lineage, and where they could work out their ideas unmolested. It resulted, then, in their going from Holland to Plymouth, and then on that famous day sailing

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in the little ship, the "Mayflower," across the ocean. It was a crazy venture. We should regard people as not safe to be trusted if they went to sea to-day, even in sunny summer weather, in such a ship as the "Mayflower" was. But they sailed through the winter sea; and at last, as they believed under the peculiar guidance and protection of God, they came to land.

But a curious thing happened. You may call it Providence or you may call it the blowing of perverse winds or you may call it the questionable seamanship on the part of the managers of the vessel; but for one reason or another this took place. They started out expecting to land in the northern parts of Virginia. As a matter of fact, they found themselves drifting ashore north of Cape Cod.

What difference did that make? Why, it was the turning-point in the destiny of this race,—just that blunder. They landed in a country not covered by any government charter. If they had landed in Virginia, they would have been under the control of the Virginia Colony. They landed where there was no colony nor government of any kind; and the result of it was that this little handful of men were free,—free to create something new in the history of the world, free to shape their own government. And I want to read to you what you ought to be familiar with, but probably are not. There were some restless spirits among them; and their talk was regarded as a little seditious by their more sober brethren. So they got together in the cabin of the "Mayflower," and drew up this compact before landing:

In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwriten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc, & Ireland, king, defender of ye faith, &c. haveing undertaken for ye glorie of God, and advancemente of ye Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northerne parts of Vir-

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ginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutualy in ye presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine ourselves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete & convenient for ye generall good of ye colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

[Signed by forty-one men.]

And this,—do you know it?—this was the germ out of which America was born. This little handful of Pilgrims created the mould into which this great republic of ours has been run. No matter where the rest of the people came from, from whatever country on the face of the earth, they have been dominated, controlled, shaped, their destiny marked out, by these forty-one Pilgrims in the cabin of the "Mayflower." They gave form to our government; and everything that has happened to us since has come along the lines which they laid down.

A wonderful little people! Unfortunately for me, my ancestors came to this country a hundred years too late; for I would rather be able to-day to trace my ancestry back to the Pilgrims than along any other line that the history of this world has ever seen, nobles, kings, emperors not excepted.

Why? First for the reason I have just outlined and indicated. As the result of their work, we have here for the first time since the morning stars sang together a free and orderly country,—freedom, order, the most difficult combination that has ever been attempted by the brain of man.

Then, next, what? They established the most humane government, there at Plymouth, that the world up to that time had ever known.

I wish you to make a sharp distinction in your mind this morning between the Pilgrims and Puritans. I am

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not talking about the Puritans at all. I am talking about the Pilgrims. And there is as much difference between them as there is between black and white. Members of our New England Society in New York, the most of them, apparently, have not learned this. When I go to their dinners, I hear the great speakers mix Pilgrims and Puritans all up, as though they were precisely alike. I am talking now about the Pilgrims.

What did they do? What do I mean by the humane government they established? Think a moment. In the time of King Henry VIII. there were more than a hundred offences against the law in England which were punishable by death. In the Virginia Colony there were about thirty offences punishable by death, and one of them was being a Unitarian. In the Massachusetts Bay Colony—that is, among the Puritans—there were at least a dozen offences punishable by death. At Plymouth there were only five on the statute books, and nobody was ever punished for more than two of them. It was the most humane government, then, as well as the freest, existing in all the world.

And then another thing making a world-wide difference between them and all the other colonies in this country, between them and the Puritans. The Puritans whipped the Quakers, drove Roger Williams out of their borders, hanged witches. The Pilgrims, to their everlasting glory and honor, never persecuted anybody for his religious opinion. Quakers, Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, all of them, were perfectly free to go to Plymouth, and be treated with courteous brotherliness as men and women, in spite of their opinions.

Such, then, were the Pilgrims, the shapers of this country, the most humane people at that time to be found anywhere, and Plymouth the one spot on the planet where a man was free to think and free to speak his opinions.

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Now I wish to notice certain characteristics of the Pilgrims which will bring them into close touch with ourselves not only, but certain characteristics which, while they cultivated and practised them, need to be cultivated and practised to-day by ourselves quite as much.

I may take the Pilgrims, then, from this time on in my discourse as my text, and preach a sermon to you and to myself.

In the first place the Pilgrims were come-outers. There is another point that differentiates between them and the Puritans. The Puritans tried to stay in the old church, and reorganize things on the inside. I remember, when I was considering the question as to whether I could honestly stay in the old church, I was begged by doctors of divinity on every hand to do the same,—to stay in and help fight it out on the inside. But I wish you to note one thing,—I believe that this is a truth without any exception,—that never since the beginning of the world has any organization or institution voluntarily undertaken to reform itself. It gets established. It gets to feeling that it represents God. It gets to feeling that too many comforts and human interests are bound up with it. You remember that scene in the Acts of the Apostles. The apostles came to Ephesus, and preached their new doctrine; and the mob got together in the theatre, and shouted two hours together, it is said, shouted and yelled, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." See, they let the secret out when they said: "Why, by this craft, the making of shrines of Diana, we get our wealth. The fact that Diana's temple is located here is what makes the world-wide glory of Ephesus!" Can you expect people when they are living on their religion, making money out of it, when it is their pride and their glory,—can you expect them to set about reforming it? The very thing they never

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think of doing! And nearly all the persecutions that have been from the beginning of the world have been directed against these restless people who wanted to make things better.

So it is the come-outer always who reforms the world. He comes out, and demands attention to his higher and nobler truth. That is the way the world gets on.

Abraham was a come-outer. He came out of the old polytheism and paganism, and stands as the friend of God and the father of the new faith. How beautiful that record of him is, listening to the voice of God and following it, not knowing whither he went! No matter whether you know or not, so you are following God, following the higher voice, following the call to something nobler and truer.

Not only was Abraham a come-outer, Jesus was a come-outer; and they put him to death because his teaching threatened the temple and the old order. Luther was a come-outer; and the power of Rome did all it could to crush him because his teaching again threatened the old order. Channing was a come-outer; and bitter was the hatred that was hurled at him because his teaching again threatened the old order.

And not only in religion, the great scientific teachers,—Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Spencer, Darwin,—these have been the come-outers. They have come out of the old conceptions of things, preaching a larger truth, and have been stormed at and vilified because they saw a larger vision, and because, *if* what they saw was accepted, the old institutions must fade away.

The same has been true in art,—Millet, cast out, starving, dying in poverty, because he created a new artistic conception that the old was not ready for.

Wordsworth was a come-outer in literature; and so he was neglected and criticised and vilified until the world recognized at last his worth.

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So in every department of life the world gets on because there is somebody or some little body of men clear-headed enough, brave enough, strong enough, to come out and stand alone and advocate a new truth, and challenge the world and call to them to come up to this higher level; and by and by the world,—slow, phlegmatic, selfish,—the world hears and follows, generally after the man who has come out is dead. But it comes; and so the world gets on.

There is another thing about these Pilgrims. They were democrats in religion as well as in government. And, do you know, that is so very important a matter that I wish to help you understand it, if I can. Most people do not seem to appreciate its significance at all. I am amazed myself that in this republic of ours, where we boast of our political equality and liberty, think it the greatest thing in the world, we are ready only for aristocracy or monarchy in our ecclesiastical affairs.

There is hardly a democratic church in America. Hardly, I say,—that is a little too strong a way of putting it. The Baptists are democratic. The Christians, or Campbellites, are democratic. The Congregationalists are democratic. The Unitarians are democratic. I do not know of any other. Every other religious organization in the country is either an aristocracy or a monarchy. And what does it mean? Let me ask you to look through the outer appearance to the core of the matter for a minute. It means a changed conception of the relation of the soul,—nothing less than that. It means an assertion of the teaching of Jesus. Jesus said: "Call no man master: you have one Master. Call no man father: you have one Father; and all ye are brethren." And only these little churches that I have alluded to have taken Jesus at his word or supposed he meant anything. Even those that talked about his being God,—it never seems to occur to them that they must obey him here.

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What does it mean? The old conception of salvation was that you became saved by joining an organization, and that you received salvation by the ministry of a ceremony. A purely material conception, you see. By enrolling myself with an organization, by partaking of a sacrament, I become a partaker of God. The Pilgrims were democratic. They said: We are all brethren and we have no master among men, no priest, no bishop, no king, no set of aristocrats ruling us in our churches. We are free. And they carried the matter so far that they simply chose one of their own number for a minister; and he held the position so long as they chose him to be there, and, when he stepped out of that position, he stepped out of the ministry. For the time being he was ordained by the church, he was their officer. Just as the governor is the governor so long as he holds his position, and ceases to be governor, except by the courtesy of the title, when he leaves the chair.

And what did it mean spiritually? It meant that every man stood first hand, face to face, with God, and that the essence of salvation was the state of his own heart, the condition of his own spirit, his own character and life; that he was saved when he was right, and not because he belonged to any organization or went through any ceremonial.

There are some famous verses written about the achievement of the Pilgrims here so significant that I must read them to you:—

The "Mayflower" on New England's coast has furled her tattered sail,
And through her chafed and moaning shrouds December's breezes wail;
Yet on that icy deck behold a meek but dauntless band,
Who, for the right to worship God, have left their native land;
And to this dreary wilderness this glorious boon they bring,—
A Church without a Bishop and a State without a King!

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Those daring men, those gentle wives, say, wherefore do they come?
Why rend they all the tender ties of kindred and of home?
'Tis *Heaven* assigns their noble work, man's spirit to unbind:
They come not for themselves alone,—they come for all mankind;
And to the empire of the West this glorious boon they bring,—
A Church without a Bishop and a State without a King!

Then, prince and prelate, hope no more to bend them to your sway.
Devotion's fire inflames their breasts, while freedom points their way;
And, in their brave hearts' estimate, 'twere better not to be
Than quail beneath a despot, where the soul cannot be free;
And therefore o'er a wintry wave those exiles come to bring
A Church without a Bishop and a State without a King!

And still their spirit, in their sons, with freedom walks abroad;
The BIBLE is our only creed; our only sovereign, GOD!
The hand is raised, the word is spoke, the joyful pledge is given,
And boldly on our banner floats, in the free air of heaven,
The motto of our sainted sires,—and loud we'll make it ring,—
A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP AND A STATE WITHOUT A KING!

You see, if I have made the matter clear, this was not merely opposition to a certain form of church government: it was a deep-down spiritual principle, a new conception of salvation, a new spiritual idea of the relation of the soul to God. And it goes with this idea of freedom; and we shall not be free until it becomes universal.

To complete this thought, I need to make one more statement as to the difference between them and the Puritans.

It has been said, and said with a great deal of truth as well as wit, that the Puritans came to this country to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and to compel everybody else to do the same. The Pilgrims came here to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and not to compel, only to lead and teach, other people to do the same.

Our third point naturally and logically follows from

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these. They held only one king,—God. I do not mean by this that they were anarchistic as to the order of society, that they were rebels. They were not. They were obedient, law-abiding people; but they were not comfortable folk to get along with when things were not as they believed right. They taught that the earthly ruler had no right to speak except for God; that is, to speak what was right and true, and organize into law what was right and true. Therefore, they were discontented when they believed things to be wrong; and they made other people discontented. That was the kind of citizens they were.

Then, in the fourth place,—another thing of the utmost importance, and a wonderful thing, considering the age in which they lived,—they believed that they had a divine revelation of God's truth; but they did not believe that God's revelation was finished. One of the most remarkable utterances in the history of man is that saying in John Robinson's sermon—for he remained with the little fragment at Leyden—when bidding good-bye to the company that was to sail for America. He warned them against thinking that they were in possession of all truth. He advised them to be modest, to be seekers after truth; and he said: "God has more light still to break forth out of his Holy Word." God has not got done revealing himself. We are to find out newer and larger and finer truth as the ages go by. This was the doctrine of John Robinson; and he planted this seed in the heart of the Pilgrim Colony. And, to show the breadth of their attitude, it is worth knowing right here that the church which they planted at Plymouth is now a Unitarian church; and, though it is a Unitarian church, they still receive members by the use of the covenant which the Pilgrim Fathers themselves prepared. That is, they receive members not on a doctrinal basis, but by means of a covenant, a pledge to truth-seeking and worship and service. So the old Pilgrim Covenant still

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stands in use in a Unitarian church. That says much for the breadth of their spirit, however narrow their intellectual ideas may have been.

And now, at the last, there is one other point that I wish to speak of. These Pilgrims, hard-headed and practical as they were, ready to face the wild Indian, the wild winter, the stubborn and inhospitable soil,—ready to face all hardships for the sake of their convictions,—these men belonged to the line of seers and visionaries and idealists and dreamers. This was their great characteristic.

I have had occasion to remind you more than once of a very fundamental and important fact, that man is the only creature on the face of the earth that dreams of better things, that gets discontented because things do not suit him, and who reaches out after larger fulfilment.

Now the Pilgrims were dreamers. They dreamed of a better state, they dreamed of a better society, they dreamed of a better religion; and they reached out after this grander thing which they foresaw.

The old writer of Hebrews said, if they had been mindful of that country, if they had remembered that country from which they had come out, they might have had an opportunity to have gone back again. But no. They desired a better country. They were not contented with the conditions out of which they had come; and so they became the creators of this thing they dreamed.

All the best things always are in the air. No matter how fine your steam-engine is, somebody goes to work and dreams out an improvement, and that is all in the air; but by and by he makes an engine in the image of his dream, and you have got a better one. That is the way the world gets on.

Every telegraph wire stretched first in somebody's imagination before it was attached to a pole. Every invention was first a dream. Every discoverer is a

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dreamer. Every scientist reaching out after new truth is a dreamer. Every inventor, every explorer, every man who makes the world better, is an idealist, a dreamer. He is not satisfied. He has a vision. He sees something sweeter and finer than anybody ever saw as a reality. And the wonder and beauty and glory of it is that his dream does not stay up here in the air. He takes the rough materials of the woods and the rocks and the ores underneath the surface of the ground, and shapes them into the poetry and beauty and glory of his dream.

If we wish to help the world on then, we must be dreamers, like them. I cannot more fittingly close than by that wonderful verse from that wonderful poet Lowell, from his "Present Crisis":—

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our 'Mayflower,' and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

Father, we thank Thee that there have been in every age these leaders, these witnesses, these dreamers, these forward-lookers, these discontented souls. We thank Thee that they have sought ever to attain something finer and higher. We are glad they have made progress such as they have; but we are glad that they have left something for us, that we have opportunities also not only to dream, but to create, so that they are not perfect until we become associated with them in their aims. Amen.

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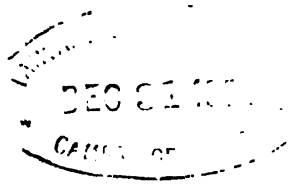

THE GOSPEL OF THE DIVINE BIRTH.

My theme this morning is "The Gospel of the Divine Birth." My text you may find in the second chapter of Luke, the seventh verse. "And she brought forth her first-born son."

For a good many hundred years this twenty-fifth day of December has been set apart to celebrate the supposed fact of the Virgin birth of a child, and the further supposed fact that through that birth God himself came into humanity,—came into the world. This was not the original idea of this celebration. It is much older than Christianity, and is born out of interests and emotions that are human.

It was many years after the birth of Jesus before anybody thought of his being other than an ordinary man, born in the ordinary way. The whole idea of the Virgin birth and the incarnation is pagan in its origin, and it was centuries before the Church united upon any special day even for a celebration of the coming of Jesus into the world.

I propose this morning to turn away from the ordinary conception of Christmas, and speak of something which I believe to be deeper, higher, wider, and more divine. Every birth is a divine birth, every mother a Madonna. If you think of it a moment, you will notice that the deepest, highest, most universal fact in the universe is that of sex; and, as life evolves and grows to its higher forms and expression, this fact is emphasized, and becomes more and more. If, then, there is any one thing in human life that we have a right to suppose ex-

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presses the thought, the life, the feeling, of God, it must be this. It seems to me, therefore,—I have said it before, and have been criticised in certain quarters for saying it, but I wish to say it again, and to ask you to think of it most seriously,—that to say that a virgin birth is holier than that which God has universally ordained is a reflection on every mother not only, but a reflection on God himself. For, certainly, that which he has made central and universal from lowest to highest, cannot be impure, cannot be unholy, cannot be less sacred than some supposed unnatural method by which his own ordained laws are contravened and set on one side.

And to suppose that God should take some other than his own ordained way of coming into the world, is again to suppose that he would not come in the way which he has himself established as universal; and this thought is further emphasized by the consideration that he did not need to come into the world nineteen hundred years ago, for he was here before that,—has always been here. This is his world. It is the expression of his thought, his life, his feelings. It is saturated with the Divine. In him we live and move and have our being; and all life, so far as it goes, is the incarnation of the Divine.

God puts as much of himself as it will hold in every grass blade. He puts as much of himself as it will hold into a song-bird. He puts as much of himself as it will hold in each form of animal life. The first man contained as much of God as he would hold; and the evolution of the race, the lifting, broadening, heightening, deepening of human nature means only that we become age after age at last more and more divine.

These twin conceptions, then, of an unnatural virginal birth and the incarnation of God specially in some one human being,—these are pure Paganism imported into

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Christianity some hundreds of years after the birth of Jesus. A deeper, sweeter, finer, nobler thing is this which I ask you to consider with me for a little while this morning.

It is a wonderful thing how generations follow each other from the past to the present, and reach out ever toward a finer and grander future, the feet of the little ones bringing with them the inheritance of the world that is gone. Across a little, tiny, microscopic, infinitesimal, protoplasmic bridge the past treads safely and goes on to a grander future.

Are there any more mysterious and wonderful facts in the world than those of inheritance? The child springs from the father and the mother, the grandfather and the grandmother, from all the ages of the past, human, prehuman, for the life-roots reach back and down to the beginning of life itself; and all that is good, all that is sweet, all that is noble, all that is helpful, all that the world wants, the new-born child brings.

Emerson has sung it,—

> "No accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has ever lost."

The child brings the physical peculiarities,—you see the father or the mother or the grandfather or the grandmother or some further still removed looking out of the child's face. There is a gleam of some of these in the eyes. Their tricks of speech reappear, physical peculiarities and characteristics of every kind. Not only that, mental qualities, moral impulses and inclinations, spiritual aspirations and hopes, and, as I have said, all of the past that is of value to the present. The world has never lost anything that it was worth while for it to keep; and all of it is brought to us, as I have said, over this tiny, protoplasmic bridge by the toddling feet of a little child.

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And the wonder and mystery and beauty of it all lies chiefly with the mother. With the mother is the sacrifice. With the mother is the mystic glory and the mystic joy. She goes down to the very brink of the abyss; and in her feeble hand takes the tiny flickering torch of life from the very hand of death itself. She fans it with her feeble breath. She shelters it with her delicate white hand. She clasps it to her bosom. She watches over it, and, as it burns and grows stronger, passes it on to the hands of the coming generation. So the world's life continues,—an endless procession from the far dim past to the magnificent futures of which we dream.

I wish now for a little while to suggest two or three phases of this gospel, this glad tidings of a divine human birth. And in the first place right in here is the beginning of all ethics, of all morality, of all the high and fine and chivalrous and noble and unselfish conduct of the world. Right in here is born altruism. Here is the beginning of the sense of human brotherhood. Here is the germ of that dream which leads us on with the thought that some time we shall achieve an ideal and perfect humanity.

It is sometimes supposed that there is an innate and fundamental contradiction between selfishness and unselfishness. I would ask you in the light of the facts I am going to present to you to see whether unselfishness does not naturally and inevitably grow out of what we call selfishness, so that one is a blossom from the root of the other. Go back to a supposed beginning,—a beginning, of course, which we can never discover. A man falls in love with a woman. What does it mean? He wants the woman. It is pure selfishness in its first expression. But she responds to this love; and they are married. Then what? That which was pure selfishness on the part of the man and perhaps as pure selfishness on the part of the woman suddenly become conse-

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cration, devotion. The man is ready for the sake of her he loves to sacrifice, to suffer, to endure, to give up; and his very selfishness at last comes to be a delight in making her happy,—gives himself for the payment of a smile,—finding reward for all sacrifice in the thought of her satisfaction and joy.

Then comes the marvel, the wonder, of a divine birth. The woman brings forth her first-born son. And then what? An extension, an intensification, of this unselfishness; for now both the father and the mother love the child, love it, in very truth, more than life, for each will risk life for the sake of the child. It is no rhetorical exaggeration that represents David in that marvellously pathetic picture, mourning over his wayward son,—"O Absalom, my son, my son, Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" He would have died for him. Thousands of fathers have died for a son. Thousands of mothers have died for a child. And every day and every year, and in every land all around the wonderful world, mothers are risking life for the sake of those that they so tenderly care for.

Here, then,—do you not see?—that through the birth, the divine birth, of the child comes unselfishness. There grows up the patriarchal family. The fiction sometimes of kinship is maintained; and it is supposed that they were all brothers and sisters, and they are to be treated as brothers and sisters, no matter what enmity there may be towards those who are outside the patriarchal family.

Then this family develops into the tribe. They recognize duties and obligations and these family relations within the limits of the tribe, no matter what the feeling may be towards those beyond its limits. The tribe grows into the city, the city into the nation. We have reached that stage to-day. We feel the implied kinship of all who can be called Americans, whatever may be our feeling towards other nationalities. And we are be-

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ginning to see the dawn of that day when the old word of the New Testament shall be true, and we shall recognize the fact, the profound fact, that God has made of one blood all nations of men who dwell on all the face of the earth.

Right here, then, in this fact of sex, the divine fact of birth, is the beginning of our dream of human brotherhood, of the civilization of the world, and the time when there shall be peace in every nation.

There is another fact connected with this divine birth of every child. Mr. John Fiske was the first one who elaborated it on its scientific side. It is connected with the weakness of the human child, the prolongation of the period of infancy.

In the lowest forms of life the newly born is almost at once matured. A day or two, a few days, and each individual has obtained a position of personal independence, and goes its own life. Brothers, sisters, father, mother, all are forgotten. As, however, life lifts and grows to more and more, the infancy is feebler, and the period of its care is more and more prolonged. I think there are cases that have been observed by naturalists, among the birds and animals, of the mating of the parents being renewed year after year,—the first prophecy, you see, of the family. But, when we come to the highest type of the human,—and it is worthy of significance that, the more highly civilized we become, the more we become developed,—the more this fact is accentuated. The child is feeble, and needs such an amount of care; and what does that result in?

Right here is the birth of the family. There could be no family but for this feebleness of the human child. It must be cared for. It must be loved, must be nestled, must be nourished; and so the father and the mother brood over it in their love, look into each other's eyes, and come not only to love the child more and more, but

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to love each other in the child more and more. And so the family is established. Every home on earth is the gift of this divine fact of the birth of a little child.

As you are travelling over the world, you see here and there beautiful cottages sitting in sunny spots on hillsides, shadowed by trees. Vines climb up the porch, clinging with their tendril fingers. The sound of laughter comes out through the open doors and windows. Children are playing around the doorsteps. The father is working in the fields. The mother is making the home within.

And here is that most blessed and beautiful thing in all the earth,—the home, the father, mother, brothers, sisters, and children. And this is the gift of this divine birth. And in the city is it not the same? On the grand avenue, the palatial residence with all the wealth lavished on its furnishing and its decoration, is it the perfect home until the divine child is born? It is the beginning, it is the promise, the prophecy of the home. But it is the father-love and the mother-love which make the ideal home always; and the woman misses something until she has bloomed into motherhood, and the home misses its distinct and definite note until it listens to the laughter of a little child.

And, as these homes, we say, are the corner-stones of society and the promise and pledge of civilization, so here, again, we come anew to the fact that the finest and best things which we desire and of which we can dream are a part of this gospel of the divine birth of a child.

There is another word in this gospel, so sacred, so sweet it is that I hardly know how to speak it. The dearest fact on the face of the earth is that which we sum up when we repeat the word "mother." There is no such love,—love that is tireless, love that is patient, love that endures, believeth all things, beareth all things,

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hopeth all things, that never faileth. I cannot but believe that there is great tender love in this universe at the heart of things, when I see the mother-love as a part of its expression.

Scientific men tell us that there can be nothing evolved which was not first involved. How can mother-love come out of the universe if there be nothing equal to mother-love in the universe? Can this fine, sweet, high thing be born of clods, of dust, of that which does not feel, that which does not think, that which does not live, that which is not capable of consecration? The grandest gospel ever revealed to mankind has come to us in the word "mother," because that means that something at least equal to mother-love is at the very heart of the universe, else it could never have found such expression. And when we remember that humanity is still only in process, not yet completed, that the farthest reach of evolution stretches out beyond our ken into the future, then we know—I think it is scientific demonstration—that in the universe is something infinitely tenderer than the truest mother that so far has lived. She is the expression, as far as it has uttered itself; but the universe waits for a finer utterance, a deeper, higher, nobler expression still, because we are only partly along the way in the evolution of things.

When I say I remember, am I not speaking for each one of you, with only changed conditions? I remember a mother away back years ago, in the country, in a little old farm-house by the banks of a river,—a mother that never was tired of loving and taking care of her children, a mother almost never severe, patient and tender and true, a mother who would let the children turn the old house upside down, and sit and laugh with them in the midst of their pranks and play, and who would suddenly say, "Sh-sh! your father is coming," not because she had anything to say against the father, only that she

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wished to save the children from even the shadow of blame: and then, as she grew old,—grew old so sweetly,—this mother-love brooded and mourned over those that had faded into the unknown, and came at last to look with eager eyes out through the mist, and long to go, that she might find them that she had cradled and cared for in the years far away.

I hold in my hand a little scrap from Walt Whitman, the description of his mother:—

"Behold a woman!
She looks out from under her Quaker cap—her face is clearer and more beautiful than the sky.

"She sits in an arm chair, under the shaded porch of a farm-house,
The sun just shines on her old white head.

"Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen,
Her grandsons raised the flax and her grand-daughters spun it with the distaff and the wheel.

"The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot go, and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men!"

Just another word on this gospel of a divine birth, and one other thought; and that is the blessedness of just having the children with us. I think sometimes we do not appreciate what this world would be if there were no children in it. Try to picture it, try to think of it,—dreary beyond any power of speech, desolate, a wilderness. How tired we old folk would get if there were no children! Consider how beautiful and fitting it is. A young couple is married. A boy is born; and they are entirely blessed. Also a girl is born. But think of the father just for a moment. He laughs and plays and prattles with the babe, and gets to be a boy; and the father is getting on all the time,—he is in mid-life. He

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has grown to be a young man, and the father is living over his own young manhood again in him; and, when he gets along again towards the borders of old age, the boy is in mid-life, and the father with his feebler steps begins to lean upon the boy. And he lives over his life and keeps young in him, is a boy, a youth, in his manhood once more, living all over in the life of his children. And a similar thing, too, in regard to the daughter, her tenderness and beauty in the home as related both to the father and the mother. I think the world would be so desolate and dreary without the children that we should long to escape. At any rate, we should live in dreams of the time when there were children.

I think I have read it to you once before; but it is so sweet, I shall read it to you again,—Longfellow's little poem:—

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

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That to the world are children;
  Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
  Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
  And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
  In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
  And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
  And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
  That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
  And all the rest are dead.

So in the gospel message that comes to us through this divine birth is this perpetual music and delight of children for freshening the years as the time goes by. And then, as we stand facing the future I read in their message, springing out of the same one divine fact, the world becomes to us a home, and men and women are brothers and sisters.

So the family thought predominates. We learn to think that we have one Father in heaven, and all we are brethren. We learn more of love and tenderness; and out of this love is born the dream of deathlessness. Some one we have cared for, some one who was a very piece of our own being, a part of our body, a part of our mind, a part of our soul, has died, as we say. We cannot believe it. We will not believe it. For love seems to us immortal; and out of this love is born the dream of immortality. So we place these loved ones over yonder, and dream that we shall find them again. And I love to think that there is a wonderful human truth, not a

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supernatural truth at all, in the words that Jesus said to his disciples,—"I go to prepare a place for you."

As I have said before, when we come into this world, we come not unexpectedly. We come to a place prepared for us. Love has made a place for us, and love waits to welcome us; and so those that have gone over yonder have not gone to lose themselves in the infinities. They have not gone to soar and sing beyond the touch of our loves and the reach of our sympathies. They have gone to prepare a place for us; and they watch over us here, and they know when we are going, and they are ready with their welcome.

And so the last word in this gospel of a divine birth is this divine promise of the other life,—a life that shall not be troubled by any shadow of death, a life of love that never weakens and never grows cold, a life where those that care for each other are sure to find their own.

Father, we thank Thee for this gospel of a divine birth. We thank Thee for the words that the little child has to say to us, for the inspirations connected with his coming, for the hopes that cluster around the growth, the development, the perfection, and the temporary disappearance; for those that have loved can never be separated. They may be out of sight of each other for a little while; but they gravitate of necessity together, and clasp one another in eternal reunion. Amen.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

You may find my text in a part of the fifth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation: "Behold, I make all things new."

With all my heart I wish for each and every one here this morning a Happy New Year! But for a touch of Roman superstition which influenced the action of so free and strong a man as Julius Cæsar, our New Year's Day would have been the first day after the winter solstice, that on which the sun appears to start on his journey north again, bringing the spring, the summer, and the autumn in his train. But, whenever the year begins, the chances are that with the most of us it will be largely a repetition of the old year just closed. We are on this same old earth,—the same grasses, the same trees, the same meadows, the same brooks, the same rivers, the same hills, the same mountains, the same seashores, the same tumbling and restless waves, the same blue sky over our heads, or perhaps curtained with drifting rain or covered over with snow, and at night the same stars looking out of the same blue, and the same old moon walking the same old pathway among them.

And, when we come to ourselves, we shall live in very much the same houses, if not the same ones, in this new year. A babe may blessedly come to some of us, making the whole world over, some dear one may go out again, making the whole world over; but it will be substantially the same wives, the same husbands, the same brothers, sisters, neighbors, friends. We shall walk the same old

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streets, and see the same old crowds. We shall go to the same kind of theatres and concerts and operas and churches. The routine of life will be very much what it has been. You will continue in the business in which you now are,—I hope make a little more money. We shall repeat the experiences of the past year. Children will go to the same schools, and follow substantially the same lines of study.

Then, when we come close home to ourselves, though we fancy that we have it in our power to make ourselves precisely what we will, the chances are that we shall continue to be just what we have been. Most people talk about turning over a new leaf; but the writing on the new leaf looks strangely familiar, as we get towards the bottom of the page. As a matter of fact, our power in this direction is very limited. These bodies of ours we have inherited, as we have inherited our constitution and tendencies; and, though we may have modified our physical nature a little, we shall enter the coming year substantially the same kind of animals we have been in the past year,—not very much better, I hope not very much worse.

When we consider our mental characteristics, as the years have gone on, we have only intensified, the most of us, the inherited natures that were given us. We like or dislike certain things; we are interested or we are not interested in certain kinds of studies; we are prejudiced against certain people, against certain causes; we are in favor of certain ideas, certain courses of action. Our mental characteristics every year, unless we watch, unless we labor, are getting helplessly fixed, more and more after the same old pattern. Our tastes, our æsthetic nature, also get hardened. They get narrow, limited. The tendency always is for life to narrow as it goes on, unless we work hard to have it broadened. We get weary, certain faculties atrophy, certain tastes are like

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rivers that run into the deserts and lose themselves in the sand.

And, then, our spiritual nature,—how has that been during the last year? Have we lived lives in any conscious relationship with God, or have we tried to? Have we reached out into the unseen to see if we could feel the relation, if we could come into contact with anything invisible and divine? Have we aspired, have we tried to become something finer, something more? Or have we just drifted, and, as the days have gone by, have doubts crept over us? Have we found ourselves in doubt until at last we were wondering more and more as to whether the visible is all, whether or not there are any great transcendent realities and interests? The chances are that, as the year goes on, we shall just repeat ourselves, and add confirmation to the words of the despairing Preacher, in the Old Testament, that there is nothing new under the sun.

I have referred not only to a new year, but to a happy year. I wish now, in the first place, to consider some ways by which it is in our power to make a new year for ourselves, a new year in the midst of the old conditions and surrounded by the old familiar faces and forms.

The first way I shall speak of is a very simple one. You need only to open your eyes, you need only to cultivate the power of seeing, in order to find yourselves in a wonderfully new universe. A little extension of faculty in this direction, and the words of the text become true: "Behold, I make all things new."

We have five senses. Does any one, who ever thought about it carefully, imagine that these five senses exhaust the world? Let us see a minute. Here is a mole that burrows under ground. Think of his kind of world. Here is a fish that swims in the sea. Think of his kind of world. Here is an animal roaming through the jungle:

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he has his world. Here is a bird flying and singing through the air: he has his world. And here is the first man, half-animal, crude, ignorant, feeble. Think what an entirely different kind of universe he entered when he first stood on his feet, and looked towards the heavens and began to ask questions! Suppose we could have another sense added: do you not see that at once it would reveal a new universe, that it would re-create everything? I remember a friend of mine who was near-sighted, and until he was fourteen or fifteen years old he did not know it. He thought everybody had the same kind of blurred and indistinct world to look at that he had. One day they put glasses on him, and, behold, everything was made new! Think of Helen Keller's world; and then think of your own!

And not only this change, this extension of physical faculty, is able to re-create the world. We can teach ourselves, if we will, to look a little below the surface of things, and try to understand it. You remember that familiar illustration of Wordsworth, where he speaks of the man who by the river's brim saw in the yellow primrose a yellow primrose, and nothing more. The primrose did not speak to him. It had nothing mystic and wonderful and poetic. Did Burns see no more than the ordinary Scotch peasant? He not only saw the poetry and beauty of the common life, but he has furnished a glass looking through which the rest can see it now. Scott transformed the Highlands merely by discovering their beauty and helping us to discern it. Byron has touched with his mystic and transforming fingers the whole surface of Europe. Go abroad next summer,—up the Rhine, to Geneva, to the Alps,—and see that as many people as have Baedeker have also a copy of "Childe Harold," looking at the scenes through the eyes of the poet, who saw not something that was not there, but something that was there which he could

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discern. So he lived in a different, a fairer, a more beautiful world than that which belongs to those who have not learned to see. The artist has his world. The geologist has his. Go out and walk through the country with one who has made a careful study of geology. He looks at the same brook, the same hills, the same meadows that you do; but he sees the sculpturing hand of God everywhere, and his knowledge opens up a vista of glory stretching away back into the epochs of the past. It is another world to him only because he has learned to see.

So the astronomer. In the ancient times, men looked into the skies, and saw little spots of light; but it never occurred to them that they were suns and planets. Yet people look as thoughtlessly to-day. I remember some years ago crossing the ocean with a young business man. We became well acquainted; and, as we were walking the deck one night, I began to speak of the simplest, most elementary facts about astronomy, and I found that he was amazed. It suddenly opened a new world to him, a new heaven stretched over his head. Think what it would have been to him if he had made a little careful study of those wonders! So, if we wish to have a new world this new year, all we need to do is to open our eyes. Anoint your eyes with eye salve, that you may see, says the writer of Revelation. So we must anoint our eyes, that we may see, see something more than the commonplace old earth. Remember what Lowell says,—

> "If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
> And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
> There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
> Which whoso seeks shall find."

If this world, then, seems a commonplace old world to you, mere repetition of experiences of which you have become weary, do not condemn the world until you ask

whether the fault may not be in yourselves. I have not much respect for the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes. I have no idea who he was; but I know one thing about him,—he was a worn-out old man. He had exhausted himself, and thought he had exhausted the universe. He was a blind man walking in the midst of glories that he had unfitted himself to see. Put him into heaven, and he would never know it. Open your eyes, then, if you wish to find a new year in the days that are waiting for you.

Learn also to hear. The difference between a deaf man's world and the one of normal hearing,—try to imagine it! Think of the dreadful, appalling silences, then think of the hum of the city, the bird-songs, the dancing brooks, the rippling waves on the seashore, the voices of those we love! Our ears do not exhaust the world. Huxley tells us somewhere that, if our ears were adapted to taking in the vibrations, the noise caused by the growth of plants and flowers and shrubs in the night would be as loud to us as the thunder-storms. It is merely that our senses are not adapted to the finer vibrations; and so there is a world of wonder all around us of which we know nothing.

Let us illustrate it in this way. A man goes out in the woods, and hears a bird sing. It may be a beautiful song, rippling and full of music; and he may rejoice in it. But there is another by his side who has studied the birds; and, as he hears the song, he sees the bird, the color of its plumage, on what sort of a twig it stands. He sees the nest, and knows what it is made of, the color of the eggs, how the young will look as they chip the shell and come out into this new and wonderful life. How much more he sees, how much more he hears, than the other man! I go to a concert. I have never had any definite musical training. I hear the orchestra; but I cannot pick out the different instruments. I

do not understand the part each plays, why the master employs certain ones and does not employ others. I cannot detect the leading parts. Why? I cannot hear them. I do not know the story that the master is trying to tell. I hear only the sounds themselves. They may be sweet, beautiful, and I may enjoy them; but there is a whole world of meaning that is hidden from me. Suppose I understood the story, suppose I could catch the motive of the composer, and trace all the variations of this marvellous production: a new world would open to me at once by just the extension of my ability to hear.

Let me select another illustration of what I mean when I say that we can make the world over for ourselves if we will. The point of view makes all the difference that you can imagine. You stand here, and look off towards the south at a mountain in the distance. It has a certain outline. You travel half-way round the points of the compass, and look at it again, and you see a new mountain. It is so with a landscape. If you see it from one point of view, you have one picture. If you see if from another, you have another picture. And this is true not only of landscapes and æsthetic effects, it is true in life everywhere. The point of view from which you look at a man, the attitude you maintain towards a movement, social, industrial, political, changes with your point of view. I know some of the noblest men who are looked on with utter contempt by certain other men. That which I regard as virtue in these particular men is regarded as vice by others. The religious views they hold I agree with: the other regards them as the enemies of God and man.

If you look on the world as a place where you can get certain things that you desire, it is one kind of a world. If you look upon the world as a place where something

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is to be done, where people are to be helped, to be served, it is another kind of world. So in many different ways you can make this coming year a new one, not merely by learning to see and to hear and to feel, but by looking at things, at people and movements, from a different point of view. And there is no other way. You have the same old materials to work with. You are a sculptor. The stone on which you are to work is given you; and it is the same old stone. The tools are the same tools. You have trained yourself to a certain artistic ability. You can accomplish certain results, not much more. If you are careful, and try hard, you can improve just a little; but you must work on the old materials and after the old fashion. Or, if you are a painter, it is the same old canvas, the same colors and brush that you have used in years that have passed. You have the same artistic ability that you had in the past. You can improve things a little, not very much. There will be no sudden, no remarkable change in a week, or a month, or a year.

I have been talking so far about the problem of making this a new year. Now I wish for a little to see about the possibility of making it a happy year. I suppose there are large numbers of us who do not expect anything very new in the way of happiness. Our destinies are determined, our road is practically settled. But is there not something we can do in the coming year by which we can add a little to the brightness, the beauty, the peace, the happiness, of our lives?

I think you can do this. You can cultivate a new interest. The great trouble with most men is that they get into ruts. They are narrow in their interests. There are only a few things which they care for; and, if you take those things away, they do not know what to do with themselves. I will speak of one important aspect of this problem, though I have spoken of it a good many

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times before and may talk about it a good many times in the future.

I had two men, in my parish in Boston, members of the same firm. As they got old, they closed up their business and retired. One of them was one of the most miserably unhappy men I ever knew. The other was one of the sunniest, happiest men I ever saw. The difference, so far as I could discover, was that one of them had given up the only thing on earth that he knew or cared about, his business. The other simply felt himself relieved from business, with the competency which he had earned, so that he was free to do other things which he had trained himself to love and that he cared for more than he did for his business. He was supremely happy. The days were not long enough for him to read and study the things he had been waiting for years to be able to take an added interest in.

Now most men, it seems to me,—pardon me if I exaggerate,—become wholly absorbed in their business, and do not care for much of anything else. That is the reason they do not dare to retire; and I think they are wise not to retire. A friend of mine, a very wealthy man, was talking with me only the other day; and he said: "I have thought a great many times about retiring, only I should not know what to do with myself. I am interested in my business, but in nothing else." So you have it. If, then, you will begin this next year to train yourselves to become interested in some new thing, something outside your business, by and by, when you wish to retire, you will be able to do so. When you are not able to carry on the strain of business, you will have something with which you can occupy your time.

What shall you do? There are very simple things. Why should not some one begin to see if he cannot become interested in some one of the poets? Here are the greatest, sweetest, finest thinkers in all the world; and

the majority of people are utterly deaf to their voices. Why should not the business man take up some one of these, and say, "I will find out if I have kept enough of the freshness of my powers, so that I can see if I can become interested in this man, and see what he means, what he is thinking about, get a glimpse of his world."

If you have no interest in the poets, suppose you take travel, and become interested in some country, and read up about it and learn its habits and manners and customs and industries. Or take up some line of business, some great invention or discovery, and learn about it. Why, it will open a new world to you, fascinating and wonderful, expand your ideas of the power of the human mind, and give you an added respect for ordinary humanity.

Why not study anthropology? What does that mean? The science of man. Starting with man away down there in the jungle, follow his steps of growth, find out how he has taken these steps, what he used to think, how he has learned better, how he has outgrown his old crude ideas. Study man, his ideas, his inventions and discoveries, his changes in religious thought, his social practice and habits. See how humanity has grown, and it will give you an added trust in humanity and in the God that is leading humanity. You will see that, however slowly, mankind has been advancing from those far-off ages; and you will find yourself believing that he is not yet through, however much you may be discouraged by the present condition of affairs. Or study some religion, if you wish to.

There are a thousand different directions in which you can open to yourself a new world. You are in a room, and on every side of it there are locked doors. Get the key to some one of them, put it in the wards, and push the door open. You will find that that room is also lined with doors. Push forward into another. Each new one

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is lined with doors. So, instead of the world being old and worn out and stale and commonplace and unprofitable, it is a marvel of mystery that we never in all eternity shall be able to solve. And yet there are poor people, in the midst of this condition of things, thinking that they have got through, and exhausted everything, and wondering that God should make so empty an affair!

There is another thing you can do. Come into contact with some other life,—for the sake of helping I mean, not for the sake of getting everything you can. Find some man who needs your help. Come into helpful relations with him, no matter whether it is money he needs or advice or education, encouragement, help out of certain difficulties. No matter what it is, find some one to whom you can be a helpful friend. It will make a new year for you.

Then in every direction there are causes, causes human, causes divine, that need help,—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. There are educational problems, problems connected with our common schools, there are "settlements" all over the city waiting for help. There is every kind of movement that needs just you. Feel that you are helping somebody, doing something to lead thought, lift a little higher the level of human civilization.

There are political reforms. Enter your ward, your assembly district. Try and cleanse things a little, and have something to do in selecting the right kind of men to look after our public affairs.

If you can find nothing better to do, if you attend this church, do something to help the church. It helps a little to have you take a seat, and pay your pew-rent; but that is not what a church is for. When people have done that, they are only ready to begin. The church exists for the sake of helping spiritually and morally, in

every way, to make them better men and women; and, as I have told you many times, it is the only organization in the world that does exist specifically for this. There are a thousand things you can do that I cannot.

I was talking with a gentleman only last week, and he said: "There are thousands of men in this city who are Unitarians, but do not know it. They have been raised in the old churches, but have outgrown them. They are drifting off through nowhere. They do not know that there is a religion where the mind is free and the heart reverent and uplooking, where we can believe in the living God and cherish a hope for the immortal life, and yet be utterly free of those dogmas that have been intellectually outgrown." Find some of these people, and tell them about it. Tell them for the sake of their own souls and for the sake of our work here. There are a thousand things you can do that I cannot, just because I am the minister.

Begin, then, this New Year to do something to help somebody, to live for things that reach beyond the limits of your own person and family.

Then at the end—for there is time for no more—learn to understand a little of the meaning of this great scheme of things. Is it too large for you? Does it overwhelm you? It *is* too large: it *does* overwhelm. We cannot confront it all. But we can do this: We can get a glimpse of the great cosmic movement, and begin to guess what it may mean and how it may issue. Get some little handbook on evolution—there are plenty of them—that gives you the simple elements and outlines of it. Read the story of how the world began, where humanity began, and follow it along. Catch a glimpse of the great drift of forces, see which way the current sweeps. As you stand on the banks of the Mississippi, you may at a certain hour think that it is running north or east or west; but trace it to its source, then look in the direction of its

main trend, and you can at least get a general idea of its meaning and of what its outcome is to be. So we can get a glimpse of this great universe. And what good will it do us? We shall come to believe that there is a great Mind, a great Heart, a great Purpose, manifest through it all. We shall trust the race. We shall not be worried about this little reform or that, or this little plan or scheme of our own which seems to go awry. We shall come to have a great, deep, abiding faith that there is some one at the heart of it all who means something, who is working out some grand result; and then we shall humbly, joyfully, and lovingly learn to take our little part in the general scheme. We shall learn that God needs us to do the little things assigned to us; that, although it is not much, it is a part; and that it takes all the countless little parts to make up the magnificent results. Then by and by, when the results are achieved and we are there hearing the great song of triumph at the issue of the ages, we shall be able to feel that we have done a little towards that, and we have a right to add our feeble words to the glad refrain.

So, friends, you may, if you will, find a new year; and you may, if you will, find *a happy new year.*

Father, we bless Thee that we can gain a little glimpse into the great mystery and wonder, enough to bring us to our knees in reverence, enough to make our hearts glad, enough to fill us with trust and hope. Let us then, dear Father, begin to-day to create a new, a better, a happier year. Amen.

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M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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LIFE'S INCOMPLETENESS.

"Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 12.

SOME years ago I asked a friend if he had ever seen any one who was content with himself and with his conditions. He said, "Yes, once, at ——," mentioning the name of a well-known asylum for the insane. He told me that he found there a number of persons who imagined themselves kings and queens, or famous persons of one sort or another, and that they seemed perfectly satisfied! This thought recalls to mind a saying of one of the most famous people in America. He told me within a year or two that, in his judgment, any man ought to be a pessimist by the time he was fifty. In other words, he believed that by that time a man would have found out how unsatisfactory the world is, how illusive are our visions, how poor is human life.

When I was a boy, I remember hearing father refer to a man who was famous then as being a millionaire,—though he would be lost to-day among them,—and he said that some one asked him how much money a man would need in order to satisfy him. His reply was, "A little more." I have never seen any one yet who was really contented. Most persons, by the time they get well along in years, are apt to hold views and theories which are a little discouraging and disheartening. Let me read to you two stanzas from the last canto of "Childe Harold," giving you Byron's summing up of this thought:—

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"We wither from our youth. We gasp away,
Sick, sick; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst;
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first,
But all too late; so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice,—'tis the same;
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst.
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

"Few, none, find what they love, or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving have removed
Antipathies,—but to recur erelong
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong.
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutchlike rod
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod."

Not long ago I was looking over a little volume which the late Francis H. Underwood published concerning Mr. Lowell, soon after his death. He was referring to the period preceding the war when young men with fine consecration and high hopes gave themselves for the salvation of the country; and he says: "Generous and beautiful illusion! How dark would the world be to young hearts if they were to see it as after threescore years it appears to be!" This is Mr. Underwood's judgment of the outcome of life. I am glad to say that I do not at all agree with him.

I would like to suggest a question here for you to have in mind as I go on, whether all these complaints, this pessimism, these dissatisfactions, this unsated hunger, this unslaked thirst, may not have some tremendous significance of which we have been apt to take no account. Meanwhile I wish to complete the picture of the complaints that men have made.

The poet Gray, in his famous ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," gives voice to the commonly ex-

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pressed opinion that childhood is the happiest time of life, the unfortunate thing about it being that the children do not happen to know that they are happy, which makes it all the sadder. Looking at the children on a playground, he says:—

"Alas! Regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense they have of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

"Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

This cry over the transitoriness and unsatisfactoriness of human life comes to us from every age and from every people, from every class and every condition of men and women. The things we have cherished most and cared for most, we somehow get the feeling, are the first to be taken from us. It is quite possible, let me suggest, that we may overlook a thousand things that are not taken away. But, when that one thing is taken, it makes so keen, sharp, painful an impression upon us that it seems to fill the whole of life! I must recite to you once more words which are so familiar that they have become trite, because people have found in them an expression of this feeling:—

"Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

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This seems to be the testimony of all the ages. The glamour and glory of life cover the world when we are young; but they fade, and leave it very commonplace, as we get older. The classic utterance of that generally-believed-to-be-true idea, but which I do not believe to be true at all, is found in those wonderfully musical words of Wordsworth, in his ode on "Immortality," where he tells us that we come from God in our infancy, trailing clouds of glory:—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

I have asked you to listen to these various expressions that literature has given us of the common feeling about life, that you may see how they give voice to the feelings, the questionings, the murmurings, of your own hearts. They would not be so popular, we should not be so familiar with them, did they not *seem* to us to embody some great, important, universal truth.

Not only do the glory and beauty of the outer world fade and disappear, but our human relationships are so unsatisfactory, so full of change! How many of us have kept the friendships of our boyhood or girlhood, or of our youth? I have kept in fairly close personal touch with just one of the boys with whom I used to go to school. There are three or four or half a dozen others, boys and girls of my school-days, from whom I hear occasionally; but they are no part of my present life. We swore eternal friendship in those days; but it did

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not endure. It seems to be nobody's fault: the fault is in the constitution and course of things. One boy entered one business, and another, another: one settled in Maine, another went to California or to the South or to Europe. One course of study was followed by one, and something else by another; and so we grew apart. When we happen to meet, if we are fortunate enough to recognize each other, we look into the eyes of practical strangers. We do not see the persons we used to see in the years that are so far away.

When we turn to consider our life ambitions, how many of us have realized them? We dreamed, when we were boys, that we might be possible candidates for the Presidency. If not that, we were to make a record for ourselves in some way. Were we not all familiar with Longfellow's lines?

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time."

We had ambitions to do something that should make the world notice us, make the world remember us. We would be great in some department of life. But the years have gone on; and some of us are glad if we have been able to fill some position where we could earn a quiet, honorable, but obscure livelihood. And I suppose that, if any one of us has attained anything like what we dreamed might be possible, we are not a bit satisfied with it. It has become commonplace to us now. You remember that Campbell says,—

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

A mountain top is clothed with a blue mantle of mystery and beauty; but, if you climb the mountain, the blue mantle is not there. It is crowning some other peak far

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away. When we were boys, we were told that there was a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. It looked to be only over in the next field or on some near-by hill; but, when we got there, the end of the rainbow was always somewhere else. We never reached the realization of the thing that we dreamed.

I remember a famous woman, who was distinguished on two continents as a physician. She had lived a rather lonely life, devoting herself to her profession. In her old age she confessed sadly to a friend that she found very little satisfaction in her life. She was glad for the good that she had been able to do; but she said, with a sigh, that that woman was fortunate who could find love and a home and a child rather than distinction in any career.

You write a book. By the time you have written it, it is commonplace to you, however remarkable it may be to those who read it for the first time. So any position that a man attains loses the wonder and the glory of it by the time he gets there; and he is always looking ahead, and thinking of something else not yet realized. That seems to be a part of the doom that is laid upon the kind of people that we are.

Consider the case of the man who has attained his ambition in the direction of wealth. I think it is wonderfully fortunate for a man to have at least a little more money than he needs to live on, in case of illness or a thousand things which may happen,—it adds so much to his comfort, his ease, his sense of independence; but I have never yet found a man who had become so wealthy that he was satisfied and content. I remember a conversation with a great builder in the West, who had become wealthy. He started as a day laborer, a carpenter. He said: "I used to have to go to work before I had had time to read the newspaper; and I thought it was a great deprivation. But now that I

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have all that I can desire, now that I can take my ease, can get up when I please, do as I please without need of keeping hours, I look back as the time of my greatest happiness to the days when I started out in the morning with my dinner-pail."

I was talking once with a railroad president. He had become dyspeptic, nervous, and could not sleep; and he said to me: "The man I envy most is the baggage-master at some way station in the country. He has salary enough to live on and be comfortable; and he has no care, no burden, no responsibility. He can eat, and digest his food, and go to sleep at night without caring what happens before morning."

Do you not see the principle that lies here? If we are *souls*,—*if* I say,—then we cannot be satisfied with *things*, no matter what they are. Jesus taught a profound and significant truth when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses." A *man's* life, mind you! If he is a man, and if there be within him a great range of faculty, of capacity, above the mere ability to touch and handle, how do you expect him to be satisfied, when these things are unfed? That is the great truth that we need to become familiar with,—that a man must feed his manhood. If you do not cultivate and train and use these powers, they atrophy and die and become of no avail.

A man's ideals are never attained. That is one of the most significant things concerning this marvellous human nature of ours. If you find a man satisfied with himself and what he has accomplished, you will always find a type that is low, undeveloped. The higher a man, the less satisfied he is. A highly trained artist, master of his art, master of his hands, master of his materials, is always his own severest critic. He can never do anything which is quite satisfactory to himself. His ideal always outruns his attainment. This is as true in the

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direction of goodness as anywhere else. There are certain persons whom we have decided to honor, as we think, by calling them saints. They are thus distinguished for goodness and for service. But, if you read their biographies or confessions, if they have left any behind, what do they say about themselves? They regard themselves as anything but saintly. What has Paul to say of himself? "Not as though I had already obtained [attained], or were as yet made perfect." We think of him as one of the greatest souls of the world, set apart by his goodness and consecration. He talks about himself as being the very chief of sinners. He was sensitive to the imperfections which he had learned to discern, but which others perhaps would take no note of. The more finely cultivated the ear of the musician, the more sensitive it becomes to the slightest discord. So we never attain our ideal in any department, in any direction, in human life.

How is it with the truth-seeker? As a matter of fact, we are proud of the achievements of the modern world. We talk about the wondrous advance in human knowledge; and yet there never was a time in the history of the world when wise men felt so utterly overwhelmed with the impossibility of thoroughly knowing anything. Suppose you are on board a ship at sea. The fog has closed down upon you, so that you can hardly see your hand before your eyes. You go on deck, and by and by the fog begins to thin and lift a little. You can see half the length of the ship. Gradually you can see its whole outline. Then there are glimpses of the sea on every hand; and the fog lifts and lifts, and retreats and retreats. The area of the visible and the knowable grows; but the area of the invisible and unknowable keeps step with that growth. The more the fog recedes, the wider the horizon of that which you cannot discern.

You are in a valley at the foot of a mountain. The

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world is very small from there; and you can see the whole of it practically. But begin to climb the mountain, and you see more. Your vision enlarges, the range of your knowledge grows, and the range of the unknown grows also. So man learns the lesson after a while that, the more he knows, the less he knows.

Start with a grass-blade, and begin to ask questions about it, and, before you know it, you are face to face with the infinite and the utterly insoluble. We become used to things that we see and touch every day; and we fancy that we know them. We have labelled them; but how much do we really know? I lift my hand—how? I do not know. Nobody in the world knows how I am able to do so simple a thing as that. I look before me, and see your faces. How? I do not know: nobody knows. There is nothing that we know thoroughly and completely. So men get discouraged sometimes, and think the universe is a puzzle to which there is no answer. In one sense, it is fortunate for you and for me that this is true. Suppose I could solve to-day all the riddles of the universe: what would it mean? It would mean that I had read my death warrant. There would be nothing to live for. The only rational basis for belief in the immortal life is in the fact that we can study and grow and advance forever and forever, and never be through. There will always be something fresh, something beyond, something piquing our curiosity, something leading us on. And so it is that the greatest men of the world have been the humblest. You remember the saying of Newton in his old age, that he was like a little child playing on the seashore. He had been able to discover now and then a pebble brighter than his fellows had found; but the whole great ocean of truth lay still unexplored before him. You recall that wise saying of Lessing, that, if God were to hold in one hand the truth and in the other the privilege of seeking for

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truth, and permit him to take his choice, he would say: O God, the truth is for Thee alone. Give me the privilege and the joy of search.

There is another thought with which I have played sometimes. I have thought that it might be fine if the generations which had preceded us could have left for us, not merely the results of their study and their work, but their trained faculties and powers as well, so that we might start with the advantage, not only of what they had accomplished, but of what they had become. And yet, when I look at the idea, however alluring it may seem, I detect that it would be folly. In the first place, these people who have gone, as I believe, to another life, want their own brains and training, their faculties and powers; and they cannot afford to leave them behind for us. Then there is another consideration. Whatever is simply *given* to us, without any effort on our part, fails of its mission. We need not merely the accomplished results: we need the culture and training which come with the searching and the striving and the effort. It is much better for us that we should strive, and grow in the striving, even if we do not attain, than that we should have the finest things in the universe laid at our feet, leaving us undeveloped and uncultivated children, because we have escaped the pain and the effort, the toil and the study, and so have lost the development which comes from this onreaching and outreaching after the things that are before us.

I have now at some length gone over a great many departments of life, and shown you how incomplete, how unsatisfactory they are. We never get through, we never attain, we never find the place where we can say, Now we are satisfied, let us sit down and rest. But there are a few other considerations which seem to me to abate the fault we are inclined to find. I wish to call your attention to a few of them.

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The old Roman Stoic, Seneca, has given us a suggestion that may serve our need. He says,—I give only his thought,—when we are finding fault because things are taken away from us, is it not well for us to remember the good of their having been given to us? While we have things, are they not good? A beautiful morning, was it not beautiful? A magnificent sunrise, was it not just as magnificent as though it had lasted all day long? Should we have thought it was quite as beautiful if it had lasted all day long? A lovely experience that we have gone through, was it not lovely? Suppose a friend takes you for a whirl in the country in his automobile. You had no claim to this pleasure: it was given you outright as a joy, a fine experience. Instead of being grateful for it, after the drive is at an end, will you find fault with the owner because he did not give you the machine? Will you find fault because the drive was not longer? This is what we are doing all the time. We receive good things, for which we have no claim; and then, the minute they are removed, we begin to grumble and find fault because we cannot keep them, instead of being grateful that we have had the blessed experience. This you may carry out, and apply in a thousand different directions.

Then there is another consideration. Have we really lost the things we have had, and which we think have passed away? Have you lost your childhood? Have you lost the friends of your childhood? Have you lost some blessed experience that you passed through last year? Have you lost the early years of your married life? Have you lost the joy of seeing the little children round your feet, because they have grown up? Are these things lost, or is it not rather true that all the things that are really precious, that are important to us, have become a part of us? They are wrought into the very fibre of our being. They are not only shadowy

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images, memories: they have made us over. We are different men and women from what we should have been but for these. And so we keep them. I do not believe that, as a matter of fact, we ever really lose anything important to our lives.

And then there is another consideration, which I have touched on at different times. If we lose the poetry, the beauty, the brightness, of life, let us ask ourselves seriously if it is not our own fault. I said, a moment ago, that faculties which we do not cultivate become atrophied, that they become as if they did not exist. The world with which these faculties bring us into contact may seem to us no longer to exist; and yet it may be all round us, touching us on every hand, just as the glory of the world may encompass one who is blind, or the music of the world one who is deaf. If we are really anxious to come in contact with these beautiful, poetic, romantic, lovely, spiritual things, we must train and keep alive the faculties and powers that enable us to appreciate them. If we do not, is it God's fault that we think the world is poor, or is it our own fault, if we have kept alive only those things that bring us in contact with the grossest, the most material, the most commonplace parts of human life? Shall we, then, charge God with having made the world poor?

There is another suggestion worthy of our thought and attention. We are on a journey in this world; and we should not like it if we were stopped, any more than we like it because we have to go on. We are made up of a kind of material that is bound not to be satisfied either way; and it is a blessed thing that we are. Whether we like it or not, then, we are on a journey. We are travelling from childhood to manhood; and the question is, Is it wiser for us to keep our eyes fixed on some far-off, alluring end, and in the mean time to be

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dissatisfied because we are not there, or to live by the hour, the day, to appreciate and rejoice in the beauty, the good, the glory, as we go along? Suppose I am starting for Rome or Constantinople or Cairo. I am to stop at a great many smaller places by the way. Now what shall I do? Shall I think about Rome all the time and the glorious day when I shall arrive there, and in the mean time be impatient with delay? or shall I say, In this small place where I must pause there is a cathedral, or a modest church, or a picture gallery, or a public hall, or a fine bit of landscape, a river, a waterfall, something worth seeing. Shall I see the beauty of these things as I go along? Shall I rejoice in every phase of this journey? Is not that, after all, the rational way to live? And yet the most of us, if we have some desirable thing in the future that we are striving after, keep our attention on that so continuously that we are dissatisfied and fault-finding till we get there. And, when we get there, what? Why, we have made ourselves restless, dissatisfied, and fault-finding by the way; and so that is the kind of person we are when we arrive. We see everything from the point of view of such a person, so we are never satisfied with anything. It seems to me that the rational way for us is to live by the day.

Now one other consideration. Would we have things different? Is there not some charm in their frailty, in the fact that they change and fade so speedily? Would you care for a rose quite so much if it would keep its color and its shape for a year or for ten years? Is not the very frailty one element which makes it seem so beautiful, so desirable? Are there not experiences of love and friendship that get their finest edge and quality from the fact that they are fleeting? Does the mother not love the little baby all the more because she knows that every single day the baby is changing, and will

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soon outgrow its babyhood? Because we are haunted with the shadow of illness and death and the unknown, do we not clasp in our arms a little more tenderly those whom we love, and whom we know we cannot always keep just as they are? Would you have it otherwise? Perhaps in some hours we would. But I question whether God is not wiser than we. What does growth mean? It means *out*growth of course. It means leaving things behind, because we have outgrown them. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his humorous but pathetic poems, tells us of a man who wanted to be a boy again; but, when you came to question him closely, he wanted to keep his own boys, his wife, and the achievements of his manhood. He was not ready to give these up in order to be a boy again. But you cannot have your own children and the wife and the home and the achievements of manhood until you have outgrown being a boy. This is what life means everywhere. If you are to become something more, something better, something higher, something finer, it means that you leave things behind you. You remember how Paul expressed this thought, "When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child; but now that I have become a man, I have put away childish things." It is lovely to see a little boy with his cart or a little girl with her doll; but it is one of the most pitiful things when a boy stops growing, and after he gets to be the age of a young man still pushes his cart or when a little girl old enough to be a mother to her own child has not outgrown the period of playing with the doll. Growth, then, means outgrowing; and we have no right to find fault because we must outgrow our present conditions.

Note, then, the marvellous significance of this fact that we are never satisfied, that we are haunted with unattainable ideals. What does it mean? It means

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that this present world is not large enough for us. If it were, we should read our doom right here. Suppose some scientist should discover a dog or a horse who was restless, haunted by an ideal never attained: would he not think this animal to be something different from the ordinary dog or horse, capable of outgrowing his present condition? If you are in the presence of a plant that is bursting through the roof of a hot-house, you know it was not intended for a hot-house. It must be planted elsewhere. If a man who had never seen the ocean should go to Bath, Me., and see a ship on the stocks, even supposing he had never known of a body of water larger than a river, he would say, There must be somewhere more water than I have ever seen, or the man who designed this boat is an idiot. Escape the logic, if you can. This very fact that lives here are incomplete, that they are growing, means that there is idiocy in the plan of the universe, or else that this world, magnificent as it is, is unfolding. It is a chrysalis that you and I are going to burst and escape, unfolding wings and finding ourselves in a place that is larger, that will make room for us.

We have discovered at last the theory, and we have demonstrated the science, of evolution; and this chimes right in with this whole conception. It means that nothing is finished, that the world is not old nor weary. It means that the forces of creation are as fresh to-day as on any imagined morning when the stars sang together. It means that we are *en route*, that we are going somewhere, that the universe is going somewhere, and that the Power which is working through this universe is unexhausted; that it is lifting, pushing, leading, and that it is greater than we can conceive. The material universe overwhelms us as being infinite, but the power manifested in it is mightier than it; for it is lifting it, unfolding it, leading it on and on. So when I see a man like

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Alexander conquering the ancient world and crying for more worlds to conquer, or a man like Napoleon, with his gigantic designs, dying caged on an island, but feeling in him infinite capacities; when I see Carlyle complaining, dissatisfied, feeling that there are possibilities in him that there is no place here to unfold,—then I feel sure that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared."

I wish to read to you, in closing, a passage from Victor Hugo, because he recognizes this limitation and also has the magnificent outlook:—

Man is an infinite little copy of God: that is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down: the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap; but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song. I have tried all; but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

If man is a soul, if he is a child of God, if he has in him infinite possibilities, what would you have? Is not this

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age-long and universal cry of dissatisfaction just what you ought to expect?

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we are larger than the world, larger than the planets, larger than suns, that we can think Thee and hope for Thee and long for Thee and reach out for Thee. We thank Thee that we are Thy children. Amen.

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The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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"THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE SNOW."

"He giveth snow like wool."—PSALM cxlvii. 16.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"—JOB xxxviii. 22.

I REMEMBER a picture I saw in a gallery some years ago that went into my heart. It was of a group of men and women and children in South Australia, bending over a small vase a man from the old home-land held in his hand, in which there was a cluster of snowdrops,—"the spring's first offering in England to the infant year." Some of the women were weeping, and some of the men had that far-away look in their eyes that told me the spirit had taken the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, while the children watched them in wonder that there should be so much ado over the small white blossoms.

The newly landed emigrant was a rough-looking man in the old-country garb; but I said, There must have been a gleam of poesy in his rustic heart, for it had come to him in a vision, before he left home, that he must dig this root of the snowdrop from one sunny corner of the old pasture, plant it in the vase, and nurse it through the voyage half-way round the world. And now it had responded to the kiss of the sun in the strange, new land, while I could imagine but a few treasures that would be of an equal wealth or beauty to these men and women.

The sight and perfume of the tiny cluster had transported them in a moment of time over the vast ocean, and they were children again in the old home nest, running out, as we all ran, to welcome the first snowflakes,

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radiant with joy, and then young men and maidens driving through the drifts on the youths' and maidens' happy errands. They saw the moors and downs clad in their white vesture again, and the lights in the windows of the farmstead or the cottage where their heart was, and their treasure.

They saw the drifts melt away; and, while the northward hollows were full of snow in the early spring, they knew where the sun would steal into warm nooks in the hedgerows or about the roots of some grand old oak, and then they would hasten to find the first snowdrops and gather them for a gift. Their life where the winter was no more was still something of a desolation. It was not quite the promised land, wanting the white glory of the winter. The children, looking on in wonder, could not imagine how the frail blossoms had turned their life for the moment from a threnody to a psalm, and had bound what was best in the old life to what was best in the new, no matter for the regrets and the tears.

So I have read of a colony to the northward of the scene the artist caught in his picture, where the snow falls perhaps once in a lifetime, where the children had grown to a good age and never seen the snow. But one day the flakes began to fall softly on the land, and they were scared at the sight; but the elders ran out to welcome them with joy. They seemed to bring the old home life also on their wings, as the blossoms had brought it in their petals. They were a means of grace: their hearts glowed as they caught them in their hands; they had entered into the treasure of the snow.

I remember also talking once with a dear friend who was raised in our strong, wild-wintered New England, but had gone to live far away to the South, and how I said to him, "What a lovely life yours must be over there, with the perpetual spring and summer, where the blossoms break into bloom every day, and the ripe fruits

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circle the year!" "Yes," he answered; "but I miss the frost and snow. I long for them sometimes as thirsty men long for water, and the things miss it that grow there. There is no such aromatic snap in any flower to me as you find here in the mayflower and the crocus. They have caught the strength of your winter, hidden it in the roots, and transmitted the treasure into a fragrance that finds no match in the South. Our fruits," he said also, "are all the heart can desire,—the heart that has been weaned from what is born of the Northern winters in the apple, shall I say, and the pear; and I am not weaned." Then he said: "I have a dear friend, a lady over there, where she has lived many years. She came North some time ago on a visit which took in the winter; and, when the first snow began to fall, she ran out with all the delight of a child, caught a snowflake in her hand, and kissed it. The snowflake was more welcome to her that moment than a rose in June, and I know what my friend knew. We long to see the snow who are from the North, and have to live in the perpetual summer."

And I said, "Yes, my friend, *you* have entered into the treasure of the snow." And these memories touch me when, as in these weeks, I have watched the great white glory cover our city, and read how it has covered the whole northland, and would like to say some word touching, shall I say, the sunny side of winter and the snow we may think of as at the best a blessing in disguise, as indeed it may be to so many who dwell on this island where the snow seems to be as thoroughly out of place as a flock of strayed and lost lambs, when we awake in the morning, and has no more power to hold its white fleece whole.

Thoreau says, "The good Hebrew revelation takes no notice of the cheerful snow, and has no insight of the benignity of God which touches a New England winter's night," and doubts whether a devout man, and brave,

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would find the Hebrew Scriptures speaking to the height of his experience from the setting in of winter to the spring,—the stern winter when

> "The full ethereal round,
> Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
> Shines out intensely keen, and all our cape
> Of starry splendor glows from pole to pole."

There is truth in his surmise touching the cheerful snow, but not the whole truth, and only one report of a literal snowfall, as far as I remember, in the Old Testament, while this seems to be a recollection or tradition, rather than a record, when, speaking of one strong man, the writer says, "He slew a lion in the midst of a pit in the time of the snow."

But in the poetry of the grand old book the great white glory lies on the crests lifted sharp against the heavens, and touches the singers whose hearts respond to the glory. In the Psalms there is a lovely hint of the snow falling through the stillness, and one magnificent storm picture in which the poet sings of "fire and hail, snow and vapor, and stormy wind fulfilling the purpose of the Most High,"—a brave, bright song our Thoreau might well have taken to his own heart; for he was hail-fellow-well-met with the good Scotch poet and shepherd who said, "There is no such thing as bad weather," and Coleridge, who says, "In nature I find nothing dismal."

"Hast thou entered into the treasure of the snow?" the Almighty Maker again asks our poor impatient Job. And he himself refers to the white glory three times, but always as one who sees the wonder in the far distance, on the crests of the mountains.

Isaiah also has a beautiful picture of the snow falling softly, blessing the heart of the seer, as it enriches also the earth, while again the Book of Proverbs touches the bright benignity in this sentence, "As the cold of snow

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in the harvest, so a faithful servant refreshes the soul of his master,"—a clear hint that they had caught the secret of what we now call the ice-house on which we set such store. So it is not quite true that the Hebrew revelation takes no notice of the cheerful snow; and in one word more our New Testament touches the pure radiance, three times for a symbol of the vesture of the angels, and in the seer's vision on Patmos of the son of man whose hair was white as snow. But in weeks like these through which we have been fighting our way, and must still fight our way, denouncing the storms in our hearts—and, it may be, with our lips,—we may bring the question home to a still finer purpose than these old seers could hope to do, who may have seen it crowning Hermon with its radiance, or lying white in the ravines of the upper Lebanon, and ask the question, if the true heart is in us and the true spirit. May we not find the holy presence and providence of the Most High as surely in the treasures of the snow as in the blossoms of the spring, the glory of the summer, and the golden harvest in the fall?

When John Foster, the great Baptist, many years ago was told that snow had been seen on the poles of Mars, the report went into his soul like a bolt of ice; for he said this was a sign of suffering on the planet, and suffering was the sign of sin there, as it is in our world. So this was a horror to the good man, one of the finest thinkers of his time; for sin, again, was the sign of another fallen world, and so the radiant planet touched him with despair, because he could not imagine that the snow could come, not for a curse, but for a blessing, and not by the fall of man, but for his uplifting in the vastness of God's providence and grace. He had been living in the dogma, and accepting it without question or debate, that this world of ours and the race had been ruined by our first parents when they ate of the for-

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bidden fruit in the garden; and this brought death into the world and all our woe, with loss of Eden. And this was *his* woe, that, otherwise so great and good, his soul, as it seems, was bolted fast in a prison so dark that the glorious star in the heavens was turned into a penitentiary and a graveyard for lost sinners. We may look out also on the great snowfall, as we have done these last weeks, and set our face against it in revolt; but, if the heart is in us of our Thoreau or of the Scotch shepherd who said there is no bad weather,—and it was Scotch weather he had in his mind,—the storm shall not be the harsh churning of wind and water into a white fury and desolation. His presence who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm is as surely there, and not for bane, but for blessing, as surely as in the flush of June and the golden glory of October.

Shall I ask the masters in science to tell me what they have found? They answer, You may grind these white flakes into a powder like that which filled our city the other morning when they were ground in the mills of the tempest, yet there shall not be one atom that is not also a gem of the most perfect cutting and splendor, darting out under your glass into the six-rayed glory perfect in outline and in line. The masters will tell me, also, that I may grind the tiny gems into a more impalpable powder, if I am so minded, put the smallest under my glass, and there I shall still find the six-rayed wonder, no two alike, but perfect in their unlikeness.

So the flakes call to me in the moan or shriek of the storm, or whisper, as they fall on my hand, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" They also reveal the perfect law of their being, and tell me that down to this fleeting atom the law of the Maker reaches as perfectly and purely as it reaches upward to the most celestial and divine. And my snow-storm, which seems to be only one vast disorder as I look through my

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window, keeps perfect order by the fiat of the Most High. Hail and rain, snow and vapor, and stormy wind fulfil His word; and not a sparrow or a snowflake falleth to the ground save by the will of our Father in heaven and on the earth, God over all, blessed forevermore.

Shall I ask the star, then, as it melts on my hand, What evidence can you give that you are not born from the mere spume of the tempest? It answers: I am born of the light and the day of the Lord. I come from on high, as all the good angels come. I come also, as they come, to assure you of His presence who doeth all things well.

I love to note again that this perfection in the heart of the confusion we have been watching, and this beauty in what we may be tempted to brand by quite another name, falls into line and blends with what our man calls most truly the benignity of God in our Northern winter. I have said that in our great city it is simply a nuisance, to be abated the first possible moment by the army with the shovel and the team; but in the vast wide lands on which its vesture falls we touch one true meaning of the Psalmist's number, "He giveth snow like wool." It is always welcome on the good green lands, where between the surface of the vesture and the earth on which it lies we are told there is not seldom a distinction and difference of forty degrees in the temperature. So your wise husbandman is glad when it comes early and stays late on the meadows, the pastures, and the winter wheat, because he knows that the roots and seeds are happed away snug and warm, and are well nurtured for the spring and summer and the harvest home. In the Lake Superior region, much colder than this, where the snow falls with the early frosts and stays well into the spring, they used to tell me long ago how many plants we dig up and store in warm cellars are left in the ground in perfect safety, because "He

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giveth snow like wool" to hap them under its warm fleece. And in your reading, as in mine, I doubt not you have found the record of those buried in the snow living through many days; but, if a foot or a hand was exposed, the foot or the hand was lost. So this is not an aggravation of the Northern winter, as we may be disposed to imagine, but the power of God in its own degree unto salvation; and philosophy blends with science to assure us of its pure beneficence. We talk to our children of the good fairies,—or, shall I say, we used to, before we all became so wise. Well, we can still tell them in our wisdom how He sendeth snow like wool, and the snowflakes are as guardian angels for every grass-blade and seed of the wheat and the flower, to fold them away from harm, to hide in their hearts, and then to rise with them in the morning of the resurrection,—gathers them as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. The great white glory, the beauty of holiness—wholeness—in a snow-storm and in some happy moment, touch the wonder, if I may, for my own heart as for theirs, move the divine argument in the matchless sermon from the summer-tide to the winter, and say: If He so shapes the snow star, will He leave the soul deformed? And, if He so clothes the land and the lily, can He leave us forever to the nakedness and the eternal frost of death?

It is good, then, to watch the storm, if the true heart is in us, and the right spirit, and to note

> "The tiny spherule traced with lines
> Of nature's geometric signs,"

and think of the harmony in the heart of the vast confusion. Yet I think of another boon we may all share, though we never touched a microscope or thought of the benignity of the white vesture.

"I think better of the snow-storms," Prescott says, "since I find that, while they keep my body indoors,

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they bring out my mind." While another has said, "The land is more fruitful as you approach the tropics; but what is taken out of the land is hidden in the man when you reach the snow-line," and then continues, "In Iceland, where they are shut out from the world through the greater part of the year, and

> 'The housemates sit
> Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
> In a tumultuous privacy of storm,'

there has been a separate and quite a noble scholarship from age to age, to which we owe some of the most precious Sagas and the early history of our own race in the north."

And this is true also, that in Scotland and south to the Midlands in England, when you count the great names, by far the preponderance of genius and power lies toward the snow lands and the stern, hard winter. Burns and Scott, Wordsworth and James Watt, the Arkwrights and the Stephensons, and more besides than I may name, men—and women to match them—who had to cleave their way to their place in the choir invisible, were from the forge, the coal pit, or the northlands, and not from the south.

Shall I touch our own home land, and do I overpass true lines when I say that, almost or quite down to a time we elders remember, whatever is most precious in our literature was from the north of the old slave line? and here the most precious fruits of life and learning have ripened to their finest perfection. This is only a hint; and no more, of what I would fain say; and I wait still to hear that the South has given us one immortal book, and this, I doubt not, was in part due to the sad and fatal incubus of slavery. I see beautiful signs of the new spring there in the risen life, and we may look for books and men and women there for which we shall all be proud

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and glad; but so far we find the home of genius in letters and in life this side the snow-line.

Shall I touch another truth,—the truth of the nobler religious faith and life? The Reformation was in and from the north. Wiclif was born and nourished on the border between England and Scotland, and there he did his work and lived his life in the main. The Reformation struck its roots far down in Northern Germany, the Puritan Reformation in the north of England. And the sifted seed for the planting in this New World, of which our minister told you the story the Sunday before Pilgrims' Day, was sowed and sifted in that nook where three northern counties meet and tie,—York, Lincoln, and Nottingham. Again, if you draw a line across Europe, you will be easily aware how the reformed faith and life, with its quick and fervid energy and the wonderful progress, especially in the useful arts and inventions, lies to the northward and within the white vesture. There is far more in winter and the snow, then, than the starlike beauty and beneficence, as it falls from heaven to help the land; and the line runs true between life and the mere living, as we note how here is the home and the nursing mother of the great poets of our modern time from Shakespeare down, and the great inventors who have done so much to lift our burdens, not of the man alone, but the beast, and not all done, but well on the way, so that you think of the time foretold by the Hebrew prophet when on the bells of the horses shall be written, "Holiness to the Lord."

And so, when good friends, hale and hearty as I am, write me letters from far away in the South to boast of their felicity, and tell me the roses are abloom in burdens on the bushes, and the bushes are very trees, while, looking out, I see the snow falling heavily what time

> "The whited air
> Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,"

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I want to answer, The rose is a child nursed by the snow, and to ask him to imagine, if he can, what a wealth of worth there must be in this land of which the poet sings, "O strong and true and tender is the north"; and if, as I have said, he is well and strong himself,—as so many are now who flee from the stern challenge of our winter,—I want to bid him take the first train or the first steamer, and make a bee-line for home, or he will miss a boon the fervid sunshine and roses cannot give, but can take away. He may have the one treasure, but I have both. He cannot say, Here I am, when the question sings down from the heavens, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" He must be silent, and confess his poverty, my poor shorn friend of the roses! For *this* was the memory that brought the far-away, longing light into the eyes of those men in the noble picture, and the tears in the eyes of the mothers the children saw in a wide-eyed wonder, and sent the woman from the North outdoors in a passion of delight to catch the snowflake in her hand and kiss the fleeting treasure, and the school-teacher in San Francisco—who told me the story—to quite forget good manners when a film of snow had fallen in the night, and in the morning, as she went to her school, made a snowball in her ecstasy and cast it at a gentleman, a perfect stranger,—hit him, for a wonder, being a woman,—and cried, "Pardon me, sir, I could not help it," and he, being a gentleman, answered: "Please do not ask my pardon. I am delighted to be pelted once more with a snowball."

The memory lay sweet and good in their hearts who were so far away in time and space from the old northland. If I can match their vision with my own, they saw the days when the snow began to fall down and cover the world in its white warm vesture, muffling all sounds and foiling all sights, and the evenings when they would rush home merrily from the school, and the father would

come in from his work or his business, when the shutters were made fast or the curtains drawn in the well-minded homes, small or ample, and, after the supper, the wood or the sea-coal fire was made up, and they would sit in the soft, warm light together, and the neighbors would drop in to sit with them, while stories would be told of great snows long ago that were now a white glory, and no more, in their memories, soft as the falling vesture, but touched now by the enchantment of time; while still the snow would come hissing down the chimney, to the vast delight of the children (I speak of that I know, the memories of, say, seventy years ago), and the hearts of the elders would grow tender as they would speak of some poor creatures—God's poor—they must see after, and the hard fortunes of the birds we children must help with the crumbs,—

> "Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
> That in the merry month o' spring
> Delighted us to hear him sing."

So here I am, looking through the long vista of the years and the hard winters, as we call them, so sweet and fair now that they seem to be not unclothed, but clothed upon, where mortality is swallowed up of life. And my brother's words last Sunday find fresh and true meaning, that "nothing is ever lost which is worth the saving."

And so I ask these questions, when again I hear them sing in the far-away time, "Thou hast made winter," and to think of these answers, or, shall I say, these suggestions: that these wild elements, so lawless to all seeming, are still within the clasp of His holy law who reigneth in the heavens and on the earth; while, the clearer our insight, the more orderly and beautiful they become, and the flake the woman caught in her hand and kissed clasps hands with the pregnant saying of Laplace, that

God is the first geometrician. Also, the beauty blends forever with the worth so truly that, if on a day the heavens should pour down drifts of gems, they would be a haggard curse if I should try to match them with the untold boon that lay in the Christmas and New Year's gifts from on high so sweetly over our northern zone.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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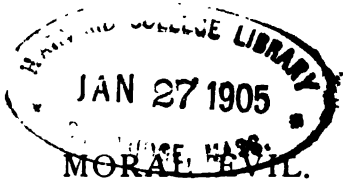

MORAL EVIL.

I WONDER what you would think of me if I should begin by saying that I believe this to be the best conceivable of worlds? At any rate, I will make that suggestion, and then ask you to go with me to see where we come out.

It is a sad scene that confronts us as we look over human society. Aside from all other things, it is sad because of the various and terrible manifestations of moral evil,—everywhere cruelties, hatreds, anger, envies, jealousies; people injuring each other; people trying by unfair means to overreach each other; families broken, husbands and wives separate, fathers and mothers and their children at enmity, brothers and sisters jealous or envious of each other or hating each other; law courts and jails in every direction, and this means crimes and vices, assault, personal injury, robbery, murder. And then, every little while, nations in bitter conflict with each other, carrying on devastating wars which are in themselves the summing up and concentration of all conceivable moral evils. It is a sad scene.

As I recalled to you some Sundays ago, the primitive people of the earth believed in a great many gods, some of them good and some of them bad; and they easily explained this condition of affairs by referring the bad things to the bad gods and the good things to the good gods. But it was not long before that state of thought was outgrown. There is one of the great religions of the world which has for its underlying assumption an idea which would seem to be able to explain all these contradictory facts. Zoroaster taught his followers that there

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were two gods, the god of light and of goodness and the god of darkness and evil, and that these almost equally matched gods were in age-long conflict, and that in this fact is to be found an adequate explanation of all the sins and sorrows of earth. It is only fair to Zoroastrianism to say that, if we assume the truth of their creed, it would explain this: only it would be an assumption; and the world is getting tired of assumption, and wants facts, if they can be discovered. There is another thing to be said for Zoroastrianism. It was kinder than Christianity, because its followers taught that this conflict would some day come to an end, and that even the bad god himself would be converted and redeemed, and that this world and all worlds would be full of happiness and peace.

There is another explanation that is worth our noting for a moment in passing. The old Greeks and Romans taught that in the beginning of things there was no sorrow, no sin. They told us of a Golden Age; but it came to an end, and, curiously enough, according to one of the great legends, it came to an end through the agency of a woman, as was supposed to be true among the Hebrews. Prometheus had stolen the sacred fire from heaven, and given it to man, so that he might begin the process of civilization. Zeus was angry, whereupon he created Pandora, a woman to whom all the gods had given gifts, whence her name; and he brought her as a present to Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus. Although Prometheus had warned his brother not to accept any present from Zeus, he did accept her; and she opened the fatal box in which all the evils that have since afflicted the world had been confined, shutting the lid down just in time to retain hope, the only thing that has never quite left the human heart. This is their explanation of the old mystery as to the beginning of moral evil in the world.

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Let us now turn to the Hebrew and Christian conception; for they are substantially the same. The Hebrews assumed,—note that I use the word *assumed*,—the Hebrews assumed that the world was created perfect. This story of the fall of man was not originally in early Hebrew history. It came later into their life, and became part of their religion. Some of its features were borrowed probably from Babylonian and Persian sources. The early prophets knew nothing about it; but it came at last to be a fundamental idea in the Hebrew religion and theology. God created the world perfect; and then an enemy, a malign power, invaded this fair world, and destroyed its innocence, and brought in its train all conceivable ills.

Christianity adopted this belief of the Hebrews, accepting their assumption. Why did they assume it? There is no proof available in the history of the world that any such thing ever occurred. Indeed, there is to-day demonstrable proof to the contrary. Why did the Hebrews accept any such story? For the simple reason that they believed that God was perfectly wise and perfectly good, and therefore he must have made the world perfectly good, to start with. This is an assumption like that of Plato. Plato taught that the perfect figure was the cube; and so he said the universe was a cube. Why? Did he ever study the universe to find out? Did he ever collect any evidence that such was the fact? It never seems to have occurred to Plato even to understand the scientific method, much less to follow it. Because the cube, in his opinion, was a perfect figure, therefore God must have made the universe a cube; and because of this assumption he accepted it as a fact.

In precisely the same way the Hebrews assumed that God, being wise and good, must have made the world a perfect place, to start with, and that it must have been

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some enemy of his who invaded this perfect condition of things, and brought about the ruin of the Creator's work.

Now let us, in the light of what we know to be true to-day, look at the facts. Before doing that, however, let me say that it has always been an amazement to me that the brains and heart and conscience of Christendom for so many centuries could have been paralyzed into the acceptance of such a theory as that which lies at the basis of our theological system. It has no proof. It is unjust, it is grossly immoral, and yet Christendom has assumed it, because it has accepted the tradition that it had been divinely and authoritatively revealed, and so must be bowed to as a mystery, however horrible it might seem.

Before commenting on the explanation of the existence of moral evil, let us turn, and consider a few facts,—facts that have been scientifically investigated and demonstrated in these modern times.

With different modifications the theory of evolution is now accepted by every competent mind in the civilized world. What does that mean? It means that since the far-off beginning—I say beginning, because I do not know how else to express my thought, for we can conceive of no beginning—there has been gradual growth, from the simple to the complex, from the lower to the higher, from the poorer to the relatively better. That is, the universe has been growing. Everywhere there has been struggle, and everywhere those forms which have been best adapted to their surroundings have survived; and under this process what has taken place? All the best things that the world knows have come into being. Beautiful grasses sprang up; and from some of these grasses have been developed all the grains and cereals of the world. Under this process of struggle and survival all the myriad forms of insect life have been developed, beauty beyond expression, swiftness, power,

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life in its various forms. Then this mysterious life force has climbed up into the birds which fly in the air and lodge in the branches of the trees; and by this process of struggle and competition, the survival of the fittest, there have come swiftness of wing, beauty of feather, every gorgeous color, and the mystery and marvel of song. All the beautiful forms of bird life have been developed through this process. Among the animals, in the same way, power, strength, and wonderful forms of all kinds have come to be.

Then, at some period of which we can only guess, man appeared, the lowest form of man. But, when man appeared, something very striking and significant happened. What was it? Conscience was born, a recognition of the distinction between right and wrong. And the coming to birth of conscience our theology has referred to as "the fall"! It is the ascent of man that we must consider henceforth, and which we must make the corner-stone of the future theology of the world. When, then, man appeared, conscience appeared.

Now note. The old tradition said that evil came into the world just at that time. But evil in one sense had always been in the world. Death had always been in the world. The animals had always been fighting and devouring each other. Envy, jealousy, anger, hatred, assault, murder, warfare, all of these things that we have come to think of as moral evils, were in existence from the beginning; but note, they were not evil. Why? Because conscience did not exist. There was no recognition of the distinction between right and wrong, between lower and higher, between worse and better. And then these things in this lower animal life were not evil. They were relatively good. Consider a moment. Death must exist, or else these creatures that came into being must have lived forever. If they lived forever, the world would soon have been so full that no more could come

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into existence. That would mean that only a relatively few could taste the sweetness and wonder of life. But, if they kept dying off and new ones were being born, then countless myriads could taste this wonder, this sweetness, this joy, of existence.

But do you think it is an evil to have them devour each other? Think of the alternative. They must either die or live forever. If they die, suppose they die what we call a natural death, the chances are that they would suffer many times more than by being preyed on by their fellows. Sudden death is less to be feared than death through lingering disease and starvation. Think what a picture the latter would present. It would cover the world with the putrid, disease-breeding forms of myriads of creatures. Under the present system, nothing of that sort occurs. And then, as far as we have been able to carry investigations, we are practically certain that in almost all cases there is a natural anæsthetic that precedes death, so that suffering is reduced to a minimum. So in this lower animal world, before man appeared, all the feelings, all the actions, that we have come to think of as evil, were in existence; but there was no moral evil. There was just the kind of world, the kind of life, which was inevitable if creatures were to live a limited life, and then die. That is all.

Now note again that, when man came, conscience came. What sort of change did this make? It meant that from that point there was to be a moral struggle, that man was to begin to recognize the difference between the lower and higher, between the animal and the human, between the human and the angel, and that man was to strive for mastery over the lower; that he was to climb up into the higher ranges of thought and feeling and action. It meant that moral perfection was to be striven after up the ages.

Now let us look at man. Is there anything essen-

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tially evil in man? No. This whole idea of essential evil, of evil as a thing, as a substance, is nonsense. There is no such thing in the universe. There is no original sin conceivable or possible. As you look a man over from head to feet, there is nothing in him that is necessarily wrong; not a passion, not a desire, not a faculty, not a power, that may not be entirely right and good. Man hungers for pleasure. Why? Why not? Is it wicked to be happy? As to whether or not it is wrong depends entirely upon what this hunger leads him to do; what kind of pleasure he seeks, whether he is willing to take it at the expense of the welfare of some one else. A man is ambitious, desires to make a name for himself. What of it? Is that wrong? It depends again entirely upon the price he is willing to pay for his name. Ambition may be one of the manliest, noblest, most splendid things in the world, or it may be a danger, a most incalculable evil. It all depends. What is envy? Envy is only emulation gone astray. You see some one who is doing some fine thing; and you emulate his example. So far, it is right and good; but you can carry it so far as to make it an evil, but in itself it is not necessarily an evil. Hatred, is that wrong? It depends on what you hate and what it leads you to do. Anger, is that wrong? Again that depends upon why and with whom you are angry and what that anger leads you to do. A man kills another. What is that? It may be murder, it may be an accident, it may be heroism. It all depends. There is nothing in the mere act which is necessarily either good or evil. So you can go through the entire list of possible human feelings and activities, and find that it depends on circumstances whether they are evil or good. There are just two possible ways by which men can do wrong,—*just two*. You can pervert your faculties and powers, and use them in wrong ways, or you can carry them to excess. You cannot possibly do wrong in any but one of these two ways.

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So this question of moral evil means simply that men have evolved from lower conditions of animal life, have started out on this age-long ascent, climbing from brute to angel, led and lifted by the ideal of the divine.

But the scene, people say, is horrible, and the actions are horrible. Yes, many of them are. But let us see if there is any possible way of avoiding this sort of process. If men are to live at all, if they are to grow morally at all, is there any other kind of world in which the process might be carried on? I have spent my leisure a good many times for a good many years in trying to think of conceivable worlds. I am going to give you the result of that thinking. I wonder if you can think of any other.

What possibly might God have done? He might have stopped the world's growth just before conscience appeared. What would that have meant? It would have meant the perpetuity through all time of all these that we have come to think as evil thoughts and evil things and evil beings. No conscience being in existence, of course there would have been no attempt to outgrow and leave behind these things that we have come to think of as evil. That would have meant that man should not have appeared on the earth at all.

There is another conceivable theory. God might have created us automatons. A skilful mechanic makes a watch, makes it so nearly perfect that it runs day by day and week by week with the most marvellous accuracy; but the watch has nothing to do about it. It is simply the result of forces of which it is not conscious; and it produces a result which is useful, but of which it knows nothing.

Thus God might have created men and women so that they would run like machines, keep perfect time, and make no mistakes. But would you like to be one of that kind of creatures, even to avoid the ills of the world? Would you like to live in a world of that sort? There

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could be no ideals, no efforts, no strivings, no conquests, no victories, no high, fine attainments.

What other kind of a world can you think of? I can imagine that we might be just the kind of creatures that we are, and that God might prevent the existence of actual evil by interfering all the time. Whenever I am inclined to do something wrong in the world, an angel might touch me on the shoulder, and interfere with the carrying out of my design. Every time I stumbled and was going to fall, he might catch me in his arms, and hold me up. Actualized evil might conceivably be prevented in that way. But do you see what that would mean? It would mean the negation of all character, of all growth, of all self-control, of all becoming, of all achievement. Men and women living in a world of that sort would be in a perpetual nursery, undeveloped, and with no possibility of development, unable to learn anything, never becoming anything. Would you like to have God interfere all the time in that way even to prevent you from doing wrong and having to pay the suffering? I would not. I think the mere naming of theories like these puts them out of court.

Now there is another theory; and this, I think, is the commonest and most popular of all. Hardly a week goes by that some one does not say to me that he wonders that God did not make the world after this fashion. That is, God might have made men and women perfectly wise and perfectly good, to start with; and then, of course, there would have been no moral evil and no wrong. If men and women had always been perfectly wise and good, they never would have found it out, they never would have known that they were good. If you never tasted anything but a certain kind of sweet all your life, you would not know that there was such a thing as sweet. You would not know anything about it. The basis of all knowledge of this sort is comparison and contrast.

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So, really, this whole conception, when you stop to think of it, is absurd. There would have been no consciousness of battles fought and of victories won. There would have been no sense of achievement, none of the joys of attainment. If you look at it a little closer, you will see that it is absurd in the very terms in which it is stated. I make the assertion, and challenge reasonable contradiction, that God could not create a perfectly wise being at once. He could not create a perfectly good being at once.

I know that men have assumed that there are a lot of angels in heaven who are perfectly wise and perfectly good. I venture to doubt their existence. Nobody has ever seen them. I believe the only kind of angels in the other life are those who have lived through the kind of life we are living, and have become angels as the result of moral and spiritual development. What do we mean by wisdom? We mean the result of experience. A man makes mistakes, goes wrong, and at last learns; and in this way he becomes wise. To say that a man is wise who has not been through any experience of that sort is to use a word without attaching to it any rational meaning, because wisdom means the summed-up result of experience.

Precisely a similar thing is true of goodness. To say that a man is good means that he has wrought out goodness as the result of trying, of failure, of falling and of rising again. And, as I said a moment ago, neither he nor we would know that he was good unless through experience of the opposite. I venture to say that this conception of the possibility of a perfect world from the start is absurd on the face of it, is an impossible thing in the very statement of its terms.

Can you think of any other kind of world? I cannot. And now what is the outcome? It means, in my judgment, that just this kind of world we are in here, where

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there is bitterness and heartache, and envy and jealousy, and strife and falsehood, and robbery and wrong of every kind, is the best conceivable world. If we were to stay just where we are, no. But what does this human life mean? It means a field for struggle, a moral and spiritual gymnasium through which we are to be developed and trained. Out of this experience and training look back and see what magnificent souls have come. What tender, true, and devoted women! What noble, sagacious, and magnificent men! And has it not been worth while, when you remember that this is not a permanent condition as touching any one individual soul? Evil would indeed be inexplicable, would be without any defence in the court of good morals, if it were to be permanent, so far as any one soul or any group of souls is concerned.

If there are to be millions of people who are to go to hell and never escape from it, then there is no possible way of justifying the universe and of pleading successfully for God. If any one soul, the poorest and meanest that has ever lived, is to go to hell and stay there forever, then there is no way of defending God or of justifying the universe. But evil may be eternal for all I know. It would not trouble me *if* I believed it. But *if* it is only a condition,—a process through which souls pass on a journey to the highest, though there may be in some world, in some part of space, this condition of evil and struggling and development always existing; *if*,—and nobody can deny this *if*, they can doubt it if they please, but, until they can prove that it is not true, they can bring no lasting charge against the justice of God,—*if* evil is only a process; if this life is only a school; if we are learning how to live here; if the thing going on is what Browning refers to as "the culture of a soul,"—then I believe that the proposition is quite defensible that this is the best conceivable of worlds. If every soul is to learn some time what is

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right and what is wrong, is to learn to choose the right and turn away from the wrong because it means life and welfare and happiness for all souls; if, I say, every individual is to learn that lesson some day,—then may not the process be amply and grandly justified? We have come from the lower forms of life. We reach the point where conscience was born; and now we are fighting our way through, and leaving behind the passions of the animals below us. We are climbing up into self-control, climbing up into brain and heart and soul, climbing up into the life of children of God.

I do not know of any other kind of world in which moral training would be possible. Moral training means freedom, the ability to choose evil or choose good. It means learning evil by knowing the results of it; it means learning good by knowing the results of that; and it means that ultimately every man will know that it is better to be right, and will freely choose it. And so he will come to himself as a developed and conscious child of God.

If we are to live at all, and if we are to pass through the experience of evil on the way to moral goodness, then I cannot think of any better field for the training and achievement.

If these things are so,—and I believe they are scientifically demonstrable as true,—then the temporary existence of moral evil as a phase in the development of each individual soul ceases to be one of life's dark problems; and it is perfectly consistent with our loving trust in the wisdom and the goodness of our Father, God.

O God, we thank Thee that we may, as we trust, catch a glimpse of a ray of light in the darkness that envelopes us. We thank Thee that we may be able to take at least the next step, and so by following Thee come out into the light and life and joy of one of Thy children. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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VII. DEATH

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DEATH.

"They who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."—HEBREWS ii. 15.

I TAKE it there is no other fact in the world that has made it harder for people to believe in the goodness of God than this fact of death. There are certain ideas which have come down to us from the past which we have received as unquestioned traditions which have become so thoroughly part of us that even after we have intellectually repudiated them we instinctively assume their truth. Theology has taught us from the beginning of Christian history that death is the result of human sin, that it came into the world on account of human sin, on account of man's disobedience to the command of God. We instinctively think of it as a token of God's anger. Having believed that God made the world perfect in the first place, men came to regard death as the result of an invasion of this beautiful world of ours by some malign power from without, as the work of an enemy of God and of man.

If possible, this morning let us put all these ideas aside. Every person here present knows that no one of these is true. We know that there never has been a fall of man; and so death is not the result of that which never took place. We know it is not a consequence of human sin. We know it was not brought into this world by any enemy of God or man from outside. It is settled scientifically, demonstrated beyond any rational question, that, for worse or for better, death is a part of the universal and eternal order of the world. It was intended as much as life was intended; and, if we can find an explanation

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of it at all, we must find it on the basis of a recognition of that fact.

Is there any way, then, by which we can reconcile the existence of death with a loving belief in the wisdom and goodness of God? That is the problem which we are now to consider.

At the outset we must try to separate the fact of death from certain things which are not essential to it, which accompany it, which are associated with it in our minds, but which are no necessary part of the problem which we wish to solve. To illustrate, suppose an architect should make careful plans for the construction of a building. He puts these plans into the hands of workmen, who go on and violate some of the essential conditions of the plans in various places; and the result is that the work is disfigured, that perhaps the building falls before it is half completed, and buries some of the workmen in the ruins. You will say, of course, that the architect is not to be held responsible for these results which came through the breaking of his plans. Now, in order to find that for which God may justly be held responsible, we must eliminate from the problem those things which are brought about by our own ignorance, passion, wilfulness, our own breaking of the laws of God. Let us try, then, and simplify the problem just as far as we may, and get at that which is essential in the fact of death.

Let us leave aside, then, most of the premature deaths of the world. Some of the saddest experiences of life, and some of the most inexplicable, grow out of the deaths of children. The death-rate of the little ones for some of the great cities of the world is simply appalling; and I find myself now and then wondering why the feet of the little ones cross the threshold at all, if they are to be snatched away so soon. And yet, when we look the problem fairly in the face, we are compelled to admit

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that in nearly all cases these premature deaths are the fault of men and women themselves. They are no necessary part of the divine order, are not to be charged as indictments against the wisdom or the goodness of Him who governs the world. Carelessness, ignorance, pride, a hundred different causes, are at work to take the little ones out of our arms. Until we are quite sure that human responsibility is not at fault, let us not dare to charge these dark facts against the beneficence of the divine order.

There is another thing we must put aside. We make very little distinction between the fact of death and the pains, the diseases, the sorrows, that precede and lead to death. Here, again, in almost all cases, we ourselves are responsible for these. It is the fact of death alone, stripped of accretions and incidents, that God is responsible for. Most of our diseases are preventable. Some of them of course we inherit. But our fathers, our ancestors, through ignorance, through passion, in one way or another, were responsible, if we are not; and we are responsible if we have not done all that we can to neutralize the evil results of the inheritances that have come to us. But most of the pains and diseases of the world that precede death are preventable. We are proving, under the guidance of our wiser physicians, that the number of these and their virulence can be lessened; and we know that most of them may be avoided. Let us not, then, aggravate the charge which we make against the goodness of God by holding him responsible for those things which we ourselves have brought about. How many times is it true, as we look back! We are ill. We know what did it. The chances are that, when we get well, we shall repeat the offence,—in eating and drinking, the lack of proper care, passionate self-indulgence in one direction or another. We know how many times *we* are responsible for these physical ailments that we

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roll up as a huge indictment against the wisdom of Him who governs the affairs of men.

Then there is another thing connected with the fact of death which is purely a bit of curious imagination. I have known large numbers of people who, as they thought of death, were burdened with the idea of the grave, of burial, of the disposition of the physical body. But I am not going to be buried. Why should I worry about that? Why should it trouble me any more than the disposition that shall be made of a suit of clothes which I wore last year? I am getting rid of certain parts of this physical body of mine every day. Every time I breathe, every time I move, a part of the body takes its place with the elements out of which it came. I do not worry about these. Why should I worry about what becomes of the whole of it, when I am through? We are not so wise as Socrates. You remember perhaps that, when his disciples were talking to him just before he drank the hemlock, one of them asked him how he would like to be buried; and he answered, with that pathetic humor which even the presence of death could not dismay, that they might bury him any way they pleased if they could catch him; but he did not expect to be there.

Then there is another thing that uselessly troubles us. Literature has done its best to create imaginary horrors connected with death. Let me give you Milton's picture of death:—

"The other shape—
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart."

He refers to death again as that "grisly terror." We have figured it to the imagination by skull and cross-

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bones. The Greeks had a lovelier picture. They sometimes referred to death as a beautiful youth holding in his hand an inverted torch. But we by sculpture, by painting, by rhetoric, as expressed in prose and verse, have created horrible imaginations as though they were real entities, and have labelled them *Death*, and so made it a more terrible thing than otherwise it could possibly have been.

Most of us not only fear dying, but we have created such horrible things to follow after death that it is not the process so much that we shrink from as what we are to face when we have emerged from the shadow. You will pardon me if I give you a few lines so familiar to you, the words of Hamlet:—

> "To die: to sleep,—
> No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
> The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep:—
> To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause."

It is the dread of something after death that makes him again speak of that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is this that makes "cowards of us all." It is not conscience only that makes cowards of us, as I think. Imagination has created conditions and possible worlds for a belief in which there are no facts, no realities, no proofs. How the preachers from Jonathan Edwards to Spurgeon and men since their day have revelled in piling up all the conceivable horrors that await the soul that has not accepted the theological ideas of the preacher! And so they have made death something entirely different from the simple fact, which is the only part of it which is the work of God.

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What is death? It is going to sleep. If a person leads a normal and healthful life, such a life as he has lived who sits here with me on this platform to-day,*—who, past eighty, has never missed an engagement on account of illness, who, past eighty, has never taken a meal in bed on account of illness, who, past eighty, has never gone without a meal since he was born on account of illness,—if we could live lives like this, when we got through, death would be nothing but going to sleep. That is the part of it which God has appointed, and for which alone he can be justly held accountable. Every physician knows and can tell you that the normal life, when it comes to an end, has little pain or suffering to fear connected with the fact of dying. There is a natural anæsthesia connected with it and preceding it. I suppose there are few cases where a person knows when he dies, any more than he knows just the moment when he falls asleep. It is the end of an earthly life, that is all; and because God puts an end to it, to this period of existence, are we not to be grateful to him for the fact of life? We have lived, say, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years. We have looked at the beauties of the sunrise and sunset, we have heard the lapping of the waves on the ocean shore, we have listened to the winds in the trees, we have rejoiced in the morning songs of birds, we have looked into the faces of our friends, we have known something of the ecstasy of love, we have had the children round our feet, we have seen all the wonders of the on-goings of the world,—*we have lived.* Is life not good, not a gift for which we should be thankful, because there comes a period terminating it after a while? The positive gift was a gift of good. Let us never forget that; and it is not less good because we may not keep it in perpetuity.

The only thing, then, about the fact of death for which

* Mr. Collyer.

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God is responsible is just going to sleep, passing through the door when we get through with this phase of our earthly existence. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Now let us turn the matter quite round. If we are not to live here forever, we must die. What are the alternatives? If we are not to die, then we are to continue here in this world. Just as I have tried over and over again to think out different possible worlds, better or worse than the present one, so I have tried over and over again, with all the intellectual keenness I possess, to think of the alternatives of dying. I have tried to decide in my own mind whether they were desirable, whether I would have death eliminated if I could. I ask you to go with me now for a little while, as I consider some of these possibilities; and, though you may not speak, you will say in your own minds whether or not they are satisfactory to you.

Would you like to live here indefinitely if you could not keep your friends with you? Would you be willing to take the gift of an earthly immortality, just you alone? I would not. I cannot conceive that you would. Love, friendship, the companionship of those who are dear to me, are so much to me that I would rather have them with me anywhere, in any world, in the heavens above or in the deeps below, than to have any paradise I can imagine all alone by myself. I wish, then, to share the fate, living or dying, of the people I care for.

There is another possibility. Would you be willing to take the gift of immortal life without the gift of immortal youth along with it? Would you be willing to continue to grow older and older and older, and still stay here? Again, I would not. I love life, I love my work, I love my friends, I love all the beauty and glory of the world. I would like, if I could have my way, to stay here as long as I am in good physical and mental condition, as long as I can think and be interested and active and enjoy. But

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I can imagine a time coming when I should pray to be released from the increasing burdens and infirmities of life. I do not want to continue to exist when I am through *living*. I think, then, we may leave that consideration one side.

There is another one. Suppose we could all live until we were thirty or forty, until the children were fairly grown up round us, and then all stop and stay here forever after,—would you like that? Before you decide, think what it would mean. The world is not very large. By and by there would be just as many people as there would be room for. There would be as many as the resources of the world could comfortably support. What would that mean? Why, of course it would mean no more children, no more of the delights of family life, in the ordinary sense of the word. The world would be full. Then what? Years and years would pass, hundreds of years, thousands of years, and no new faces, no new experiences, no new associations! I am afraid it would become monotonous and tiresome. I am afraid that we should look at all those worlds around us, and wonder whether we had not made an unfortunate choice when we decided that we would cast our lot indefinitely with this little planet.

This idea should be emphasized by another consideration. Most people get tired of thinking and studying after a while. The capacity of the brain seems to be limited in this direction; and so we should stop growing, stop advancing, stop progressing, think the same things over and over, read the same things over and over, and after a few thousand years had gone by it seems to me that we should wish we might change our environment, that we might have new stimuli, that we might enter into other associations. I imagine that we might come to feel like persons cast away on an island, —an island, let us say, in the tropics, naturally pro-

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ductive, the scenery beautiful. The people find themselves fortunate in their home; but no ship comes to touch their port, no ship goes out bearing any one to some other harbor, and the years go by. Now and then a vessel appears on the horizon, and passes away, coming from where, going to where, they can only guess. Under those conditions would there not grow up impatience of the confinement that made it impossible for the people to explore some other region of the world? Would they not grow tired even of the beauty, the monotony, of the flowers and song-birds and the music of the waves on the shore? We are on this little island world. Up to the present time, people have constantly been leaving it, sailing out into the unknown. We wonder where they are going. But suppose we should all stop here. After some hundreds or thousands of years I imagine we should look at the planets sailing through the blue as though they were ships from some distant port, tending to some unknown harbor, and wonder what they meant, whether they were inhabited by happier beings than we. And I imagine that after a while we should long to break away, to explore those unknown regions of the universe. I think we should get tired of each other, tired of the scenery, tired of the experiences, and long to sail out into some unknown sea.

Then there is another consideration. We think that death stands in the way of human happiness. Did you ever stop to think that death is the means of conferring happiness upon countless millions more than would be able to taste it, did not death exist? Here are a few people on the earth. We live here from twenty to fifty or more years, and pass away, making way for others to come; and so the generations succeed each other. The little ones come, as we vacate our places to make room for them; and so countless myriads are born to see the wonder and taste the beauty and glory of life who never

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could understand or gain a glimpse of these things but for the fact of death.

There is another consideration; for I wish to exhaust so far as I can all the possibilities in this direction. The world has been growing; and you have noticed, if you have studied history to any purpose, that there are times when some man or some scheme or thought has so dominated the world as to hinder its advance for generations. Take, for example, as an illustration, the theology of Augustine, re-created by John Calvin, which has dominated the world so many dreary years. Suppose that Augustine had kept on living, and that he and Calvin together had combined to exalt their opinions through their personal influence,—think how they might have held the world back for centuries! It is hard enough for us now to break away from an intellectual system and to free ourselves from the domination of ideas. Suppose there were added to that the domination of the personalities of the men who have lived in the past! What if we had all our Cæsars in the world still, with all the accumulation of power and tyranny they might have gained, along with what we have had since they passed away! Suppose we still had our Tamerlanes, our Napoleons! O friends, one of the greatest agencies in the growth and progress of the world is this fact of death. Death unclogs the wheels of the world's chariot of advance, and sets people free and gives new views and conceptions of things which lift up and lead on the civilization of the world. I cannot think of any condition of things here in this world with death eliminated that would seem to me either hopeful or permanently good.

There is another way of looking at it, to which I wish to call your attention for a few moments. I have just intimated that death is a condition of progress. This is truer than you think. We are all evolutionists now. What does that imply? Go back as far as you can and

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down to the early condition of things, and you will find that growth everywhere means the dying out of certain types and forms and their being succeeded by other higher, nobler, more advanced types and forms. So from the very beginning death has been a condition of growth. The oldest and lowest forms have made way for the next higher; and so the world has gone on.

New being is from being ceased;
No life is but by death;
Something's expiring everywhere
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the spring
But blooms upon the grave
Of its dead parent seed o'er which
Its forms of beauty wave

The oak that like an ancient tower
Stands massive on the heath
Looks out upon a living world,
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Clip the sweet herbs that grow
Rank from the soil enriched by herds
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built
Upon dead yesterday;
And Progress hews her temple stones
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death: 'tis but a stair
Built with divinest art,
Up which the deathless footsteps climb
Of loved ones who depart.

What I have just said does not involve the continuance of personality. One type gives way to a new type; but, when we come to the problem as it touches us, a new

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element is added, a new question arises. We have learned to love, to dream, to hope; and so we are not contented with the idea that, as lower forms have given way to us, now we should give way to still higher forms of which we are to know nothing. Whether rightly or wrongly, whether imaginary on our part or implanted by God himself, there is in our hearts a dream of personal continuance, a longing to find the loved ones who have preceded us, to create anew the deathless circle in some better and higher world. Is there any reason for a hope like that? As a hint in that direction marvellously expressed, I wish to read you what perhaps I have read before, a sonnet by Blanco White, one of the few exquisite sonnets of the world:—

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
  Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
  Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
  Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
  If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

You see the suggestion. So long as the sun shines, all we know is this little world. When the sun sets, millions of other worlds leap into view. And so the poet asks whether life has not concealed as much as light has.

Lowell has a wonderful little poem on some goldfish in a glass globe. They float around in their little globe, and see the shadows cast on their little world. If they had intelligence enough, they might wonder what it meant. They would perhaps think, as

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we do, that the only real world is the globe in which they live, and that what they saw were distorted images of nobody knew what, but of no real significance.

Some insect might climb up to the edge, and see beyond the limit of his little pool. It might see a chrysalis burst open, and might feel that there was something outside, beyond the limits of the little world it knew. We are like the little goldfish in the globe. We are in our little pool. Distorted images are reflected now and then across our vision. Friend after friend bursts open the chrysalis, and disappears. We dream, we wonder, we hope. Some of us try to study and find out: some of us blindly accept traditions, in this direction or that, which have come down to us from other people who have tried to find out in the past; but none of us is sure that this is the end.

And note, friends, if this world is not all, if death is only graduating here and beginning the next stage of life somewhere else, if this is not saying farewell to all the people we love, why, then, death may not be one of the dark problems of life, but on the other hand it may be the very sweetest and divinest of all conceivable gifts of God.

Before you have a right to charge death as a fact against the goodness of God, you are under obligation to prove that it does not mean anything except the dust. So long as there is a reasonable doubt that death is the end of all, so long you have no right to charge it as a part of an indictment of the goodness of God. If death does mean simply that the angel of God comes and opens the gate and lets us out into a larger and grander world, if through death we graduate from this primary school and enter the next higher grade, why, then, instead of its being a difficult problem, it is one of the greatest possible proofs of the goodness of our Father.

And now, at the end, I wish to read to you a little

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poem called "A Morning Thought," by E. R. Sill, a man who died young, with his life-work only begun:—

"What if some morning, when the stars were paling
And the dawn widened and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near;

"And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
'This is our earth,—most friendly earth and fair;
Daily its sea and shore, through sun and shadow,
Faithful it turns, wrapped in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendship dear;
But stay not, spirit! Earth has one destroyer:
His name is Death. Flee, lest he find thee here!'

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the angel gentle,
And take my hand, and say, 'My name is Death.'"

Father, we thank Thee for the great trust that sometimes comes into our hearts and whispers of hope from Thee, that makes us believe that death is not the end, but only the beginning of a larger and sweeter life. May light grow to more and more; and so may the souls of men be freed from this great burden of the fear of death, recognizing in it Thy friend, Thy angel, the gate-opener to the larger life. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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SERIES ON

Life's Dark Problems

VIII. ACCIDENTS AND CALAMITIES

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ACCIDENTS AND CALAMITIES.

"And those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and killed them, think ye that they were offenders above all the men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—LUKE xiii. 4 and 5.

ONLY this morning a friend calls my attention to the expression of the faith of Wordsworth, as contained in the second book of his poem "The Excursion":—

> "One adequate support
> For the calamities of mortal life
> Exists,—one only: an assured belief
> That the procession of our fate, howe'er
> Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
> Of infinite benevolence and power,
> Whose everlasting purposes embrace
> All accidents, converting them to good."

If we can have a faith like that, why, of course, we can face anything. The great trouble is that there are thousands of persons at the present time—and among them hundreds of the best and most intelligent—who have somehow lost this faith, if they ever had it; and they are disturbed and troubled. They look out over the world and see the way things go, and wonder whether there is wisdom, goodness, at the heart of things. I do not feel at all certain that I shall be able adequately to answer all the objections that may be raised to the wisdom and goodness of a world like this. I can only try to throw some little light, if possible, into some of the dark places. But one thing we need to remember at the outset. It is not necessary that we should adequately answer *all* conceivable objections. We do need, however, if we can

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find it, a reasonably solid place on which to stand; and we need light enough to see to take the next step. We cannot expect to understand an infinite universe in all its details; but, if we can find reason to believe that goodness does rule, that wisdom does control, in the affairs of men, then we can wait for the unfolding of the meaning of many a thing which is still dark.

I wish to present to your mind one alternative for you to keep before you, and which may be of great practical help.

God exists or he does not exist. If God does not exist, then there is no complaint to make. It is folly to raise objections; it is unreasonable to find fault. If we are in the midst of these tremendous forces, and they are unintelligent, if there is no wisdom, no care anywhere, why, then, we might as well find fault with a steam engine or with a thunderbolt as to find fault with the universe. We criticise, we question, we want things explained; but, if you think of it, the desire for explanation, the desire to criticise, implies that there is a reason somewhere, and that things are capable of explanation, if only we were wise enough for the task. If God exists, if there is wisdom and love in the universe dominant over all that we call physical, then that carries with it the absolute assurance that there is an outcome which shall justify the process through which we are passing. So, if you find sufficient reason to believe in God, then you will face all difficulties bravely, and wait patiently to find out what they mean. And, if, as I said, you do not find any reason to believe in God, then stop complaining, stop criticising, stop finding fault, stop growing bitter and hard; for that whole attitude is utterly absurd and childish. If God does not exist, then there is no one to find fault with. If he does, why, then, some day things will be clear; for the existence of God carries with it the assurance of an outcome that is good and

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wise. If you will keep this alternative in mind, it will be of some practical help to you.

One thing impresses me as strange. The universe has existed for countless millions of years. This earth of ours has existed for numberless ages, and humanity has been on this planet for hundreds of thousands of years at least; but people are only beginning to recognize the fact that we are living under the reign of law, that this is a universe of order, not one governed by caprice, by interference, by spasmodic manifestations of inexplicable will.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in one of his books, speaks as though the transition from caprice to order in the thought of the world means the decay and dying out of religion. He instances, as an illustration, a priest who, in a railway accident, when the shock came, suddenly lifted a prayer to God; and, when he was saved, he believed he was saved because of that prayer. That, says Hamerton, is the religious attitude of mind. The scientist believes in the orderly working of all natural forces; and, just so far as this scientific idea extends, religion is leaving the world. So says Hamerton. In other words, God cannot be conceived of as a God of order. He is a God of caprice and confusion; and the minute you introduce order you eliminate God. Only a few people even now have really come into a state of mind where they can rationally and comfortably believe that God is present and working in an orderly fashion. They find him only in the extraordinary, in the exceptional.

Within a week I have heard a clear-minded liberal imply this conception of things. If you had asked her the question outright, she would have denied that she believed these old ideas; and yet her unconscious expression implies that belief. This means simply that, after all these ages, the world is only coming to begin to recognize the fact that God is a God of order, and that he works in an orderly fashion.

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I wish to indicate to you, by a few illustrations, the way people have been accustomed to look at this matter of accident and calamity. Those of you who are familiar with Virgil will remember the story of how Aeneas, when he had started on his voyage in search of Italy, met with a great calamity to his fleet. A sudden storm descended, and his ships were blown out of their course and scattered over the sea, and some of them were destroyed. What had happened? How does the poet explain this circumstance? He had to go back to a story like this. Once upon a time the three goddesses Juno, Minerva, and Venus had a contest as to which was the most beautiful. Paris, the son of Priam, who was the king of Troy, was the umpire to decide the question. Various considerations were offered, and he was moved to decide in favor of Venus. What did that mean? It meant that Juno was angry because she did not win in this contest. Angry with whom? Angry with Paris, of course; but her anger did not stop there. She was angry with Priam and with the city of Troy and the whole Trojan race to which Paris belonged. She fought and helped in the destruction and overthrow of the city; and then, after the remnant had set forth on a voyage for Italy, she pursued them with her hatred. She went to the god of the wind, Aeolus, and offered him a consideration, for which he was induced to let loose this storm, and so bring about this great calamity. Do you see? No conception of natural order, no conception of decent human justice, only the anger of a goddess that brought about that great calamity of the storm at sea!

Take another case from the antique world. Niobe was the proud mother of twelve beautiful children, six sons and six daughters. She boasts of her good fortune; and some of her rivals are angry. The gods are jealous; and, in a fit of pique, they destroy at once all the twelve children, and leave her the image of desolation and woe

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for all ages since that time,—no conception of any natural order, no conception of any decent human justice. A divinity is offended in some way; and a great calamity follows.

We hear echoes every little while, till this year 1905 A.D., of similar conceptions still lingering in people's minds as to the way God treats his children. Do you not know of any case where a mother has been supposed to be proud of her child, or loved a child too much, until God, jealous and angry, has sent a disease or calamity of some sort upon her? We have not yet outgrown this pagan, barbaric, immoral, utterly contemptible way of looking at things.

These ideas were not confined to the pagan world. You have only to pass the narrow border into Palestine to find similar conceptions dominating there. I call your attention to one or two illustrations. During the reign of Ahab the heavens were shut for three years and six months, according to the story. No rain and no dew in all that time. Why? Because Ahab was a wicked king, and God hated him. But, you see, he not only punished Ahab, he punishes him least of any one; for, being the king, if there was anything to eat and drink in the country, of course the king's wants would be supplied. But he arbitrarily punished all the people of the land on account of the supposed wickedness of the king.

One other illustration. David commits what no one of us would ever think of as being a sin at all. He orders a census,—a counting of the people. This is supposed to indicate a lack of trust in God, who was able to make armies conquer, whether they were as numerous as their oponents or not. So God was angry with David for taking the census. What does he do? Punish David? Not directly, but thousands and thousands of Israelites are smitten by a sudden calamity and slain. Here,

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again, there is no conception of natural order, no conception of what to us are fundamental principles in morals. And yet, as I said before, this feeling still exists. You will hear it on the street to-morrow if you will listen,—a belief that God still governs the world in that sort of fashion. An accident or calamity happens, and it is a divine judgment. Take the case that I read of,—part of my lesson. A tower in Siloam falls, and eighteen men are killed. The popular conception is not that the tower was improperly built, not that the foundation was defective, not that something was wrong, but that God pushed it over to kill these people. That is what the popular talk implied. And you may trace the matter from that day to this up through the history of the church.

There is a great fire, and a city is half-consumed: it is a judgment of God. There is a pestilence, a plague: it is a judgment of God. The army of a certain king is defeated: it is a judgment of God. No matter what happens, it is a judgment. The lightning stroke is a judgment, the falling of a bridge is a judgment. No matter what happens, that is the way in which it is explained.

Among our ancestors in New England we find the same ideas prevalent; and they have come down to very modern times. In every such calamity, God was angry; and only as they could ward off the divine wrath would the evil cease. I remember only a few years ago there was an epidemic in Montreal. What did the people do? Study it from the point of view of scientific medicine? No. What did happen? They organized a religious procession, and marched through the streets, carrying the infection everywhere. It was a judgment of God; and humiliation and prayer, the magic of saints' bones and miracles of some sort, must be appealed to to ward off the danger.

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What are we learning to-day in the East? I interject this right here, comparing it to what happened in the city of Montreal. Japanese surgeons have managed the matter of disease in such a way that during this entire campaign less than 1 per cent. have died of disease. They have practically wiped it out of existence by pure scientific study and sanitary regulation.

What is the trouble with the judgment theory in the government of the world? In the first place, it overlooks the fact that the judgments are frequently immoral, and almost always unjust. On the judgment theory the right people ought to be hurt. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the right people are not hurt at all. It is the good people, the innocent people, the kindly people, the lovely people, quite as often as the bad who are apparently punished. Can we have any belief in a good God managing the world after that fashion?

There is another evil about this way of looking at things. It diverts our attention from the fact that God is always at work by orderly methods. He is in the sunshine and the rain, in the growth of the grasses and trees, in the opening of the flowers and the ripening of the fruits, in the rising and setting of the sun, in the ordinary ongoings of the world, in all that is beautiful and benign and helpful, because they are all the expression of the thought and feeling and life of God. God is not in the accidental only. He is in what we call—in our ignorance—the accidental because the accidental is merely the interrupted working of some regular force. Something gets in the way, and then the extraordinary thing happens; but it is only the ordinary forces that have produced the result.

Are there, then, no judgments of God? There *are* judgments of God every day, every hour, every moment, all our lives; but they are the expression of the

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natural working out of things. If there be an infraction of God's laws, there is an inevitable result.

To illustrate; a young man studies, hoping to fit himself to enter Harvard or Yale. When the day comes for the test, he fails. It is his day of judgment, but it is not extraordinary. He did not study carefully enough, he did not comply with the conditions; and, when he came to the trial, he came short,—that is all. That is an illustration of the working of the divine law of judgment. In my physical life there are the regular eternal laws, the forces of God. I disregard some one of them. It does not produce any marked effect, or I do not notice it. I disregard it again and again. By and by, something happens: I am ill. What does that mean? It is no arbitrary infliction of a penalty. The accumulation of little activities results in this definite outcome at last. God is at work all the time; and at last I stand in judgment, and am condemned because I have broken his laws. Nothing extraordinary: it is the working out of natural forces according to God's changeless laws.

A similar thing is true in my mental make-up. I look for truth or I do not; I study to attain truth or I do not. I cultivate some special faculty or power or I neglect it. By and by something occurs that puts me to the test; and I fail. I am judged; I am acquitted or condemned. Has anything extraordinary happened? Nothing. Natural forces have been working; and these results have occurred, that is all.

So, because I do not believe in these arbitrary inflictions of judgment, do not think that I exclude judgment from the world. Judgment is everywhere and always in the form of inevitable results.

With these principles in mind, I wish to call your attention to some of the great accidents and calamities of the world, and see if we can throw any light upon them.

First, note some of these great catastrophes that occur

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now and then on a large scale because of the great forces which are at work in the evolution of the world.

For the purpose of my illustration this morning I will seem to accept the nebular hypothesis of the world, no matter whether it is true or not. According to that theory, the space now filled by the solar system was once filled with a fire mist. This condensed and rotated; and by and by ring after ring, as it cooled, was flung off from the outer edge, and condensed into planets. After a time our little earth, one of the youngest children of the sun, was born. It was fluid and hot, but gradually it began to cool; and, as it cooled, the outer surface was caked and hardened. And they tell us that, according to this theory, the centre of the earth is hot and probably molten to-day. No matter whether this be true or not, for my purpose. According to this theory, as the earth cools, it shrinks. What does that mean? Did you ever—*I* have, as a farmer's boy—notice the cooling of a pan of lard, how it cracks, and how mountain chains and ridges are heaped up? Precisely the same sort of process is going on in the cooling of the crust of the earth. The crust breaks, and mountain chains are elevated. It trembles, and you have earthquakes. The inner fires break through, and you have volcanoes; and the forces at work now and then start up great tidal waves in the sea which beat against the shore with destructive power. Now these things that happen in a world like this are only, so to speak, the earth's growing pains. They are natural and inevitable in the process of the evolution of a planet like this. But they produce great catastrophes after life appears on the planet. Form after form of life is swept out of existence. Cities, towns, tribes, are wiped out. Take, as an illustration, the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii by the eruption of Vesuvius. Was that an act of carelessness or thoughtlessness or hatred on the part of God? It was one of the inevitable

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happenings in the growth of a planet. These great forces are in their working inevitably a part of the manifestation of planetary life.

But let me make one suggestion. When those towns were planted where they were, the people *knew* that they were liable to be overwhelmed in this way. Why did they build there then? It was a beautiful place for a town,—good soil, a fine view of the harbor,—and the people took their chances, the same gambling instinct which is in us all, and which makes it possible to put ourselves in places of peril, disregarding suggestions of danger. This, perhaps, had something to do with it. But must we hold God responsible when people build a city where they *know* it is in the track of danger, and when there is plenty of space in which they might plant their cities where they would not be liable to calamities like this?

Take a modern case. A little while ago the city of Galveston was largely destroyed by a great tidal wave. Who is responsible? If they had stopped to think, they would have known when they built the city that, if ever a tidal wave did come,—and, of course, they knew that it might come,—they would be liable to this kind of overflow. But people are never willing to put themselves to trouble and expense in the way of prevention until they have been driven to do so by a calamity. It would not have cost as much as it did afterwards; and all the loss would have been saved.

How is it in regard to a fire? People will go on blindly, grasping the money they can make at once, and putting up buildings that are simply tinder boxes. They know it all the time, and know that they are liable to the overwhelming devastation of fire. Yet they go on taking their chances, gathering in the money to-day, and hoping that they will escape, illustrating the spirit of Louis XIV., who, indulging himself and having his own way,

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exclaimed, "After me the deluge!" This is the spirit in which people build, the way in which they indulge themselves; and yet, when the calamity comes, which they might have foreseen and provided against, it is "a mysterious dispensation of Providence!" This is the marvellous working of God! This is a judgment! It is nothing but a natural result of their own deeds, of their own folly.

How could these great catastrophes be prevented? I suppose some might suggest that God might have built the world in some other way. Some might suggest that a tremendous miracle might have been wrought at the critical moment. Some might say that God who made the Red Sea stand up while the children of Israel marched through might have interfered with the tidal wave at Galveston. You can indulge in speculations like that if you choose. Some would think men might have been suddenly made supernaturally wise so as certainly to have foreseen these accidents; but these are not rational explanations.

I wish now to consider some modern accidents and calamities. The principles involved are clearer, if I take these concrete cases; and then I will try to sum up with one or two general considerations.

I have already alluded to one case of epidemic disease. Consider the great plague in London. It never occurred to the people at that time that they were responsible for it. They believed that it was an arbitrary infliction of God, and that the way to overcome it was by humiliation and fasting and prayer. But we are learning that disease is something we can master if we will. We can wipe out the yellow fever. We can make impossible the devastation of almost any disease. It is merely a question as to whether or not we *will*. In regard to this, then, we have no right to hold God responsible. What do the people do on the banks of the Ganges? They

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pour into the river every kind of filth, and then the water is sacred; and it is a part of their religious ceremony to bathe in it and drink it. And, when disease comes, the gods are angry!

Let us come right close home. A year or two ago there was a great railway accident here in the tunnel. Many people were killed, many others injured. What was the matter? Was it a mysterious calamity that we need to explain in order to believe in the goodness and justice of God? It was a purely preventable thing. Human carelessness and human greed were entirely responsible. Let us not dare, even in the privacy of our own hearts, to charge God as responsible in cases like this.

Turn to another case. Last year the "General Slocum" was burned here in the East River; and my morning paper was flooded with letters from persons who said that it was simply absurd, in the face of calamities like that, to talk any longer about God or about God's goodness, or about any wisdom in the management of the universe. A world in which a thing like that could happen must be a world for an atheist, or worse. Letter after letter gravely took this ground; and I suppose thousands of persons thought it was wisdom. What really happened? A steamer, old and not in the best condition, was dangerously overcrowded, to start with. It was manned by a crew not thoroughly trained. There was no adequate provision in case of fire. The hose was rotten, so that, when great pressure was brought to bear on it, it naturally burst. The life-preservers were so heavy that they sank of themselves instead of floating the persons dependent upon them. This was the condition of affairs. A fire starts; and then, instead of running to the shore, so that as many as possible might leap and escape, the ship—for some reason I have never been able to understand—headed in an-

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other direction. Who was responsible? The inspectors, the owners, the managers. It was carelessness: it was a case of greed, of inefficiency of every kind. It was man's stupidity and selfishness, nothing else in the world. What would people have? Would they have had an army of angels suddenly appear in the blue to put a premium on human stupidity and avarice? What would you have God do? If I walk over the edge of a precipice, would you have him upset the universe by suspending the law of gravitation to prevent the result of my carelessness? What would you have God do? Suddenly change the nature of fire, so that it will not burn? Suddenly change the nature of water, so that it will not drown? Would you have him save people from the results of their own stupidity, their own avarice, their own selfishness, their own weakness, and thus put a premium on these qualities which he hates? Why should any one take the trouble to build a boat decently, to man it decently, to run it decently, if at the last moment God will appear to save people from the results of their own mistakes? What kind of government is it that people expect in this world?

You will find everywhere, as in studying calamities and accidents, that the same principles are at work. Results follow because people are not willing to study the laws of God and obey them. What kind of a universe is this in which we are? It is one in which these great forces of nature are at work according to unvarying and unchanging laws; and we can find out what those laws are. That is what our brains are for. If we choose to study these laws, and find out how these principles work and get them on our side, then there is hardly anything that we cannot accomplish. Omnipotence is at our back as our helper. We must study the methods of Omnipotence, and be willing to obey the eternal conditions. The whole world is being made over, in the

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words of the prophet, in ways that he did not dream of. The valleys are being exalted, and the hills and mountains are being made low, the crooked made straight and the rough places plain. The seas are becoming ferry-ways. The mountains are pierced, the rivers are tunnelled and bridged. We talk without regard to distance; and we are making over the earth. In the beauty and glory and wonder of modern civilization we are learning God's methods, co-operating with God, finding out how God's forces work, and turning them to account, and bringing forth these wonderful results. Now what does this mean? Here is this tremendous force of electricity. Do I expect God to change it because I get in its track? It is working for good; but all this tremendous power must crush whatever comes in its way, whether it does so as a result of carelessness or not.

To illustrate my point, I make a personal confession. Three times since I came to this city I have escaped death by an instant. Who was to blame? Suppose I had been killed, would it have been a mysterious accident or calamity, for which God was responsible? *I* was to blame every time. Once it was that insane desire to catch a particular car. It did not make any difference whether I caught that car or not. I was in no hurry. If I had been delayed for an hour, the universe would have gone on just as well. I risked my life within a second of time.

You will find, if you study them carefully, that we ourselves are nearly always responsible for accidents or calamities. They are no mystery. They are usually the results of human greed, stupidity, and carelessness. What, then, shall we do? Let us recognize this; and let us recognize the wonderful work of God in the ordinary ways of this marvellous world. Let us study carefully to find out what these conditions are. Let us co-operate with them, and make the world, as we may, a paradise.

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Let us remember one other thing. If, in the course of one of these calamities, a hundred people are killed at once, that introduces no new problem. If death is explicable at all, it is just as easily explained in the case of a hundred as in one. The size of the calamity apparently overwhelms us; but it does not change the principles at issue.

And let us remember that this is a world in which we are learning to live; a world in which we are cultivating our own natures, developing our own souls; that it is precisely in dealing with such great forces as these that we can best come to the consciousness of ourselves. And, if this is a primary school, whether I go out to-day or to-morrow, as the result of old age or as the result of accident, does not much matter, if I am still in God's universe, still in God's school, still learning God's lessons, still building myself up into the higher nature of one of his children.

Father, we thank Thee that we are in this wonderful world. We thank Thee that we can play our part on such a stage and in the midst of such scenes, that we are mighty enough to deal with these great forces of Thine, and turn them to account in building up the civilization of the world. Let us, then, trust in Thee, and co-operate with Thee, and be glad that we can be Thy coworkers and children. Amen.

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MENTAL DISEASE AND DECAY.

I TAKE as a text two passages of Scripture. They contradict each other. One of them seems to be a clear expression of one theory in regard to the nature and destiny of the human mind, or of man; and the other is equally an expression of the other theory. The first is from the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, nineteenth verse: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they are all of one breath; and man hath no pre-eminence above the beast: for all is vanity."

The other is from the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, the thirty-second verse: "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

A blow on the head, if it is severe enough, will render a man unconscious. During certain diseases he is insane. A small quantity of Indian hemp seems to disturb, or entirely to suspend, the ordinary working of his mind. The excessive use of alcohol will produce similar results. You are familiar with all these facts. A man is vigorous and strong in his youth; and the physical vigor seems to match and go along with his mental power. But this culminates by and by. He ascends to the summit of his development, and then begins to go down on the other side; and, as he goes down physically, he seems also to decline mentally. As people get old, their memory fails them: they will tell you the same thing over half a dozen times in a day. They have forgotten it. And so in every direction you will find these

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signs that we ordinarily speak of as growing mental weakness, until by and by you reach the condition that Shakespeare speaks of in the familiar words:—

> " Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange eventful history,
> Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything."

The man appears to go out, like a snuffed candle; and, so far as we can see the process, that is the end.

Besides this there are other sad facts that go along with this class, such as idiocy, those cases by the hundred and the thousand over the world where there appears to be no complete mental development; and there are the sad, sad cases of insanity. There are asylums, I suppose, in every State of the Union and in every country of the civilized world, crowded with those who have, as we say, lost their minds. I shall not dwell on facts like these. I do not need to stir your sympathy. I do not need to appeal to your imagination. Very likely you are all too alive to the seriousness and the sadness of facts like these. I will hint them, recognize them; and we will go on.

The primitive peoples of the world had a very natural explanation of all these things. When a warrior was struck a blow on the head and became unconscious, or when he fainted for any reason, or when he was asleep, his mind for the time being, his soul, his essential personality, had gone away; and they waited for him to come back again. When he awakes, when consciousness returns, they suppose the soul has come back to the body. We keep in our ordinary speech a remnant still of this prevalent idea. For, when one of our friends faints and recovers consciousness, we say he has *come to*, come back to the body. This is a suggestion, a survival, of that old belief. In the cases of idiocy and in-

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sanity their general explanation was that of demoniac possession. They did not mean, they did not believe, that the person in all cases was controlled by evil spirits. One might be taken possession of by a god or by a good spirit for some good purpose. So they regarded many persons in this condition as inspired; and they tended them carefully, and waited upon their utterances, trusting to some wise man to interpret that which was meaningless in ordinary cases, that so they might receive something in the way of supernatural guidance. The New Testament, as you are aware, is full of this belief. There is no recognition there of any natural insanity, as we are accustomed to think of it to-day. The insane were possessed, dominated, by some invisible personality, controlled in this way for good or ill by the power which had taken possession of them. I only mention this in explanation, in passing. I shall not attempt either to refute or defend any of these theories. I will simply say, however, that there are persons in the modern world who share all of these primitive beliefs; and these are not in all cases ignorant or credulous or uneducated people. There are those who have made careful studies of these things who hold that insanity in many cases is the result of the influence of some invisible personality. I waive this, however, one side, as not germane to the purpose that I have in hand.

Now I wish to say here, as I have said once or twice before in connection with some of these hard problems, that it ought to help us to clear our minds of confusion, to take clear-cut cognizance of one fact. No soul, no God, no explanation, no need of any; no difficulty, if these facts are the result of the working of forces that do not feel, that do not think, that do not love. If they are the outcome, the manifestations, of blind power, why then, of course, there is no intelligent explanation possible. We can trace and study, if we choose, the forces

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that are at work; but there is no rational explanation, there is no way of getting at a satisfactory solution of this dark problem of life. The poet-author of the Book of Job cried out that he wished he could find God, that he could come to him, appeal to him, vindicate his innocence, and ask him for an explanation. But, if there be no God, then all this cry of the soul for some satisfactory explanation of these difficulties is, on the face of it, absurd. We must simply submit to inevitable facts, and there end it. But we do hunger for an explanation. There is that in us which wishes to believe that we are souls, that we are not to be snuffed out, like a candle, in the act of dying. There is something in us which wishes to believe that there is intelligence and sympathy and love in the universe somewhere, that there is some person who cares. And, if there is, why, then, it is legitimate for us to seek an explanation for these dark facts. I shall go on that theory this morning, and discuss the problem as though we were souls and as though God existed.

I shall, however, take cognizance of other sides of the problem; and I ask you to consider with me for a little while this fact. There are two possible theories in the light of which you can explain, after a fashion, the working of what we call the mind. One is the materialistic theory: the other of course is the spiritualistic theory, using the word in a philosophic sense.

On the theory of materialism the mind is the product of the brain, just as really as bile is the product of the liver. No brain, no mind, on that theory. It is the outcome, the result, of the combination and the motions of certain tiny material particles that make up the brain. On this theory, of course, it is easy to understand that, when the brain is injured, the working of the mind must be interfered with, and that, when the brain ceases to exist, the mind also ceases. Gautama the founder of

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Buddhism, that was originally atheistic and materialistic, compared a human being to a chariot. A chariot was made up of different parts that entered into its construction; but you take it to pieces, and the chariot ceases to be. This was one of his illustrations. Of course, idiocy, insanity, all the phenomena that we have in mind this morning, would be easily explicable on that theory. But I wish to note that they are just as easily explicable on the other theory. It is sometimes said that they are not; but I beg you to notice whether I cannot make it clear that they are.

Suppose the soul, the mind, is something, an entity, a personality, back of the brain and using it as an instrument through which to communicate with this material world: are not all these phenomena as easily to be understood on this theory as on the other?

Let me suggest one or two illustrations. There is a piano. No matter if Paderewski himself sits at it, ready to bring out its wondrous possibilities, if it is out of tune, he cannot produce perfect music. If it is broken, he cannot produce any music at all. Paderewski, however, is complete, he is not injured; but he cannot manifest this marvellous musical power of his because the instrument through which he works is not capable of showing what he can do. If Hercules had placed in his hand a slight, frail reed instead of his club, he could not strike with all the power of Hercules. The effect of his blow would be limited by the capacity of the reed. If the reed were broken, that would not necessarily touch Hercules. He might be all there, and yet utterly incapable of manifesting his power.

Suppose you go into a great factory. The engines, the source of power, are in another room, shut off from where you are. Belts and pulleys come through the wall, and are attached to machinery of which you can observe the working. Suppose you cut the connection. The engine

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in the other room is intact, the power of the steam or electricity is in no way interfered with; and yet all the machinery must stop simply because the connection is broken. Visit the city of Buffalo. They tell me that there is machinery worked by the power of the falling of the waters of Niagara. Electricity is generated, and is carried to Buffalo. As in the case of a factory, if you cut the connection, though all the mighty power is intact, its working is interfered with, and the results cease. This illustration, I take it, will make perfectly clear to you the point I have in mind; and that is all I wish.

It is, then, conceivable, as a theory, that the mind is the product of the brain. There is another theory,—that the mind is not the product of the brain, but is an independent entity, a personality, that for the time being uses the brain. There are those who have made a careful study of these things who tell us that inside these material bodies there are ethereal bodies, and that, when this body disappears, dissolves, the other goes out intact and uninjured, a complete personality, not only as fine, as strong, as it was before, but even taking on additional power and entering into new and wiser and higher relations. This is perfectly conceivable. Nobody is wise enough to disprove the supposition. It is no more unnatural than is the history of the grub which breaks his chrysalis, and emerges into another and higher element as a butterfly. I only say, and I only wish you to understand me as saying, that this is possible, and that there is no science which can contradict it.

And now, while their opinions do not ultimately settle anything, I wish to call your attention to the views of a few distinguished scientific men; and I will not confine my selection to those who occupy one side. You can take them for what they are worth.

A famous French astronomer gives expression to this

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idea: I have swept the heavens with my telescope, and I find no trace of God. Does that seem to you a wise saying? It seems to me one of the very silliest of which any sane man could possibly be guilty. Suppose a physician should take a human brain, and study it carefully with a microscope, and, when he was through, say, as though it was a conclusive statement, and really meant something, that he nowhere discovered a thought, that he never came across an idea. Suppose it were Shakespeare's brain, and he did not find Hamlet or Ophelia or Lear, would it be wise for a man to utter a conclusion like that?

Moleschott, another famous scientist, uttered a phrase which has been regarded by many as a remarkable statement. He says, No phosphorus, no thought,—as if in phosphorus he had found an explanation of thought! his idea being that, unless there is phosphorus in the composition of the brain, the brain could not be efficient as an organ of thinking. What of it? Is that wise? It seems to me, again, one of the silliest sayings possible for a human being to utter. It means absolutely nothing. You might say, Without a dynamo, no electricity, that there was no such thing as a manifestation of electricity without a dynamo. Consider it carefully. It means nothing at all.

The great champion to-day of materialism, a man who scouts the idea that there is any God or any soul, is the famous German scientist Haeckel. He is a brilliant writer and intensely interesting. I remember the interest with which I read the first of his works which came into my hands, "The History of Creation." He published a book last year which had great vogue, and recently he has published another. He assumes that no reasonable man can believe in the existence of the soul. He claims that mind is the product of chemical force. Does he prove it? We ordinarily suppose that it is the business of

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science to prove its assertions, and yet this magnificent statement is a pure assumption. What does Haeckel do? He admits that within historic times, so far as we know, life has never been produced from non-life. He admits that there is no trace to-day of any knowledge by which chemistry could account for consciousness. What does he do? Notice the airy assumption. He tells us, as though that ought to be satisfactory to us, and as though we ought to be glad to get rid of God and the human soul on terms like that, that we must remember that ages ago chemical conditions on the planet were different from what they are now! That is the entire reason which he gives us for surrendering belief in the existence of the soul. I am perfectly ready to give up my belief in the existence of the soul, only I want an adequate reason for it. I cannot understand how anybody should choose to believe a lie. I, at any rate, wish to know what sort of being I am. If I am a soul, I should like to know it, not simply believe it. If I am not a soul, I should like to know that. I would choose to adjust myself to reality, and not to be the fool all my life long of a false belief.

Now let us note what a few other scientists say. Herbert Spencer was an agnostic; yet he asserts that the one thing we know more certainly than anything else in the world is the existence of an infinite and eternal energy back of all phenomena and from which all things proceed. And he goes on to tell us, further, that this energy is akin to us, that that which wells up in us under the form of consciousness is of the same essence as this infinite and eternal energy.

What does Tyndall tell us? I do not forget what he said about protoplasm; but he tells us that it is utterly impossible to explain consciousness in any materialistic way. He says that the gulf between matter, or force, and consciousness is just as impassable in the light of modern science as it was to primeval man.

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What does Huxley tell us? He, again, was an agnostic. He was discussing Büchner and Berkeley. He said that, as an honorable scientist, if he were compelled to choose between their positions, he would be obliged to stand with Berkeley rather than with Büchner.

Where is John Fiske? He tells us that materialism has been killed by rational scientific study, that it is absurd as a philosophy.

Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most noted English scientists, tells us we shall never understand this marvellous world and the part which we play in it until we go beyond the limits of the visible, and recognize the spiritual forces which fold us round. These are some of the things that some of the great scientific men of the modern world are saying.

Now I ask you to consider two or three things bearing on the nature of the soul. Of course, it is no part of my plan to try to prove it, as if we were dealing with it by itself. I only offer you a few considerations, for you to think over, that look in that direction.

In order to get mind out of matter, what does Clifford do? And what does Haeckel do? Clifford begins to talk about "mind stuff" as connected with every particle of matter, and Haeckel has to resort to "atom souls." Before you can get feeling out of that which has no feeling, before you can get thought out of that which does not think, before you can get justice out of that which knows no justice, before you can get righteousness out of that which is morally indifferent, before you get the qualities which *make a man* out of matter, you have got to change your definition of matter. In other words, you have got to make matter mean what mind means, which gives up the whole problem.

Remember that the only thing that we really know first hand is mind. I *know* that I feel, I *know* that I think, I *know* that I hope, I *know* that I fear, I *know*

that I aspire, I *know* that I love, I *know* that I cry for justice, I *know* that I look forward to the righting of the wrongs of the world. These are all first-hand knowledge: *I know them.* Every other item of human knowledge comes to us from one remove, as inference.

Another consideration which is suggested. The universe has been climbing through a cosmic process that reaches back and down countless millions of years. It has climbed up, passed all these different stages until man appears; and man has been climbing up from the animal into the heart, the brain, the spiritual nature, until we have, as the issue and outcome of this process, the most distinguished and noble souls of which history gives us a glimpse. Is it quite believable, quite rational, that the power that has been doing this has no purpose, no outcome, nothing to justify the age-long process, but that it is to end at last in a puff of smoke, in nothing at all? If you can believe it, you can believe what does not seem to me reasonable.

If I had time, I could give you another purely scientific argument. I will suggest it briefly.

I touch this desk. That movement is manifested in the brain; and that results in an impulse that runs down this arm, and leads me to do something with this hand. Somewhere coinciding with a certain stage of this process was a thought, a feeling; and yet I wish you to note that neither the thought nor the feeling was any part of this chain of motion. That was complete as a physical process, with the thought and the feeling left out. To those of you who can feel the force of this reasoning it is demonstrated that mind is something entirely different from what we are accustomed to think of as matter.

John Fiske, in his "From Nature to God," works out another argument which I will suggest. Herbert Spencer tells us that life is a series of adjustments of inner rela-

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tions to outer relations. When you find some living thing making an appeal by its activities to something that is outside, you may be almost certain that that something must be there. The eye came in response to light. The ear came in response to movements which were translated into sound. So, wherever you find the life force reaching out in some direction as if toward a reality, you will always find the reality.

From the beginning of human history, men have been believing that they were in the midst of invisible spiritual powers; and the entire religious life of the world means a reaching out towards these. Here is this inner relation of the heart, the thought, the life of man, adjusting itself to a supposed outer relation. Now, if that outer relation is an illusion, then the universe is one huge lie from centre to circumference. Here is a reversal of the entire process of evolution, which was true up to the time when man appeared. The simple fact that man's mightiest, grandest life has been developed in its outreaching appeal towards the divine and the spiritual is scientific demonstration that these are not mere dreams.

There is another suggestion. As we study the human mind as embodied in any single individual, we find that there are powers only partially understood and yet which transcend the spiritual, transcend the body. There are persons—and this is perfectly well known by all competent students—who can hear without ears, who can see without eyes. There are cases of mental communication—without any of the ordinary means and in defiance of any recognized methods—half-way round the world. These are facts; and, if a man does not know that they are facts, he is simply ignorant, that is all.

One thing more. Some of the wise scientific men of Europe and America have been engaged in a systematic study of psychic research; and, whether it is true or not, they have become convinced that they have had communi-

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cations with people who used to live here and who have passed through the experience which we call death. At any rate, the opinions of great and distinguished men who have made careful studies in this direction and who assert these beliefs ought to command on our part respectful consideration.

But I waive all that one side. I simply wish to say this. If there is a rational ground for belief that the mind is something different from the matter of which the body is composed, that it is not a product of brain, but may exist independent of it,—if, I say, this is a reasonable belief, though it be not demonstrated as true, it leaves us what I regard as a perfectly satisfactory explanation of this dark problem of mental disease and decay.

What is the cause of these dark facts? The same cause that we found for most of the evils that afflict human life. If the laws of the universe—that is, the laws of God—were perfectly understood and perfectly obeyed, there would be no such thing as mental disease and decay, with the exception of that which accompanies the gradual growth of old age and the transition from this life to another. All these things are the result of ignorance, of passion, of vice, of disregard of the laws of God. And let us remember constantly, in passing, that, while many have spoken to me as though this were the darkest problem of all, it is shorn of one difficulty, in that there is no conscious pain, no sense even of the deprivation, or the loss, so that all that sorrow is eliminated. All these things, as I said, are simply the result of broken law. We bring them upon ourselves or we inherit the results of the law-breaking of our ancestors. They might have been prevented.

The only way conceivable by which God might have prevented these evils is by upsetting and overturning the order of his own universe. If he interferes to pre-

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vent the natural and necessary results of the breaking of his laws, then there is disorder everywhere, no possibility of study, no possibility of building up an individual character, no possibility of knowledge or ordered science, no far-reaching plans for attaining any results. It is asking a good deal of Him to suppose that, to ward off the results of our own actions, our own ignorance, our own passion, stupidity, and lack of sense, God should defeat his own method of working, and introduce disorder in the magnificent plan of things which is governed, as it only can be according to any rational conception, by eternal and changeless laws.

If we may believe in a soul, if we may believe in God, if we may recognize the fact that all these evils are the results of broken law, if we may see clearly that by obedience, by study, by care, all these things may be eliminated and outgrown, even here on earth; if we may believe that the soul goes on after the fact of death, and that somewhere in God's great house there is room and time for study, for recovery, for development; if there is opportunity somewhere for each soul to come to the highest and noblest of which it is capable,—then I submit that this great dark problem is shot through with light. It is only as if the sun for an hour were clouded. The cloud does not touch the sun. It does not put out the sun. Suppose a soul clouded for what is only an hour, a moment,—if we may believe all these things,—and nobody can tell us that we may not,—then the problem disappears, and hope and trust take its place; and we need only to wait for the dawn of God's bright and blessed and eternal day.

Dear Father, we are glad that we dare to call Thee by this name, that we dare to think that there is something in us akin to Thee. We are glad to know that Thy laws are right and just and good, and that all the evil of the

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world is the result of our ignorance and disobedience; for, in knowing this, we know the way by which all the wrong may be righted and the burden lifted and the darkness made clear. Trusting in that, we will follow the path that grows brighter until the dawn. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

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IS GOD A FATHER?

My theme this morning is the question, Is God a father? I have chosen two passages of Scripture as my text: the first from the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew and part of the ninth verse,—"Our Father who art in heaven,"—and the next from the fifty-fifth chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, eighth and ninth verses,—"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith Jehovah; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

As we wake up to consciousness and look around us, we observe two great fundamental facts. The first is our own existence. We *are*. Of that we are conscious, and so, directly and inevitably, certain. But we recognize that around us, outside of us, there is a Somewhat, a Something, or a Somebody that is not ourselves. What is this which is not ourselves? That I wish to ask you for a little time seriously to consider. The plan and purpose I have in mind will compel me to run rapidly over a great many separate points. I refer those of you who care to go into the matter more fully to two of my books, "Belief in God" and "The Passing and Permanent in Religion." In these you will find most or all of these points treated more fully and adequately.

We have found, as the result of the scientific investigations of the modern world, that this Being which is not ourselves is *one* Being. All the multiplicity of the universe, stars and systems, earth, mountains, trees, and rivers,—all these are the manifestation of one power,—unity everywhere. This is a *Uni*-verse.

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And this Being, or Power, which is not ourselves is limitless in might. So far as we can conceive or think, we are justified in speaking of this Power as an infinite and almighty power.

Next it is a power that manifests itself as perfect order, no chaos, no disorder anywhere. Some one has said that science has failed so far to discover one imperfect or defective atom. Perfect order,—that is what this power manifests itself as being.

In the next place, I shall ask you to think carefully as to whether or not I am justified in saying that it is an intelligent power. Everywhere everything moves so as to match our human intelligence. It is intelligible; and that which is intelligible must, I submit, be the manifestation of *intelligence*. So I do not think that we go too far in saying that not only is this power one, mighty, orderly, but that it is an intelligent power.

I ask you to take the next step. I believe, not in the old sense of Paley and his watch, but in a larger and more comprehensive sense, that we can trace design. Not only is this an orderly power, it is a power pursuing a purpose. From the far-away beginnings, millions of years ago, this power has trodden a pathway that has led to the attainment of certain definite ends. It has reached out towards the accomplishment of certain things,—things which an adequate intelligence could have foreseen thousands of years ago. To-day we can foresee certain things which are promised in the future and towards which the forces that are at work around us are with apparent intelligence and purpose leading.

Not only is it a purposing, but it is a transcendent power. By this I mean that it is larger than any thoughts so far manifested. It fills the visible universe; and it transcends it on every hand. How do I know? I know because this power is working towards certain definite ends which can be discerned. Those ends are not yet

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attained; but we can see that the universe is in process towards them. The argument is precisely as simple as this. You go out into an orchard in the spring or in midsummer. The tree has put forth buds. They are unfolding; and you feel perfectly certain that there is a power here adequate to the complete unfolding of those buds into finished leaves. You feel perfectly certain that there is a power here that by and by will open into blossoms. And, when the tiny beginnings of the fruit are set, you feel perfectly certain that here is a power that can develop and which is going to develop this fruit, and by and by hang it on the boughs, ripe and rich and luscious. Now we see everywhere in this universe around us the beginnings of certain things which are not yet complete; and, as we look back and down the past and see how there were forms of buds and blossoms in different stages of the world's evolution that have been unfolded and completed, are we not logically and scientifically justified in saying that the power which was manifested there, say a million years ago, was more than that million-years-ago manifestation, because it has come to more since? And so are we not justified in looking ahead towards the future, and saying that this power which has been moving in an orderly fashion towards certain attainments in the past is capable of attaining the things which are promised in the buds and blossoms of to-day?

It is not only a power with a purpose: it is a righteous power, or, to quote the classic phrase of Matthew Arnold, "a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." It *has* to. For what does this mean? It means nothing more nor less than that the universe is in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and the keeping of the laws of the universe means perfect rightness in every direction, and up in the realm of ethics perfect righteousness. The universe, then, is a rightous universe; for, if all the laws of the universe could be perfectly kept, the result would

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be perfect in every department of life,—in the lower world around us, in the human world, in the individual,—and man would be perfect in body, perfect in mind, perfect in heart, perfect in his æsthetic nature, perfect as grouped into society, perfect as engaged in business, perfect as manifested in forms of government. It would be a perfect world if the laws of God were only kept perfectly. This means that the power that is manifested in the universe is a righteous power.

Take another step. Righteousness has about it something hard and unfeeling. It is law; it is obedience to law. It may not have much feeling about it, much intention of goodness. I believe we are justified in going a step further, and saying that not only is the power manifested in this universe a righteous power, but a good power, good in our human sense of goodness. Let me offer one or two suggestions on this point. The mere fact that society exists is scientific demonstration that the power manifested in the universe is a good power. Why? Those forces that keep men and women together in society, the cohesive forces, the centripetal forces, are forces of sympathy and helpfulness,—forces that we speak of as good. The forces that tend to disintegrate, to disrupt, to separate and destroy society, are forces of antagonism and hate, bad forces, what we call evil. Therefore, the mere fact that society exists proves that the good is in the majority, to say the least, or it would not exist. The simple fact that from the far-away beginning we can note that there has been at least slow improvement, century by century, age by age, is still further demonstration that this power is in the majority. It gives us a sure confidence that this power by and by will win, will control and shape the destinies of the race. Not a poet has sung, not a seer has seen in vision, not a prophet has foretold, anything high and sweet and fine which is not purely rational in the light of the history of the race.

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It is a good power, then, which is at work in this universe. You can emphasize this position, if you wish, by recurring to the point I just made in regard to righteousness; for it means as much here as it did there. God is in favor, and in the nature of the case *must be* in favor, of keeping his own laws; and the keeping of his own laws results in goodness, in what we in the human sense of that word mean by goodness. The power, then, manifested in the universe is a good power.

I am going to take another step. I believe that it is a conscious power, not a blind force. Consider for a moment: a power that is one, a power that is orderly, a power that is intelligent, a power that is following certain definite lines toward certain definite ends so as to force upon us the conviction that it is a purposing power, a power that is righteous, that is good, must also be a power that is conscious. All these other qualities presuppose consciousness, and force us to think of it as a rational necessity. Consciousness exists as a quality of the highest being that we know of in the range of humanity, —not only consciousness, but *self*-consciousness. Animals are conscious: only man, so far as the inhabitants of this world are concerned, is self-conscious. Self-consciousness, then, the ability to think and say "I,"—this exists as the highest manifestation so far of the evolution of this visible universe around us. Whatever is manifested must exist in that which manifests. Or, to put it another way, that which manifests must at least be equal to whatever is manifested. God, then, this power, if not conscious in the sense in which we use it of ourselves, is at least as high, as much, as comprehensive, as consciousness. In other words, he is not *less* than conscious. If there is something different between his consciousness and ours, it means that he is more than conscious.

This leads to the next step. This power is personal. A good many people, not thinking quite what it implies,

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are apt to suppose that they are accepting the results of modern knowledge when they say that the infinite cannot be personal. I am told every little while, "I believe in God, but not in a personal God." It is personal God or no God. The word "God" has no meaning if you leave out person. What does personality imply? Not what we mean necessarily when we speak of each other as persons. It does not mean that God is an outlined being, located somewhere, and that he is limited. The essential thing in personality is the consciousness of which I have just been speaking; a being who can say "I," think "I," is a person. In that sense I believe that God is not only conscious, but personal. Here we can say of personality just what we have been saying of consciousness. If God is not personal, in the ordinary sense of that word as we use it of each other, then certainly he is not something *less:* he is something unspeakably and infinitely more, something that includes that while it transcends it.

In a conversation with Herbert Spencer one day he said to me one or two things which at that time were not published: they may have been since. He said that, while we may not think of the Power manifested in the universe as conscious and personal in the sense in which we are, we have a right to suppose that he is something as much above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness as these are above and beyond vegetable growths.

Conscious, personal, our Father. Stop and think a moment. That power that is not ourselves which has produced us is, of course, our Father. If it is mere matter, still it is our Father; if it is earth, it is our Father; if it is force, it is our Father. *Whatever* you find the nature of this universe around us to be, still it is our Father. I believe that it is order, intelligence, purpose, righteousness, goodness, consciousness, personality, and Father. Father includes all these. Then what?

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We must remember that our highest and finest thoughts must fall infinitely short of the reality. Wise was the old writer who said, "For, as the heavens are high above the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways." We cannot expect to comprehend the infinite. Think a moment. If we could comprehend God, it would mean that he would be annihilated. He would be no God that a finite being could completely comprehend. Fortunate for us, then, is it that God *does* move in a mysterious way, and that we are wrapped in a cloud, and that his face is oftentimes hid from us. Were he not infinite, we could not believe in him or trust in him.

What, then, shall we talk about being anthropomorphic and try not to be? There are a great many persons who stumble over this word "anthropomorphic." What would they have? We are *anthropoi*,—we are men. We must think as men, feel as men, reason as men. The world has advanced in its ability to think and feel and reason. We have taken wonderful steps beyond the far-away first beginning. We have higher and finer thoughts about God than our far-away ancestors had; but we cannot *escape ourselves*. To try not to be anthropomorphic is to try to be something less than that and something poorer. If we cease to think as men, if we cannot think as something more than men, it must be in terms that are less and lower than man. Let us not be afraid of anthropomorphism: only let us always bear in mind that our human thoughts are infinitely and unspeakably below the reality, that God is something not less, but something more than we can imagine, something higher and something better.

And now I ask you to think for a little while of God as our Father, with the question perpetually in mind as to what you would have him do different from what he has been doing and is doing, if you could have your way.

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If we take our imaginations and our fancies and look them squarely in the face, we shall find that most of them are unreasonable. What would we have God do different from what he is doing if we could have our way?

Perhaps the first thing that some one would say is that he would like to have a revelation of him that is perfectly clear and indubitable. But we have one. Only we have not been able to read more than a few sentences of it. There is an infallible revelation of God in his universe, written on every atom of it, manifested in all its laws. The kind of revelations the people have imagined in the past have failed them, every one. A book revelation, in the nature of things, cannot possibly be infallible. We have one that our fathers thought was infallible. Has it ever proved an infallible guide? People read it differently, have quarrelled over its texts, have misunderstood its significance in every direction. It has not been an infallible guide to anybody, even to those who so regarded it. They have been separated into factions, quarrelling with each other, imprisoning each other, burning each other at the stake. It has not been an infallible guide, then. In the nature of the case it is impossible to put infallibility into words. The Constitution of the United States is as bald and bare a statement of facts and principles as you can frame; and yet political parties have always been fighting over its interpretation. Language changes. What a book means to one age it does not mean to the next age. It would have to be in some one language,—this infallible book,—and that would have to be translated; and, then, you would have to have an infallible translation and infallible interpreters. God could not reveal himself infallibly in that way.

Suppose he sent a prophet, some one to speak for him: how could he prove himself to be from God? Thousands of people have come, and claimed to be his messengers. Why should we believe this one? If a man

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came to-day and walked the streets, and told us that he was a messenger from God, the chances are that we should shut him up in an asylum, and that we should be right in doing so. How could he prove himself an infallible messenger from God? He could only say so. Perhaps he could claim to work miracles. Should we believe him? If he did work miracles and do what no man could do, if he were capable of abrogating one or any of God's laws, if he came to contradict what God is accustomed to do, contradict his method of working, would that prove that he was from God? Suppose God should write across the sky, "I am God," who would believe that? It would be open to every one to say that it just happened so. The configuration would be no more remarkable than the constellations that we see everywhere. And, then, it would only be in one language, and it would have to be translated; and you could always doubt the translation, and it would mean nothing as to the character or love or care and kindness of God.

Look at it in any way you will, and I believe you will be compelled to come rationally to the conclusion that God *has* revealed himself and *is* revealing himself to us in the clearest and best of all possible ways.

Look at it in another aspect. We can go to our human fathers and see them, and sit down by them and present our requests, and reason with them and beg them to do such and such things. We cannot go to God in that sense. We cannot find some spot on the universe where, as the author of the book of Job wished, he might come to the foot of God's seat. We cannot talk with him, and expect him to answer our questions as a human father might. This implication that we might and ought to is in the minds of millions of intelligible people to-day. If God was located somewhere, and we could go to him and have fifteen minutes to talk over things, what would that

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mean? It would take millions and millions of years for us to get our turn.

And, then, what do we expect from our prayers different from what we get. Do you suppose that the All-Father is going to be partial? Would you like to believe that he would help this one and not that one, listening to a prayer of a heart-broken mother here and letting thousands of mothers suffer elsewhere? Would you like to believe that of him? I should have no respect for him if I thought he would do a special thing for me that he would not do for a million of his children. Suppose you pray to him that you have a ship sailing east, and you want the wind to blow favorably for that voyage; and another of his children has a ship sailing west, and another north, and another south. What will he do about it? Will he interfere with the regular order of his winds, or will he let us study them out and see how we can adapt ourselves to his changeless, wise, and blessed laws? God hears and answers prayer, I believe. I have not time to go into that this morning. He is nearer to us than the breath we breathe. Every wish, every unuttered desire, finds echo in his infinite heart, in his tender care. But Jesus told us wisely a good many years ago that the most blessed prayer we could utter is, "Thy will be done." The wisest thing is to find out God's methods and ways, and adapt ourselves to them.

Turn to another consideration. Would you, if you could, have God interfere all the time to prevent you from suffering when you have broken his laws in the physical world? I have considered that matter already at length in a previous sermon, and I hope to your rational satisfaction. It would be the destruction of the universe if we could have our little, petty, selfish way in regard to matters like this.

Would you have him, if you could, save you from suffering when you have done wrong, moral wrong?

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If God was unkind enough to take that attitude towards you, it would be your immediate and eternal destruction. God is kind towards you in making every wrong road hard, and in leaving open only the one on which shines the light that grows more and more towards the dawning of his eternal day. God was never so kind as when he made this universe an impracticable and ultimately impossible place for moral wrong, because that means that ultimately sometime and somewhere we shall be *driven* into the right, driven to his feet, driven to his arms, driven to the development in us of that which is highest and finest and most godlike and best.

Think it over, then, carefully. What would you have God do, if he was your Father in heaven, different from what he has been doing and is doing now? I confess to you frankly, friends, that after years of careful study I do not know one single thing in this direction that I would dare to change if I could do it with a turn of my hand. I would not venture to interfere with the working of this infinite and eternal Power that I believe to be all-wise, all-loving, all-tender, all-fatherly, all-motherly. For what has he done?

He has placed us here on this earth in his great universe. We are surrounded on every hand by his presence. He is working in us, through us, above us, and below us, and all around us. "In him we live and move and have our being." "Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet," as Tennyson says. These forces are working perpetually according to wise, eternal, changeless laws. God is manifesting himself, his power, his wisdom, his love, through every movement in the universe.

Here we are, then. We have a solid place on which to stand,—solid enough so that we can feel something real under our feet. We have light enough so that we can see to take the next step ahead. There

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is no man or woman in the world to-day who is really doubtful in his or her mind as to that which is right to think and feel and say and do. We have a part here in this world to work out for ourselves, an opportunity for character. We could not work out and develop our characters if we were interfered with all the time. We can do it best in just the kind of world in which we are. We have motives and incentives enough on every hand. We have the light of the immortal hope leading us on. I believe that this light of hope is growing into a certainty. That means that there is to be opportunity, scope, and range somewhere for every soul to come to everything of which it is capable. Could you ask a father to do anything more, anything better than that for every one of his children?

I believe that God is all that we could possibly put into words of tenderness and goodness. He is not only Father: he is Mother. All the sympathy, all the pity, all the willingness to help, all the loving kindness that you find manifested in any human heart or life, is only a partial shadowing forth of that which is infinite in him. Where did the mother's heart come from but from the mother's heart in him? Where did the father-heart come from but from the father-heart in him? Where did any of these fine and high and sweet things come from but from him? I believe that God suffers. It is not part of the infinite and divine blessedness to be insensitive to the pain of his children. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," says the apostle; and I believe that that includes our Father in scope and range, only his suffering is not hopeless, like ours. A mother sits with a little child playing at her feet, and the child bursts out in an anguish of tears because she has broken her doll; and the mother takes her up in her arms, and comforts her. She suffers, but not as the child suffers; for she knows that it is a

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petty thing, and that it lasts but a little while, and that she can have another doll, and that she will even outgrow the time when she cares for dolls at all, and will love something higher and better in their place. So God can fold to his infinite and tender heart all the sufferings and sorrows of his children in all the worlds, and yet see the light and the hope and the joy and the glory that close them all round and into which they are to issue by and by. We are like little children who wake up out of a bad dream in the night, and cry in terror, or in the shadows see distorted images of familiar things until we are afraid; but, as the mother hovers close by and waits to comfort and soothe, so I believe that God hovers over the cradle of every one of his undeveloped children, and that by and by, when the dawn rises, we shall see and understand.

So blinking none of the facts, disregarding no ugly reality, looking all the dark problems fairly in the face, I believe we are rationally justified in saying, "Our Father in heaven; our Father on earth; our Father in hell; our Father here and everywhere and always." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth," not alone "they that fear him,"—I think we can be wiser than the old writer,—he pitieth all his creatures that can think or feel.

Father, we bless Thee that we can see the light of trust and hope shining through the darkness that envelops us, that now and then clouds break and the light comes in. We thank Thee for this great joy of our trust. We ask Thee that we may follow the rays, however feeble they seem, until there bursts upon our vision the dawn of the eternal day. Amen.

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OUT OF NAZARETH

By MINOT J. SAVAGE

Size, 5¼ x 7¾ inches; pages, 378; price, $1.20 net; postage, 13 cents additional

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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ONE UNITARIAN MINISTER: JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

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ONE UNITARIAN MINISTER: JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

My theme this morning is "One Unitarian Minister: John White Chadwick." I had selected another text than the one which I am to announce. I thought it was a good one, until, a few minutes before coming in this morning, Mr. Collyer gave me a better. It is from the first chapter of the Gospel according to John, the sixth verse: "There came a man, sent from God, whose name was John."

Some years ago I knew of a lady whose religious sensibilities were disturbed and whose feeling of reverence was shocked because the minister uttered in his sermon the names of modern secular cities, like New York and Boston. Had he spoken of Nazareth or Jerusalem, or even of Sodom or Gomorrah, she would have had no fault to find. I wonder if there are still those who have the feeling that, while it is quite proper on Sunday morning to take as a theme of a sermon the name of any man which the Bible happens to contain, the question arises whether it is not something less than a sermon, something different from it, if you take the name of one who has lived in a city like that of New York, in this modern world, however fine or high he may be. But we who are here this morning believe that God not only manifested himself in the old world, but that he is living and present now. We share the faith of Whittier:—

> "Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
> For olden time and holier shore;
> God's love and blessing then and there
> Are now and here and everywhere."

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I venture to think that the number of persons mentioned in the Bible whose characters would match John Chadwick's is not very large. Why, then, should we not see God in him, and why should we not take him for a text, and, though his work was different from ours, find life lessons in that which he was and which he did and which he said?

I think the first impression that one would have on meeting Mr. Chadwick would be, *Here is a man*, a man sent from God, an all-round man. He wore no tag or label indicating his life-work. He was a man sturdy in body, clear-cut in mind, warm in heart, fervent in his spirit, upward-looking in his aspirations. And do you know, the finest thing that God has ever made, so far as we yet are permitted to know, is a man. A man is more than a minister, more than a banker, more than a lawyer, more than any profession. We may not be able to distinguish ourselves in this department of life or in that, but we can all be men; and, if we wish to study one of the finest illustrations of manhood that I have ever seen, we cannot do better than to take Chadwick for our instructor.

He was not only a man: he was a minister, a minister in the sense of a servant, a servant of the highest and finest things and the noblest and most pressing needs of the world. I hope you will not think that I am biassed by my own profession when I say that I believe the ministry is the very noblest profession. I would like to say this to fathers and mothers who hesitate about having their sons go into the ministry. I would like to say it to young men who are questioning as to their life-work. It does not offer so many inducements in some directions as do other callings: the money reward is not alluring. But think a moment. A minister, if he be true, is helping men and women *to think*, helping them to solve their problems, helping them to find their way,

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helping them to live. Is there anything better to do than that? Consider the work of the ordinary business man, the professional man, the literary man,—I do not care what the office may be,—there is nothing quite so fine, quite so high, as the work of the true minister. And this is especially true of the liberal minister, the minister who is not hedged round, or hampered or limited by any inherited or artificial restriction. There are ministers who are not free. They must speak words that are in tune with the accepted dogmas of their denominations; and this is felt sometimes by the public. I had a letter not a great while ago—I speak of this to illustrate the point—saying: "I have been trained in another church than yours. I write you because I believe you will tell me just what you think. If I should go to my own minister, I am afraid he would tell me what he thinks he ought to think." The liberal minister has the universe to range. All science, all philosophy, all history, all poetry, all art, all literature, all life, are his. They are free and open fields for his investigations. Indeed, it is not only his right, but his duty to know as freely and widely as he may, that he may bring the results of his investigations to the practical help of his fellow-men.

Mr. Chadwick, then, was a minister of this kind. He believed that all truth was his province, that the universe belonged to his Father, and that, range as widely as he might, he could not go beyond any limit which God's authority had appointed.

Was he an educated man? He was never graduated from any college or university. Harvard University, however, some years ago, honored him and honored herself by giving him the degree of M.A. But he was wonderfully educated. He had trained and developed his own faculties and perceptions and powers to the highest. He was master of himself. He knew what he needed to know and where to find it. And, when he had found

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it, he knew what to do with it. That kind of training and that kind of knowledge are education, the only education that is worth the name. He was, then, an educated man, in the truest sense of the word.

He had a long and fortunate ministry. I speak of this as another phase of his life; and it touched on and developed in many ways his character. He never had but one settlement. For almost forty years he was the minister of this one society in Brooklyn. I can speak feelingly on this subject because his lot has been so different from my own. Fortunate is that man who can settle down in one parish, and live out his life there! Young men are sometimes touched with enough worldly ambition to wish, as they say, to widen their field of influence; but a man, no matter where he is, will be felt as widely as his power is capable of reaching, and he will be heard, if he has anything to say, by all ears that are capable of hearing. The old Puritan ministers—and I think we could well go back to their method—settled with the understanding that it was for life. The most distinguished ministers in those days were not by any means those who lived in the large cities. Towns, little villages, scattered over New England, became distinguished all over the world because such a man was minister there. Jonathan Edwards, the most distinguished of them all in some ways, in spite of the fact that we no longer love his theology, one of the greatest and truest of them all, was never in any large city. Yet he was known wherever deep and high thinking and noble living were known. It seems to me a lovely thing to be able to strike your roots deep down, and then not be torn up again and transplanted. There are of course sometimes reasons for change. I remember a story of Henry Ward Beecher, which, in passing, it is perhaps worth while to relate. Mr. Beecher was giving a course of lectures at Yale on Preaching; and it was his custom, when through, to

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allow the students to ask questions on the subject. One day one of them said, "Mr. Beecher, what, in your judgment, is the reason for such short pastorates now, as compared with the life pastorates of an older day?" Mr. Beecher looked sharply at the young man, took his measure, and replied that in some cases it was undoubtedly a token of God's love towards the churches. But, where you have the right man and the right people, think of the friendships, the year-long tender relations! A minister marries the young people; and then he christens their children, and sees them brought up and marries them, and perhaps christens the children's children. How sweet and sacred and fine a relation like that must be! Mr. Chadwick, then, was fortunate in being his whole life long in one church.

I wish now to note a few things touching his life and work before I go to some of the deeper and higher characteristics of the man.

Mr. Chadwick was the most remarkable reader whom I have ever known. I suppose the most omnivorous devourer of books that Unitarianism has ever known was Theodore Parker. He read with wondrous rapidity; and he knew what he had read when he got through. It is said that on a certain occasion some one went to Charles Sumner, and asked him a difficult question; and he replied, "I do not know, but go to Parker, and he will be sure to tell you." So I always had the feeling that, if there was anything in the book world that I did not know, I could be sure to find it by going to Chadwick. He read everything,—history, biography, poetry, novels, science, art. And he remembered. He digested that which he read, and was able to use it as material for the delight and the help of others.

He was a wonderful writer. He did not speak offhand, or at least very rarely; but he was a wonderful writer. He had the literary instinct; and he cultivated

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his ability to write. He reviewed books not only for the religious papers, but for the secular press as well; and he knew these books, and could give them their place. I felt grateful to him for being such a reader and writer, as I could get him to tell me about this book or that, and so save myself the trouble of reading it. He was a remarkable writer.

And he was a remarkable preacher. He did not preach to the multitude. I think he would have been very much surprised if he had ever found his church full on any ordinary occasion. This did not mean that his sermons were poor, it did not mean that they were not worth hearing; but he did not have the art, or knack, of attracting the crowd. Whether that is something desirable I leave you to answer. I remember the story is told of an old Greek orator that, when he was addressing a great mass of people in Athens, for whom he had no great respect, he was surprised when they broke out in applause, and turned to a friend and said, What foolish thing have I said now? When a man attracts that kind of a crowd, it may not be a merit. But Mr. Chadwick had marvellous facility in getting at the heart of deep things. Chadwick in this respect was like James Martineau. Martineau, I suppose, very rarely preached to more than two or three hundred people at the same time; but he preached to the scholar, he preached to the preacher, he preached to the thinker, and so through them he preached to the great world, for those who heard Martineau interpreted him, and distributed him in fragments to the multitude. You know there are popular poets, and there are poets of poets. It is said that Spenser, the author of "The Faerie Queene," is very rarely read by any except scholars and poets. He is of the very highest type; but he is a poet for those only who can appreciate the daintiness of touch and beauty of thought which he displays. So Chadwick was the

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thinker's preacher, the minister's preacher, the preacher's preacher. He had a way of referring in some casual fashion to this thing or that which ordinary hearers would know nothing about; and so the point would be missed, and they perhaps thought he was not interesting. Almost the only criticism that I ever heard made of his sermons was by a very cultured and intelligent lady who said that the only fault she had to find with them was that they were book reviews; that is, they told you what book he had read last, because the thing that was uppermost in his mind was sure to be manifested in his Sunday's discourse.

But beyond this he was something sweeter yet, and something for which I think he will be longest remembered. He was a poet. I will not attempt to estimate his rank. He was essentially a religious poet. Whether he looked at nature or history or man, it was the religious significance which he sought; and so he interpreted the religion of the world in his verse, giving us comfort and inspiration and hope.

He has written two most remarkable biographies, of Theodore Parker and Dr. Channing. Probably no others will need to be written for many years to come. But, if I were to prophesy his future fame, I should be inclined to say that the chief thing for which he will be loved and remembered will be a few of his verses, that hymn especially which we have just been singing, "It singeth low in every heart."

I want, in passing, to comment on this hymn which I love so well. There are two things about it which do not quite satisfy me.

> "It singeth low in every heart,
> We hear it each and all,
> The song of those who answer not,
> However we may call."

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Are you sure? I am inclined to think that they do answer. I do not believe any cry ever goes up from any heart that does not find echo in the heart of God. This Chadwick believed. I believe, further, that those we have loved and whom we love still, and who have gone into the invisible and to whom we call, hear our call and answer.

One other thought:—

> "Thanks be to God that such have been,
> Although they are no more."

Chadwick would not, I suppose, take this in its strict significance, that they have passed out of being, that *they are* no longer. They *are: he is*. Not as much alive as he was before? More alive, larger, finer, higher in every way, nobler in every way. This hymn will be sung for hundreds of years, and some others of his as well.

I would like to suggest here, in passing, something that we liberals may well, if not be proud of, at least take satisfaction in. They sometimes say that Unitarians are not religious; and yet the finest hymns that have been written in the last century have been written by Unitarians: "Nearer, my God, to thee," by Sarah Flower Adams, a Unitarian; a large number of beautiful hymns now found in all modern books by Sir John Bowring, a Unitarian. Samuel Longfellow was so sweet and tender and fine a poet that sometimes his friends would humorously speak of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow as "the brother of the poet." He wrote exquisite hymns. Samuel Johnson, another Unitarian; William Channing Gannett, another Unitarian; Frederick L. Hosmer, another Unitarian. The most of these hymns by liberals and Unitarians are creeping into all the hymn-books which minister to the sweetest and finest devotion of the world. I think, then, that perhaps, in spite of the great

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work that he has done in other directions, Mr. Chadwick will be remembered and loved longest for some of his sweet and beautiful hymns. I can imagine no finer thing. If I could write one hymn that the world should sing for a thousand years, so that I could thus be a part of its devotional life, I think I would be content with so much fame.

And now let us look at some of the other characteristics of the man. I said at the outset that he was *a man.* That which impresses one as he studies him is his splendid integrity,—all-round integrity. Strike him anywhere, and he would ring true. There was no false note, no defect. It never occurred to Chadwick to wonder whether his congregation on a Sunday morning would like what he was going to say; that is, whether they would approve of it or not. It never occurred to him to ask whether it accorded with the views of the denomination to which he belonged. He had no weakness that could be tempted by position or money. It was his business to stand as God's messenger, to utter the highest and finest things he could conceive; and that was the end. He was not responsible: he must speak what he believed. I remember some years ago an orthodox minister, famous then all over the country, said to me, "What I think in my study is one thing: what I think it is wise and best to give to the people Sunday morning is another thing." I have no words in which to express my loathing and contempt for the attitude of such a man. Who am I, that I should presume to pick and choose among God's truths, and decide what is fit for those who will condescend to listen to me? I never cared to hear that man, after that. I was always wondering whether what he was saying was what he really thought, or what he thought it was wise to say to me, among others! I have no interest in the utterance of a man unless I believe it to be the utterance of *the man,*

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not of expediency, not of passion or prejudice, or anything but the utterance of the downright man.

And, then, Chadwick had a great passion for truth. That is intimated in what I have just said, though I wish to carry it a bit farther. He had a great passion for the truth. He believed that truth was the one thing that was sacred, that was divine, and that things were not divine unless they were true; that they were not sacred, however old, unless they were true; that they were not worth the reverence of the bended knee, however moss-grown, however poetical, however romantic, however beautiful, unless they were true. Truth, truth, always the truth,—this was the thing for which he cared. He was always ready to fight for the truth; but he did not fight men. He fought for the sake of men, and cherished no personal bitternesses.

He had an equal passion for righteousness. For what does righteousness mean? Righteousness is nothing but squaring character to truth, living out truth. That is righteousness. The two inevitably go together.

He had a great passion for humanity; and he knew,—what all of us know when we stop to think, but which we so easily forget,—he knew that truth and righteousness are essential to the welfare of humanity. So these three were linked in a unity that by no possibility could be dissevered. His words rang out for justice. Whatever the popular opinion of the time might be, even though those who sat in his pews held another opinion, his words rang out with the challenge of the prophet for what he believed to be the rights of men, however weak socially or politically, however low, however uneducated, whatever their creed, whatever their color. He believed in justice, in the rights and the welfare of all men; and he believed that just because we are strong and mighty we were under just so much obligation to respect the rights of the poor and the weak.

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I shall trench upon the domestic sanctities of his life no farther than to say that his home was an ideal one.

But, stepping outside the limits of the home, he had a great capacity for friendship. I have never known a man who was acquainted with him who was not his friend. I never knew one who had more sympathetic sides, so many people attached to him, so many people who thought, if they could clasp the hem of his garment, they could feel the virtue go out of it,—a virtue he was glad to lose if it could be of service to others. So he walked through life one of a troop of friends, hearing the cheery call of those who were glad to see him, his face lighting up at every turn of the street with a greeting of friendship.

One other thing he had which all of us might have: he had a wonderful capacity of appreciation. It is a wonderful thing to be great; but I question whether the people who can appreciate the great have not the best of it. Chadwick appreciated everything that was fine and sweet and noble. He knew science, and loved it. He appreciated the marvellous truths that the scientific men have to tell us about the infinite universe. He loved philosophy; and he appreciated that. He loved history and criticism and poetry and art and music and novels and biography and human life in all its phases, fatherhood, motherhood, childhood, everything. In other words, he trained and developed himself until there were a thousand, a million, strings in his being like the strings of a harp that could be played upon by the million fingers of the universe; and the result of the playing was music. The mountains had words for him; and he could understand the voices of the sea. Think what this means! We sometimes hear men say that the universe is poor; but, as I have told you more than once, the chances are, when we give utterance to a feeling like that, it is a revelation of the fact that we are

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poor. The universe is infinite in its complexity, only we are deaf and insensible to most of its sounds and its utterances. He had a great deal of appreciation; and so he walked through this world glad and happy, on the whole, although he had his troubles and sorrows. His was a most fortunate life.

He walked through the world so content with it that he was in no sort of hurry to leave it. Towards the last of his life—the last year or two—he knew well that his physical condition was such that he could not count on many more years here. He was not afraid to go; but he was in no haste to go. Indeed, towards the last he gave expression in pathetic humorous words to a wish that he might stay for a while longer. This meant that he wanted to be with those he loved. It meant that he had work that he wanted to do. Talking one day with a friend, he said, "I would be willing to give fifteen years of eternity for five more of time." That did not mean that he was not content, patient, ready. It meant that he felt just as I do. He loved life, he loved his work; and, not having any tremor or dread of the going, he knew that there was plenty of time over there, and so he was in no haste.

He trusted. He had the feeling which Emerson has given expression to somewhere, that things here were so fair and so sweet that he found himself wondering how much better they might be over yonder. He could not believe, in other words, that in an infinite universe we should go on to something poorer. He gave expression to this in his poem "The Other Side."

THE OTHER SIDE.

Climbing the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

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The other side was all unknown;
  But, as I slowly toiled along,
  Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;
  The other side was full in view;
  My dreams,—not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
  There stretched a valley broad and fair,
  With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
  Upon that mountain-top of death,
  Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
  Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
  A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

So let us trust he has found it, "a pleasant, smiling, home-like land." And yet, though he may have found his father and mother, I wonder if he be not just a little lonely; for those he loved dearly are here still. And yet he will not be impatient, I take it; for he knows that it is only a little while, and that every step the loved ones take brings them nearer to him.

I am glad that a man like Chadwick has lived. I am glad he was a minister. I am glad he was a writer. I am glad he was a poet. I am glad he was a personal friend. I am glad he was a Unitarian. We can think better of humanity and have higher hopes for ourselves and for every cause that is dear to us because there has been—because *there is*—such a man as John White Chadwick.

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Dear Father, we thank Thee that a man was sent from Thee whose name was John. We thank Thee that he has walked these earthly ways with us, and that we have known him. We thank Thee that we can believe the time will come when hand will again clasp hand, and we shall be reunited in friendship and service. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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ONE UNITARIAN LAYMAN: WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR.

THIS is our theme. My text you may find in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, first chapter, and second verse,—"Called to be saints."

The common idea of a saint is of a man who is withdrawn from contact with the world, who does not have much to do with the world's business affairs. But, if we look into the matter with a little care, we shall find that the meaning of the word "saint" is set apart, consecrated. Implements, for example, which were used in the temple service, were sainted, set apart from ordinary use. Men have been saints in the past who have consecrated themselves to high ideals. The character of the saint, however, of any special age, will naturally be determined by the ideals of that age. If you go back to a time when men believed that the one thing of importance was to save the individual soul, and that, in order to save the soul, one must withdraw from the world,—when this was the dominant idea of the time, naturally the man who tried to be a saint would conform to that idea. So there were men who left their homes to withdraw into the desert. They lived in caves. It was considered that a man might risk his soul by having any contact whatever with women. So men deserted mother and wife and daughter and sister; and, when mother or wife came to them and pleaded for a word, they were turned back. This they did for the sake, as they believed, of getting into the highest conceivable relationship with God. Saint Simeon Stylites spent years standing

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upon a pillar. In other ages those were called saints who devoted themselves to the sick, to the poor, whether in hospitals or wherever they might be. The idea of sainthood, you will see, is determined by the dominant conceptions of the age; but anywhere in any age the man who consecrates himself to some high and noble purpose, who sets apart his thought, his life, his service, in this way, becomes worthy of the name of saint. I venture to say that, if you should take the whole roll of saints from the beginning and look them carefully over, you would not find one by whose side Mr. Baldwin need stand ashamed. He did not withdraw from the world. Indeed, he was engaged all his life long in the thick of the world's occupations and contests; but it is the testimony of all who have been closest to him that he carried himself all through these unsmirched,—carried himself as one consecrated to something higher and finer than mere business success. So I venture to hold him up to you to-day as one that is worthy of the name of saint. I do not need to tell the story of his life. It is familiar to you all. Born in Boston, he had a fine, sweet, and helpful inheritance. His father is still living at an advanced age. For twenty-five or thirty years he has given his life to the moral and religious care and education of young men in the city of Boston. His mother was sweet and noble. His inheritance, then, was all that he could have desired. He was educated in the public schools of Boston, in the Roxbury Latin School, and in Harvard University. He studied law a little time. Then, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams was looking for a young man specially fitted for the railway service of the country, Mr. Baldwin was pointed out to him, among others, by President Eliot. He began at the bottom,—a clerk first in Omaha; but hardly a year passed without his being promoted. He contradicts all the way through his life the impression that I hear hinted very frequently,

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—that there is no chance for good men in the business world to-day. There is a chance, and to spare, for faithfulness and ability. And he had both. If young men cannot command the ability, they can at least command the faithfulness. Business men tell me perpetually that they are seeking in vain for simple, faithful service, for men who are willing to work, and are not constantly trying to get rewards which they have not earned. He began at the bottom, and climbed easily and rapidly to the top, passing through every grade. He knew the railroad business thoroughly, and kept his vital sympathy alive with all those who had any part in it, whatever their special position might be.

He won a rapid and wonderful success, becoming the head of one of the great corporations when others by thousands are still serving their apprenticeship. When he died at less than forty-two years of age, he was at the head, as you know, of the Long Island Railway, cooperating with the Pennsylvania system, superintending the work of running a tunnel under the North River and Manhattan Island, and under the East River, and so linking two great systems into one.

I wish now to call your attention to some phases of his career, not in eulogy of the man, but that we may learn, if possible, some of the lessons of a life like his. I merely use him as my text.

In the first place, he was a successful business man. I am not quite sure that we preachers are not guilty of making the impression sometimes that we do not think a man is doing much for the world who is simply a successful business man. We are all the time trying to get men to be something more and better than that; and this is well. But I wish to put myself on record as believing that there is hardly any service that a man can render to the world greater than that of being a successful business man, that and nothing more, provided, of

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course, it be in an honorable way. The first thing, of course, for the inhabitants of this world is that they be able to live. They must have a place to stand, they must have something to eat and drink, they must have clothes to wear, they must have homes, they must have the material for the satisfaction of the great fundamental needs of life: they must be able to live. Music, literature, art, all the high and fine things beyond this, are relatively of less importance; and there is no place for them until these other things which I have named are provided for. The man, then, who helps carry on the great machinery of the world's every-day affairs, is rendering a better service to humanity than many a conspicuous reformer, than many a writer of books, than many a musician or painter of pictures. Do not let these ordinary every-day affairs then be underestimated, and do not feel that you are of no account in the world because you are only playing your part in it as a faithful business man. He who helps in this is rendering a public service of the very first importance. This Mr. Baldwin did.

But he did something more. He did this in a way which was openly and conspicuously honest. I would like to emphasize this for a moment, because, if I do not misread the condition of affairs, there is a wide-spread feeling in the world that the best business success cannot be attained in this way. We still repeat the old proverb that "honesty is the best policy"; but I have been told in private by many a friend that it is a glittering generality, and that it does not always successfully work. There are thousands of men who would tell you privately that it is not easy for a man to-day to make money and get ahead if he is too strict, if he is upright and downright and outspoken in his honesty. I remember a story which illustrates my point. During the Civil War it was said that there was a driver of a supply train who was in difficulty with his team one day, and was using

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language not regarded as consistent with the highest type of character. A chaplain came along, and rebuked him for his profanity, whereupon he turned on him, and said: "I know it is all very well, and I expect you of course to take this view of the matter; but I tell you, chaplain, there is no use talking. It is simply impossible for a man to drive a mule team, and be a Christian." That depends upon the driver, and not upon the team. Mr. Baldwin proved that a man could drive this great business team of the world, and be, in the highest sense of the word, a Christian, a noble, true, honest man. I do not believe that anybody ever came into contact with him who thought of questioning his utter integrity. It seems to me that his life contains a lesson which the world can well afford to stop a little while to study,—that a man to-day can have the highest and most conspicuous success, and not abate one jot or tittle of his clean, clear, sweet, noble manhood. If you find yourself in a situation where it seems to you you cannot succeed,—very likely there are such places,—I would do what I feel sure Mr. Baldwin would have done: I would give up the place. Manhood is of such value that, if you sell it for the sake of success in any business, you make a very poor and losing bargain.

One or two other things are worthy of your attention. Mr. Baldwin was at the head of a great corporation. I have heard it said—to continue the idea I have just been alluding to—that, if a man wishes to get fine chances for his corporation, or to carry through one of these great things with success, he must bend a little, he must submit to exaction in this way or that, he must yield something of that which is simply right. I am told that Mr. Baldwin had to face this difficulty on several occasions in connection with his management of this great railway. I am told also that he always took the ground that no matter what happened, failure or success, nothing in

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the nature of bribery or crookedness, or departure from that which was considered clean, would he submit to for a moment. Not only that, but he sent forth the challenge into the business world that he would not only not stoop to anything of the kind, but that, if he found it anywhere else, he would devote his time, his strength, and his ability to exposing and fighting it, wherever it might be. He proved that a great corporation can be carried on consistently with this principle.

Another thing was characteristic of him. Though he rose rapidly from the position of clerk to the head of a great business, he kept to the very last day of his life the sympathy and confidence of all the men in lower positions, of the day laborer everywhere. This was illustrated in more than one case by his being selected to represent them and speak for them, when strikes were threatened. There was not a workman in the country who thought of accusing Mr. Baldwin of having become so much in sympathy with the corporation that the workingman could not trust him. He was never biassed by his success or by his high position. He believed that a man was a man, whether he had a pick in his hand or whether he was the president of a railway; and one great thing that he invoked everywhere was justice between man and man, and he appealed to the sense of fairness and right.

There is another thing which I wish to commend to as many of the business men as my voice is able to reach. Mr. Baldwin did not do as it seems to me most business men are in danger of doing. He never let his business get the mastery of him. He always held the reins and drove, and managed his business and made that serve him, serve humanity, serve his high ideals. I misread the situation unless I am correct in thinking that there are thousands of business men who allow business to get into the box, and hold the reins and drive them until

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they lose all control of their own manhood, their own time, their own ability to be of help to other people. Am I not correct in supposing that this is true? I see men or I hear of them everywhere who are not their own master. The business is master; and they are slaves. Is it necessary that this be so? I wonder if it is. It may be necessary, if a man is determined to make a certain amount of money, or to reach a certain point, no matter what it costs. It may be necessary if a man is not contented with *enough* or with twice more than enough, if a man is willing to sell himself for a great business career. But Mr. Baldwin always had time for everything outside his business. I go to men constantly for this, that, and the other thing, but find that it is of no use. I cannot get their time long enough to talk over things that concern the church or education or philanthropy or good citizenship, or a thousand things that seem to me very important indeed. They have no time. They are driven to death with their business; they are worn out. Every little while they have to drop things and go for a few weeks to Florida or the Hot Springs, or to Lakewood, merely to get their breath; and, when they get back, they are again plunged into this seething vortex and whirl of business life. They have no time for anything but business. Mr. Baldwin had time for everything. I wish you might read over a list of the things in which he was interested, not only the business corporations he was connected with and which he had time to help,—for he was not a man who would merely lend his name to something about which he knew nothing,—but a list of the causes which he tried to help in one way or another. It was said that, when he was approached on the matter of taking the chairmanship of the famous Committee of Fifteen, which was to consume an enormous amount of time, and which would cause him to give up just so much of his business

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interests, the corporation, to which in the severest sense of the word he belonged, did not wish him to do it. It opposed his doing it; and the suggestion came to him that possibly, if he did it, he might lose his position. His answer in substance was, I can manage to make a living in some fashion; and I shall do this if I have to surrender the presidency of the road. But a man like that is not asked to surrender the presidency of the road. His mastery and power are too apparent. But the point I wish you to notice is that he found time to render service to humanity. He believed, what I believe and what you believe, and what you know is true, that his own manhood and the service he could render the world were worth more than his business, and that he did well, if there must be sacrifice, to let the business go. The world is suffering in every direction because only a few people have any time to help on great causes. I notice that there are hundreds of women who have no time for church work, or to help on the different causes that are crying for help all over the world, but who have time for society, for receptions, for parties, for balls, for "bridge," time for almost everything except this. So the men have time enough for business, time enough for golf, for bridge and poker, to go to the Hot Springs or to Florida, and for all sorts of things except the cause of humanity. But Mr. Baldwin always had time for the great things that he considered of chief importance for a man to be interested in and to do; and his business did not really suffer.

I wish now to suggest to you a few of the things to which he gave distinguished service. There is no man in the country, I suppose, who did more during the active years when he was engaged in Southern education than he. Why Southern? Was he specially interested in the Southern condition? No. He was born and trained an Abolitionist; but he was too large and too

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broad to have any personal bitterness of feeling towards any race or any creed or any political party. He threw himself heart and soul into the work of Southern education because just then the South specially needed the service. And he did not give himself entirely to the education of the black people. He worked quite as hard for the education of the poorer white people, who needed it as much as the blacks did. It was the education of the people, who needed education for the sake of the country that he loved. This was the spirit of his service. This is the kind of work in which he was engaged.

And then he found time to devote himself earnestly to civil service reform. What does that mean? I believe it means one of the most important, most vital things to the welfare of our country. When the servants of the government or the State depend for their positions upon the favor of the representatives, or the senators, or the political leaders of any kind, that means—of course it means—corruption, every time. He must serve the man who is over him and on whose good will his bread depends. He must serve him; and he serves the State, the city, the country, afterwards if he can. That is what it means always; and that condition of things is what civil service reform is intended to cure.

So the man who loves his country will be devoted to it. To anything that touched good citizenship he believed he must give his strength, his time, his endeavor, for the purity of the political life of the time. If all men here in New York were only like him, we should have no question of the purity of our political life. It is entirely a matter of men, and a few men at that. There is no mystery about it, no impossibility about it. It is something that can be easily managed if men *care*, if they are willing to sacrifice a little time, a little amusement, a little money. If they care to have the political condition of the city improved, it can be easily done.

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And now let us come a little closer home. Mr. Baldwin was distinguished in one way perhaps more than almost any one I have ever known. He never had the discipline of failure or of sorrow. Sometimes it is said that men cannot win the highest and sweetest character without suffering. Some men, I suppose, cannot. Mr. Baldwin succeeded from the first,—no failure in his life anywhere; and, with the exception of the loss of his mother a few years ago, and his little child, his death was the first break in a large and happy family, so that it was a singularly fortunate life. And yet it did not in his case result in selfishness or in lack of sympathy with people who needed it, people who have suffered. This is the wonderful thing about his character.

And there was never anything of conceit or superciliousness as the result of his wonderful success. He kept his sympathy with people who did not succeed. So far as I know, nobody ever envied him his success. I never heard a word said against him, although there is a proverb that a man is in danger when all men speak well of him. I never heard him accused of having succeeded in any but legitimate ways. I never saw the slightest trace in word or look of conceit on account of his success. I never knew of his losing the sympathy of any one because he had succeeded; and this seems to me very well and very wonderful.

His domestic life was ideal. I will not cross the threshold of his home to talk about that which occurred there; but sweet and beautiful in every way was the life that was lived in that home.

Then, as I said about Mr. Chadwick last Sunday, during his whole life he was surrounded by friends. He walked through life in loving sympathy with all the people with whom he came in contact. He was at home with rich people, he was at home with poor people, he was at home with the Catholic, he was at home with the Prot-

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estant, he was at home with the Jew, he was at home with the white man, he was at home with the black man. Underlying all these superficial distinctions was that great, sweet, healthy manhood of his which made him able to sympathize with whatever was human.

Why have I brought a man like William H. Baldwin for our consideration in this pulpit? Because the solution of all our problems, no matter what they may be, is to be found right here. You may study science, philosophy, history; you may do what you will; you may investigate the relations of the rich and the poor; you may study your labor troubles; you may consider strikes and methods for avoiding them; you may consider political impurity, the social diseases of the time. But, when you are through, what is the cure for them all? Nothing in the wide world but manhood,—nothing. The world will be just what it ought to be when individual men and women are all they ought to be, not before. No scheming will produce a change. No change of political party, no question of aristocracy or democracy, of autocracy or socialism,—none of these things holds the key to the solution of these difficulties. It is merely a question of manhood. Here was a man to illustrate and enforce the lesson. I found this clipping the other day in a paper, some verses by Sir William Jones:—

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No, men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,

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As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,—
These constitute a State.

I am glad, then, that a man like Mr. Baldwin has lived. It gives us new confidence in human nature to find out that such men are a part of it and are produced by it. I am glad that he has been a citizen of New York. I am glad that he was a Unitarian. I am glad to have been able to claim him as a personal friend. I feel more confidence in the city, more hope for the future, because such a man as he has walked these streets. When we can get enough men like him, the ideals of the ages, the dreams of the seers, the prophecies of those who have foretold the coming of the golden age, will be realized.

Father, we thank Thee for such sons of God as he; and we ask that the inspiration of his spirit may kindle like aspiration and service in our own. We ask Thee not that we may mourn for him, but remember him, and, giving ourselves to human service as he gave himself, may help the coming of Thy kingdom on earth. Amen.

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By MINOT J. SAVAGE

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SOME RELIGIOUS USES OF SYMPATHY.

Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—HEBREWS v. 14.

THE unknown writer of this book sets this forth as one of the chief characteristics of the high priest who, as he thought, had entered into the heavens to represent our cause and plead for our forgiveness. We are encouraged to go to him and trust in him because he understands us and sympathizes with us. This is the thought of the writer.

A man lives within the range of his sympathies. He does not live beyond that range; and a man is great by as much as there is developed in him the possibility of coming into sympathetic relation with the different aspects and phases of the universe.

What do we mean by sympathy? The word means to suffer or feel with. At the first thought it would appear to be chiefly an emotional characteristic; and it is essentially emotional. But yet it is not all that; for, before we can feel with a person, a situation, a thing, we must intellectually comprehend that thing, for the feeling is limited by our understanding. You will see how true this is if you trace for a moment the growth of the race in relation to this matter of sympathy.

Away off and down yonder at the very beginnings of human life, sympathy was confined to blood relationship, as it was understood. It was a matter of the family. There was no feeling, no care, practically none, for any one who was beyond that little narrow circle. As the family grew into the larger patriarchal association, the understanding and the sympathy extended. By and by the family becomes the tribe; and the people are able

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to sympathize with all those who are members of the tribe. They feel an interest in the members of the tribe. They feel an insult to a member of the tribe, they feel an injury as though it were done to themselves. They resent any slight put upon a member of the tribe. They are not troubled because the members of some other tribe are injured, robbed, abused, even put to death. That does not concern them. Their sympathy does not include the members of any other tribe. By and by the tribe enlarges to the city; and we find a condition of things represented by the relation of Athens to Sparta in ancient Greece. They were all Greeks; but the Athenians cared little what became of Sparta, and neither Athens nor Sparta was greatly interested in the fortunes of Macedon. I have had occasion to remind you of the fact that even Plato regarded it as a virtue for an Athenian to hate a Spartan. He might love an Athenian; but he was not expected to care for the other Grecian cities, and still less for the rest of the world, made up of outside barbarians.

By and by cities and the intermediate countries are all included in the idea of nationality. There are Italian, French, English, German nationalities; and the comprehension and understanding have widened to take in the whole nation, and the sympathy has kept step with the understanding, so that it is as wide as the limit of nationality. But it is only a little while ago—and we have hardly outgrown that condition yet—since it was regarded as a virtue to hate other nations. In certain conditions it is still a virtue. I have quoted to you, perhaps more than once, the idea of Nelson,—that it was a virtue to hate a Frenchman. They were in a state of war. What was to the advantage of England was to the disadvantage of France. They had nothing in common, or they supposed they had not; for they did not understand that there was anything larger than this national unity, national life, national interest.

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And yet a glimpse of something larger had been gained here and there as the ages had gone by. Jesus taught something wider and better than that. One of the apostles speaks of God as having made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. A Roman playwright had said, I am a man, and whatever is human concerns me. And yet the comprehension of it, and the feeling that goes along with it, have developed very slowly. There are some choice spirits to-day, however, who are beginning to feel that there is something larger and finer than any national life. Some are beginning to feel that patriotism, while a virtue within certain limits, may come to be something less than a virtue when carried too far. Many of our laws, many of our national policies, are arranged on the understanding that whatever is for the interest of some other nation must be injurious to ours. The larger international, universal, and human life has not yet dawned on the horizon of thousands and thousands of people.

Thomas Paine, the man who for a hundred years has been popularly regarded as the type of everything irreligious, said, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion"; and we shall be indeed civilized when all of us are able not only to say that, but to feel it, and make it the principle underlying the activities of our lives.

There are steps beyond even this. The finest and noblest people in the world are beginning to let their sympathies reach beyond the limits of what is human, and to take in all creatures that can enjoy, that can suffer. We are beginning to recognize that even horses and dogs and cats and birds have rights. We are beginning to care when they suffer. We are beginning to try to put ourselves imaginatively and sympathetically in their places, and to ask whether we should not treat them as, if our places were changed, we would like to have them treat us.

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There is a step even beyond that. Poets like Lowell, rare, tender, sympathetic souls, like that of Wordsworth and many another, are beginning even to sympathize with the life below that of the animal,—the trees, the shrubs, the flowers. It is recognized that these are alive, perhaps with a touch of this same mystic, wondrous life that becomes conscious in ourselves. We are beginning to have it dawn upon us that it is only one life everywhere, and so to feel ourselves in sympathy with this great, marvellous universe of which we are a part and which plays upon us, and to which we can so wonderfully respond. Such in outline has been the development of human sympathy.

I wish now for a little to call your attention to some of the things which stand in the way of this sympathy, so that we may recognize them and learn how to deal with them, how to overcome them.

There is a curious fact to which the naturalists have called our attention, that among the lower forms of life there is an antagonism between creatures which differ from one another. A little troop of ants, for example, who are on a march or on a foraging expedition, if they come across an ant of another species, instead of feeling tenderly and kindly towards it, will fall upon it and put it to death. That is strikingly human. That is the way we have been doing almost from the beginning of human history. Why? I suppose, if we analyze the origin of this antagonism, we may find it in fear. Creatures have been accustomed to be afraid of those things that differed from them. They feel antagonism and enmity because these different creatures represent such enmity; and, if they are powerful enough, they represent danger. Perhaps that is the main reason for this condition of things. But it is curious that the feeling and the enmity should persist so after the reason for it has passed away. At any rate, we do not like people who differ from us.

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Take the great dividing line of color, for example. I suppose, in this country, our feeling towards the negro is intensified by the fact that he has been a slave, and that we have been accustomed to look down upon him as representing a degraded type of humanity; for I am told that there is not this same feeling of antagonism towards the African in London or in Paris that you find generally here in America. But it is very hard for us to feel that a man with a black skin is really a man. Grant, if you please, that he is generations, millenniums, behind us in evolution, in intellectual and moral and spiritual development, still the fact that he is a man, if we understand the situation, should call not for antagonism, but for pity, for sympathy. We pity a man who is blind, we pity a man who is deaf, we pity a man who is lame. Why should we not pity a man who is intellectually or morally or in some other way afflicted, who is behind us, inferior to us?

One of the great dividing lines of the world has always been that of race. I have touched on this already. Let me dwell on it a moment longer. Why should we feel such an antipathy to those who belong to other nationalities and types of life? I suppose, if we were asked to give an account of these feelings, it would be very difficult. We could only say, We do not like these people. Why? Because they are different from us, they dress differently, their customs are different, their food is different, their ways are unlike ours, we do not feel at home with them, we are not comfortable in their company. I remember a friend of mine went to live in Germany some years ago; and she said that for a long time she found herself in a state half irritable and critical and antagonistic because these people's ways were so odd, so peculiar, so unlike those that she had been accustomed to. Then one day she woke up to think that very likely these people were looking upon

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her as odd, as peculiar, as unlike what they were accustomed to; and it occurred to her that they had just as much reason as she had. It is strange to me, when I think of it, how this tendency to uniformity dominates the world. In the matter of clothing, for example, I remember two gentlemen whom I used to very much respect, years ago, in Boston. They at last won the right, without being looked upon as insane, to wear hats different from any one else in the city. Each had his own style of hat. It was understood that the hatter was to make the hat in a certain way year after year. It was a refreshment, at least to me, to see them on the streets. It was a relief to find somebody brave enough to wear something a little different from his neighbor; and it added picturesqueness and variety to the life of the town. Why should not a man dress as he pleases? Why should not a woman dress as she pleases? Nobody can answer. When we look at an old fashion plate of twenty or thirty years ago, we laugh to ourselves, and think how strange people then must have looked; and in twenty or thirty years from now our children will look back to the fashions of to-day with just the same quiet amusement, and think how odd and peculiar *we* were.

But, after all, this is not something merely to smile at. It enters into political and religious conditions, and becomes a dominant power here to turn people frequently into cowards and hypocrites, because they do not dare to stand by their own opinions or feel that they have a right to look at the world with fresh eyes. Most people are only complacent echoes of the sounds and the opinions of the voices which they listen to. They have no opinions of their own that they dare to utter. I heard "Hamlet" yesterday afternoon; and again there was the illustration of this in the old courtier who saw the cloud in any shape that Prince Hamlet

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suggested. It was like a weasel or a whale or whatever the prince pleased. So it is with this poor human nature.

There is another thing that stands in the way of comprehension and sympathy; and that is the difference of language. This has been one of the great barriers of the world; and to-day it hinders the comprehension of one people by another, perhaps almost more than anything else.

There is another thing which is a hindrance,—religion. Religion has separated people instead of bringing them together. Religion has led to heartaches and hatred, and antagonism and bloodshed, and persecution and wars, as almost no other force in human life. Why? If we analyze it, I suppose we can understand it. In those old days when the gods were deified ancestors, race antagonisms, race hatreds, and race wars were perpetuated as parts of religion. And to-day, I suppose, we can understand why it is that the people who are dead earnest in their religious ideas find it difficult to be patient with those who differ from them. In the old days of Catholic supremacy in Europe, when men were burned at the stake for daring to have an opinion of their own, it was not the result of personal dislike. It was fear. It is because religion has been regarded as the most important thing in all the world. If the Catholic Church was right, if it spoke for God, if only those who were true to it were saved, then this cruelty became mercy, and this hatred of other religions was kindliness. It comes to that consideration that I spoke of a moment ago, that there must be understanding, comprehension, before there can be sympathy.

There is another thing that stands in the way. An illustration of this thought is in connection with the war now going on. In the Far East during the last year probably two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand men have been killed. They have been shot

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to pieces, they have been blown to atoms, they have been pierced with the bayonet, they have been tortured and tormented in every conceivable way; and yet, because it is so far off, we hardly take any notice of it. We glance over the paper at the breakfast table; but an accident to a steamboat here in the East River, in which a number of people are injured, or an accident on the railway, in which a dozen people are killed, would touch New York a hundred times more than these distant calamities. And yet, if we are by and by to develop a civilization that includes humanity and carries the world in its arms, we must learn to think and picture these far-off things until they are as real as though they had occurred in our own street or next door. When we have done that, when the mind is afire with these things, when the feelings are a-tingle with these sufferings of thousands of other people, then we shall care enough to put a stop to the horrors and the hells of war. That is the key to the necessity for the cultivation of this kind of sympathy.

There is another thing which stands in the way of this sympathy and which stands in the way of the right application of religion to our common human life; and that is occasioned by the difference between the rich and the poor, the difference between the nobleman and the peasant, the difference between the employer and the employed, the difference between the capitalist and the day laborer. These are only different phases of the same thought. How hard it is for us to comprehend! You know the story of the French princess at the time of the Revolution. When they told her that the poor people were crying for bread, she wondered why they did not eat cake. It was something she could not comprehend, that there should be anybody in the world really in need, in that sense.

So I take it that there are a great many capitalists

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who never take the trouble to put themselves in the place of the laborer. The laborers strike for higher wages. Sometimes their strike is justifiable, sometimes it is not. I confess that all my sympathies were against the last strike, and I was glad to have it fail; and yet, if the managers of our great corporations are correctly reported in the newspapers, I shall find it equally difficult to sympathize with their side. How hard it is for a man who is prosperous, who is rich, who has everything his heart can desire, to sympathize with the worker, the man who wants more wages! He thinks of the worker as interfering with the smooth ongoing of his business, as a disturber. Why cannot he get along with his two or three dollars a day, no matter what the size of his family? If he can keep from starving, why should he interfere with the prosperity of the capitalist by asking for more? The capitalist spends on trifles in half a dozen different directions, in the course of a year, more than the worker spends for himself and all his family. And yet the capitalist does not stop to put himself in the worker's place. In the mean time the laborer finds it difficult to put himself in the place of the capitalist. He thinks that, because the capitalist has plenty of money, he must be entirely happy; and yet the happiness balance may be on the side of the laborer. Neither side understands the other; neither side has true sympathy with the other; neither comprehends the point of view of the other. There would be no quarrel, there could be none, between capital and labor if both sides would take pains not only intellectually to understand the situation, but to sympathize and feel with the other. The problem seems a very simple one to me. Perhaps the business men may say that the minister does not know what he is talking about; but it is common sense. A business can be carried on and the laborers be paid such and such a wage, or it cannot be. If it cannot be, the laborers can be made to

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understand it, if they have trust and belief in the honesty of the managers. It is merely a little matter of arithmetic, as to whether such and such wages can be paid or cannot. It is hard to make a man who is suffering understand how it is that the capitalist can be unable to pay the wages that his laborers need when he himself is able to own his yacht and his automobile, and to run off, when he will, to the Hot Springs or to Florida or to Europe, when his business is in a bad way. It is hard to convince the laborer that business is done at a loss when there are so many evidences of the capitalist's prosperity. If, however, both sides understood and were in sympathy, all these things would take care of themselves.

Is not the same thing true between mistress and maid? This problem of housekeeping, they tell me, is growing worse and worse; and yet, if you were to read the correspondence written three or four hundred years ago on this subject, you would think you were listening to a conversation at an afternoon tea of yesterday. The same old trouble existed five hundred years ago, the same trouble springing out of the same condition. I do not wonder that girls do not like to work in the kitchen. I can understand perfectly why they should prefer a clerkship, even on starvation wages, where they can be mistress of their own evenings, go and come as they please, and have what companionship they please. Let a mistress sit down and think with herself, Would she like to go into the kitchen of the average family, have possibly one evening a week grudgingly conceded, possibly one afternoon out, no time for reading, no opportunity for music, no chances for free companions, but to be at the beck and call of tyranny, of whim, of thoughtlessness, of lack of consideration, all the time? If the mistress and the maid could exchange places for a while, long enough to understand each other, get into sympathy with each other, perhaps these evils would cure themselves.

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It is absolutely necessary that there shall be sympathy if there is to be justice. I came across an illustration of this the other day. Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems was violently assailed by one of the leading newspapers in this country as poetry. Why? It was perfectly plain to me, as I read the criticism, that the one who wrote it was utterly out of sympathy with Mr. Kipling's imperialistic and political ideas: therefore,—note the logic,—he could not write poetry. The poetry, in my judgment, was wonderfully fine; but this critic could not be just to the poet because he was out of sympathy with him as a man and as a politician. That is an illustration of how difficult it is to be just in our sympathy. You know the story of Millet, the artist, how he starved and then became famous after his death. Why? There was no comprehension of his particular style of art, no sympathy with his ideals, until it was too late for his comfort and happiness. So in every way, if you are going to be just to a man, just to a cause, just to an ideal, you must understand it, you must sympathize with it. That does not mean that you are to indorse it. You must be able, however, to put yourself in the position of the man who holds these ideas and see things from his point of view. Read history. How many men can correctly estimate Napoleon or Cæsar? We judge them in the light of present humanitarian ideas; but you must go by their insight, look at the world through their eyes, understand their ambitions, see what they were trying to accomplish. Then, whether you approve or condemn, you can at least be just.

Not only justice, but charity, demands this point of view. By charity I mean tender appreciation. How many of you could be charitable towards an enemy? Some one has tried to injure you. What is your attitude towards him? If it is what it ought to be, it is one of sympathy. If a man has tried to injure you,

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there has either been ground for it, which you ought to understand and appreciate, or there has not. If there has not, then the man is wrong-headed or misinformed or is unfortunate enough to be the possessor of an evil disposition; and in either of these cases, if you understood him, you would pity him. Some one has said that to comprehend a man or a woman is to forgive. That does not mean that you are to indorse the deed. Take as an illustration the attitude of the North and the South before, during, and just after the war. We are beginning to understand that, if we had been born in the South, we Northerners would have looked at all these problems just as the Southerners did. It was not depravity on their part that made them differ from us. They are beginning to understand that, if they had been born in the North and trained as we were, they would have been bitter Abolitionists, and would have misjudged and misrepresented the people of the South just as we did. We are beginning to understand that those noble, sweet, tender, brave boys in gray were just as noble, sweet, tender, and brave as our boys in blue; that they believed they were fighting for the right as we believed we were fighting for the right. They were praying to the same God for victory. Both of us could not be right; but we meant to be. Our hearts were the same. Our sympathies, our aspirations, our patriotism, our devotion, were the same. If we had only known each other, if we had been acquainted with each other, there never could have been a war. And, now that we are beginning to know each other, respect is taking the place of hatred, sympathy and tenderness are taking the place of the old antagonisms; and we are all working together to solve the same problems and bind up the country's wounds, and create a civilization worthy of both South and North.

So we need to understand and sympathize, in order

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that the great virtue of charity may be born and developed in our hearts. If we are going to help people, we must sympathize with them. There is no use in standing far off, and throwing things at a man, no matter how good the things may be. There is no help in that, even if it is money. The motto of some of the finest settlement work in our modern cities is, "Not alms, but a friend." We are coming to understand that, before we can help people, we must come to understand them, must stand side by side with them, touch hands with them, walk shoulder to shoulder with them, look out of similar eyes on a similar world. Then we can help.

Since religion in its finest and highest manifestation means understanding God, so far as we may; since it means getting into right relations with God, sympathetically, reverently, lovingly, trustingly, obediently; and since it means coming into right relations with our fellow-men, understanding them, feeling with them, respecting them, caring for them; since that means religion, since it *is* religion, since this is the way of salvation now and forevermore,—the one great thing that we need to do is to cultivate the flower of sympathy in our hearts.

Dear Father, as Jesus was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, may we be touched by the feeling of his great love and sympathy, and may we be touched with a feeling of the infirmities and needs and hopes and aspirations and ideals of our fellow-men; and, vibrating thus to their touch, may we respond, and be able to help, and so make the music of the human heart a happiness and delight.

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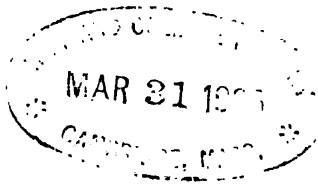

SIGNS OF SPRING IN NATURE AND IN HUMAN LIFE.

My text is from the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, part of the third verse: "Ye know how to discern the face of the heaven; but ye cannot discern the signs of the times."

The geologists tell us that a good many thousands of years ago the ice cap which now covers the north pole extended down not only to where we are to-day, but perhaps hundreds of miles to the south of us. If some one living at that time had been asked to forecast the future, would he have been able to discern any sign of the present condition of things? Would he, underneath the ice, have discovered future cities; sunny rivers, flowing to the sea, with ships upon their currents; bays, full of the world's commerce; homes, factories, banks and places of exchange, museums, libraries? Would he have seen the beautiful meadows and blossoms of the springtime, the lovely fields waving with their harvests? Unless he knew the hidden forces which were at work, anything like this would have seemed to him utterly incredible.

Suppose an inhabitant of the planet Mars should be suddenly set down in the midst of one of our northern winters who knew nothing about the changes of our earth seasons. When he looked over our desolate fields of snow and heard the howling of the winds, noticed the frosts at night, and that everything was apparently dead, would he have been able to forecast what would happen by June?

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Had one ne'er seen the miracle
Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
And moanings through the tree-tops go;
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
On hard-fought fields the summer died;
Its banners now are stripped, and bare
Of even autumn's fading pride.

Yet, on the gust that surges by,
I read a pictured promise: soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
Will melt into luxuriant June.

Would this supposed inhabitant of Mars have been able to see any signs of spring? They are all about us now. We have looked for them, we have expected them, because this miracle has repeated itself over and over again in our experience. We have learned, if we have wandered in the fields or woods, to listen to the tinkling of the brook, we have seen that it flowed a little more rapidly and hopefully underneath its covering of ice and snow. And to-day that indescribable feeling in the air, a sense of tenderness, something that we all understand, but cannot put into words, makes us know that the great secular change is coming. On the south-lying slope there are beginning to be little patches of green; and, as we look at the tree-tops against the blue of the sky, they grow blurred and misty. Something wonderful is happening. Life is beginning to open itself, to put forth tentatively its feelers. It is the promise of summer that is not far away. To those who look keenly about them, even in February there are signs of

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the summer. I hold in my hand the words of a poet whose vision nothing escaped, and who was able to put into dainty speech that which was whispered to his heart:—

When February sun shines cold,
  There comes a day when in the air
The wings of winter slow unfold
  And show the golden summer there.

Dead ivy on the winter wall
  Is glowing with an April light;
And all the wreckage of the fall
  Above the snow comes into sight.

By a green rock beneath the pines
  Are shadows blue along the snow.
Above the silent sun the lines
  Of cloud in white procession go.

A bloom is on the forest tops
  Of red light bursting through the brown.
The ice awakes, and silver drops
  Come through the meadow stealing down.

[*Philip Henry Savage.*]

We have learned, then, to love these things that note the signs of spring in the natural world. How we love them!—those, at any rate, who, like me, feel as if in exile during the winter, and away from the earth and the summer that I love.

My purpose this morning is not to take your time by dwelling on the beautiful things that we may expect as the summer advances. I wish to use this as a parable, and turn now, with this suggestion in mind, to deal with some of the signs of spring that I think I see in human life, in the history of the world.

If I do not misunderstand the attitude of mind of thousands of people, there is a very common sense of discouragement as they look over the world. I hear

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people say—and some of them are scholars—that the world has hardly improved any during historic time,—men are the same kind of men that they were in Greece and Rome or in farther away Babylon. They still lie, they still cheat, they still overreach each other, they are still selfish. Vice and crime are still characteristics of the centres of civilization. War still devastates the earth. Where, then, they say, are the signs of improvement? Jesus was born nearly two thousand years ago, and was proclaimed as the prince of peace. Where is the peace that the world has sighed for? Where are the signs of the happy homes, of all the beautiful civilizations that the seers have discerned in vision, that the poets have sung about, that the prophets have foretold? There is a common spirit of pessimism. There are signs of discouragement. Business men intimate to me that there is very little faith in business honesty, that, if I were a business man, I should not be so hopeful of the condition of the world as I appear to be! I speak of these things to indicate what I believe to be a general condition of thought. Winter is still abroad in the earth,—a winter of devastation, of disillusion, so far as moral and spiritual things are concerned. That, at any rate, is the feeling of a great many people. I had occasion to quote to you, not a great while ago, the saying of a friend (a man distinguished on at least two continents) which I must quote again. He said that he thought by the time a man was fifty years old he was sure to be a pessimist. He looked out with very little hope over the face of the so-called civilized world.

We are not likely to work very hard for ideals that we do not believe in; and, if we are discouraged as to the condition of things, we carry it as a crushing load on our hearts. If we cherish these discouraging views, it makes us sad, and takes away from the cheer of life.

I propose to preach a hopeful sermon; and I believe

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that it is based broadly and firmly on incontrovertible facts. I shall turn to three or four different phases of human life, and see if in spite of the lingering traces of winter we cannot discern the divine signs of spring.

And, first, I ask you to consider with me the condition of the business world. If you are to be influenced in your opinion by articles on "frenzied finance," by newspaper denunciation, by popular talk about the tyranny and dishonesty of corporations; if you are to take popular reports as to what is supposed to go on in Wall Street; if you listen to individual men who tell you that there is no chance to-day for a man in business life without either capital or a strong "pull" of some kind,—if, I say, you listen to this, and take it for true, you would feel that the business condition of the world was in a very sad way. You would think surely it was winter here, with no signs of spring. And yet I, for one, do not believe a single word of it. I cannot go into the matter very deeply. I must only give you a few suggestions, which I believe, however, to be entirely true.

There never was a time in the history of man when truth, as between man and man, was so prevalent and so sacred as it is to-day, and this in the business world quite as much as in the churches. Consider for a moment. Our entire business structure in Europe and America rests upon credit; and what does credit mean? It means that men trust each other. It means that in the main men can be trusted; that, when they make engagements, they keep them, that their word is as good as their bond. Do you not know that in every exchange in civilization a lifted finger binds a contract, and that it is the rarest thing in the world for a man to go back on that contract? Is it not known that, if he should repudiate it, he would lose his position and standing among business men? There never was so much honesty in business as there is to-day, never so much of that finer

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thing called honor. A very distinguished literary man, a few years ago, became bankrupt, and started round the world to raise money to keep his obligations; and he said, "I have discovered that there is something in the world more compelling than law, and that is honor." It was honor that drove him until he had discharged the last mill of his obligation.

We get pessimistic because we take the exceptional for the rule, and forget that to-day all the exceptions which we never used to know anything about are thrust in our faces, so that we cannot overlook or forget them. When a man behaves himself, nobody publishes it. When a man pays his debts, nobody publishes that. If a man spent yesterday honestly, devoted to service, he was not waited upon in the evening by a reporter assuring him that there was an expectant town anxious to hear about it. That means that this sort of thing is commonplace. Think a moment. Yesterday at least nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand people, or probably a larger percentage, spent the day faithfully at their business. If they had bills that were due, they paid them, if they were able; they devoted themselves to their occupations. It is only here and there that a man defaults, that a man runs away with money. If a man is dishonest, that is pounced upon, and exploited and written up, until we get the impression that that is what business means, that everybody is engaged in that sort of thing.

There is another suggestion which is worthy of our attention. There never was a time since the world began when so much money was devoted generously to public uses and public welfare. Find me in any century preceding this, if you can, a character like the Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore, giving his life and his millions entirely to the service of his fellow-men. In what preceding age do you find such giving for benevolent

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and far-reaching purposes,—you may criticise the giver as much as you please,—but in what preceding century do you find an Andrew Carnegie? I do not know how he will keep his word; but he told us some years ago that a man who dies a millionaire dies disgraced. He seems to be getting rid of his millions by devoting them during his life to education, to peace, to great public interests. You may say that he does it to win honor and reputation. I make no such charge: I do not believe it. But, even though he won honor, where in the history of humanity do you find men who sought to win honor and glory and reputation after this fashion?

We may raise as many questions as we will as to the use of "tainted money" for philanthropic and public purposes; but let me call your attention to one thing. It is a new note in the history of man that people's consciences are troubled in this way. It means a new kind of humanity when people are anxious as to how money was obtained.

Then there is another consideration for you to think of, which was not true in ancient days, but is true to-day. I do not care what a man may say about the public or his relations to the public. If he is many times a millionaire, by the very necessity of things he must serve the public in order to get the interest on his money; and the man who serves the public best gets the largest amount of returns for his investment. He cannot escape this law.

I do not, then, look on the business of the world as buried beneath the snows of a cheerless winter; but I note the signs of spring. I believe that there never was a time when there were such opportunities for the individual man; and, in spite of the power of money to-day, there never was a time since the morning stars sang together when a man of principle, a man of character, a man of ability, stood for so much, counted for so much,

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as he does to-day. Remember for a moment, in passing, that William H. Baldwin was not a multi-millionaire; but there was not a citizen of New York who counted for more, and what he counted for was manhood, character, brains, consecration to great and noble ends.

Look back to your Shakespeare. Critics sometimes say that Shakespeare embraced and represented the world. Did you ever notice that there is not a single great commoner in Shakespeare? All his heroes and great men belong to the nobility. The people, the common people, have come to the front since that day; and almost all the men who have made America what it is have done so not by force of their money, but of their brains, their hearts, their characters, their consecration to high ideals.

Tell me that the business world at the present time is going to the dogs? I do not believe it. There was never a brighter, finer outlook. More and more money is being accumulated, more and more is being distributed every day, with finer and better chances for all.

Turn now for a little—for I am not intending to treat this subject exhaustively, but only to point the way, that you may think and study for yourself—to another phase. I said a little while ago that, when Jesus came, he was hailed as a prince of peace, and the world has been hoping for peace; but every little while people tell us that peace is no nearer than it ever was. And, when we look at what is going on in Manchuria, we might be pardoned for wondering whether in this department of thought there are any signs of spring. But look back a little. There was a time in the history of this planet when the mightiest force was brute strength. Muscle was king. In the next stage of evolution the lower type of the intellectual became king. It was King Cunning, the ability to outwit other people. The next stage of advance was the manifestation of the in-

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creased power of the intellect. Thought ruled the world. We have got beyond that. We wish thought, careful, scientific thought, in order to furnish us with facts; but we wish these only to use them for higher ends. The mightiest force on this planet is the vital conscience of the people. No man can stand against it. If he transgresses it, he is swept out of the way. No city government can stand against it long; no state, no nation. The moral power of the people to-day is mightier than ever before. Napoleon is quoted as having said that God is on the side of the strongest battalion; but the strongest battalions are those that represent the great moral convictions of men. Might is becoming right simply because you can reverse the sentence, and say that right is becoming might. Right is the mightiest force in the world. Go back far enough, and war was chronic. People were always fighting. Only a little while ago there was the Thirty Years' War, one of the most bloody, cruel, causeless wars that man has ever suffered from. How is it to-day? We can have a great war, indeed, like that which is going on in the East; but it must soon come to an end, and wars of this kind are becoming less and less possible. There are signs of spring. What are they? In the first place, how much more merciful wars are than they used to be, in the care of the sick and the wounded, since the days of Florence Nightingale and the Red Cross and the improvements in modern surgery! Then remember that the common people are becoming more sensitive. They care more about suffering, they care more and more about the causes of a war. To-day one of the most discouraging things for the Russian autocracy is the feeling of the common people at home, back of the armies. They do not believe in the war; and the czar and the beaurocracy must feel this, which is strength to the national cause, but weakness for them.

Then it will not do for us to underestimate the fact

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that the great nations are talking constantly of arbitrating their differences, and are beginning to put this principle of arbitration into practice. A few years ago the incident between the Russian fleet and the English fishing-boats would have brought on war in a week. That great international conflict was settled by the instruments of peace. And when the great nations, like England and America and Germany and France, take the means offered by arbitration for the peace and welfare of the world, the smaller nations will think twice before going to war against the convictions of the mighty. People are learning that war does not pay, that the welfare of one nation is helped, and not hindered, by the welfare of another, and that, when you damage one People, you make the world so much the poorer. It may not come in my time; but before long it will come, the day foreseen so far back in the past,—the day when the prince of peace will reign, when the war-drums shall throb no longer, when the battle-flags shall be furled

"In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

In another department of life there are signs of spring. There are beneficent, blessed, hopeful, beautiful signs of spring in the religious world. Men used to think that God wanted to be praised, that he wanted sacrifices, that he wanted hymns sung, that he was jealous; and they reflected in their own natures what they thought the gods desired. There was a time when ceremony and magic made up the substance of the religious life, as it still does among many of the lower peoples. Then there was a time when creed was regarded as so important that men were persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, burned, on account of their intellectual convictions. That has gone by. Those things can never be repeated. We have come to believe that what God desires *first* is

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what he is,—love. I remember a touching scene in my own experience. Some years ago I went to my old home in Maine, and sat down for a long talk with the old man who was the minister of my boyhood, and who had grieved so over my becoming a heretic and a Unitarian. He was old and feeble and sitting in his easy-chair. His eyes grew a little misty and his voice a little tremulous as he took my hand, and said, "After all, Minot, the one thing of importance is just love"; and that is at last the story all along the line.

The next thing after love is character. Nobody believes to-day that a bad man is saved by any ceremony or by any creed. The only importance attached to these by any sensible religious mind in the Church to-day is the importance they have as conducing to the development of character. Character is salvation in all intelligent churches to-day.

Then the next thing of importance is help. That man is not regarded as an ideal Christian who leads a selfish life, with no helpful relation to his fellow-man. The essential things in religion to-day among all fairly civilized people are love and character and service. More and more these are coming to the front. Here are the signs of spring.

Is there not, then, coming a blessed summer time when men shall dwell together in peace religiously? No matter whether they keep their old names and creeds, their old services, their old books, they will devote themselves to these essential, these spiritual characteristics of the truly religious life.

I must ask you to go with me a little further, and take a broad outlook as to the condition of the world. Is the world advancing in such a way as to better the possibilities of the life of the average individual man? That after all, is the great question. It makes very little difference about kings and nobles and exceptional people.

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What is the outlook for the common man? Let us see. In the old days it was difficult everywhere for people to get enough to eat. Famines were common in different parts of the world. If the crops were poor, or if, for one reason or another, they could not be gathered, thousands of people starved to death. That is coming to be an unthought of and impossible thing. There is food enough for all. The life of the common man is becoming more hopeful. In spite of the newspapers, vice and crime are unspeakably less than they used to be. Are you aware that up to the time of Henry VIII. in England there were between one and two hundred crimes on the statute books for which death was the penalty? The increase of crime in later days is in one way a hopeful feature of the situation. As the moral ideals of the world rise, all sorts of things which never used to be crimes are considered so because laws are passed against them, so that the number of crimes looked at from that point of view indicates a more sensitive conscience, a greater devotion to righteousness.

There is another thing indicating a great advance in the life of the common people. The common person to-day has more of the comforts of life, more that makes life worth while from the intelligent point of view, than nobles and kings had five hundred years ago. Queen Elizabeth could not possibly have had nearly as many of the things which enter into the comfortable life of a human being as the average day laborer has now. Think of the books, the newspapers, the music, the intellectual life, the æsthetic life of the common people.

Then we are beginning to get control of other important things, as of disease, for instance. Think of the advance in medicine and surgery! for they have made most wonderful strides. Anæsthetics, those killers of agony, were discovered since I was born; and most of the advances in surgery have been made in the last

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twenty-five or thirty years. We are learning that pain can be largely controlled and epidemics may be abolished, as we have practically abolished small-pox. One or two hundred years ago it was rare to find people whose faces were not pitted. To-day it is rare to find one that is. This is an indication of what is possible in the future. We are making the world a better place for the common man and woman. They are all climbing up into a better intellectual life, into moral life, into æsthetic life, with the improvements which help them to live like human beings.

Here in this country one of the most wonderful processes is going on which you can conceive, nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Flocking together in this country are representatives of every race on earth; and what is the result so far? Struggle and strife, competition, strikes, these disturbances, if you please; but what do these mean? Go to the country where there is no hope; and there are no strikes, there is no unrest, there are no business disturbances. These are nothing but growing pains. They are indications of hope. People are striving to better themselves. Sometimes they do it wisely, sometimes very unwisely; but that is what it means. Here the mingling of the races is going on; and there is to come out of it, I believe, the most wonderful race that humanity has ever seen.

So the world in every direction is advancing. In every quarter of earth and sky there are signs of spring.

I want to call your attention here to one very significant thing that most people overlook. Theology has had something to do with our way of looking at things here. I myself had the impression,—I do not know where I got it, I must have breathed it in the air or must have gleaned it from the conversation of people about me,—I had the impression as a boy that the world was almost at its end, that we were getting through with

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the history of humanity. Theologians have been telling us that the world is getting worse and worse, and that it will end in a great catastrophe. That was the burden of a great deal of Mr. Moody's preaching,—no use in trying to save the world, get as many souls off the wreck as you can, and let it go. That was his way of looking at the world and the course of human history. But, remember, humanity has been on this earth two or three hundred thousand years. The historic period, that period which we study in books instead of in archæological remains, covers only six or eight thousand years, a moment, hardly a long day. We are only at early morning. The sun is hardly up yet. Here and there it touches a mountain top; and in some favored spot it has shone down into a valley. Man is not civilized. We are only civilized here and there in spots, hardly civilized at that. Instead of this world being old, it is young: it is morning, it is the twilight of the dawn. The control of this planet is ahead of us. We are coming gradually through invention and discovery to master the forces of the earth. When my father was born in 1794, there was no man on earth who could travel any faster than Abraham could. The fastest method was on horseback. The things which have changed the face of civilization have come since my father was born. I have referred to this before; but you will pardon me for using the same illustration to show how modern these changes are. The span of two lives, one not quite finished yet, covers it all; and we are only beginning to control these marvellous powers. The heavens are being opened, and, as Tennyson says,

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

We are making and getting control of a new earth. Life is getting a better worth on account of its multiplied interests and its incentives.

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Are there, then, no signs of spring? I foresee an age when war will be only a memory, when the great epidemics of disease will be under control, when there will be no more want of food or clothing or shelter, when vice and crime will be largely outgrown, because people will be intelligent enough to treat these things with the contempt which they deserve. It is along these lines that I foresee the path to happiness and peace. I foresee the time when the world will be covered with a happy people, nations flowing together, in sympathy with each other, having learned that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, and that individuals will recognize this in their personal relations; "when the knowledge of the Lord," as the old prophet said, "shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea." I will read to you a poem embodying this idea by Charles Mackay.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger.
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

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There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,

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In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

If we believe this,—and, if we read history aright, we must believe this,—we shall have courage, we shall go out with cheer, we shall face the evils, and face them down, and consecrate ourselves in charity and hope to God and the help of our fellows.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for the signs of spring in the air we breathe, in the aspect of the sky, in the grasses springing beneath our feet; but we thank Thee most for the hopes of humanity as we look over the world. They are Thy children, Father, and Thou dost love them. The sun of righteousness, the sun of hope and of love, will melt away the ice and the snow. The brooks are beginning to sing, and the birds fill the air with music, and so the time will come when Thy people shall all be righteous and rejoice in Thee. Amen.

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IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

"In remembrance of me." These words constitute both my subject and my text. They may be found in the First Epistle to the Church of Corinth, the eleventh chapter and the twenty-fifth verse. The origin of these words and of this service seem to me the simplest in the world. I do not regard this as in any sense a sacrament, as the churches are accustomed to use that word. I do not believe that this is anything but simple bread, or that this is anything but simple wine. I do not believe that putting this bread between the lips or taking a sip of the wine possesses any magic power, or that of itself it can have any effect in transforming the character or changing our relation to God.

It was the last passover which Jesus was to eat with his disciples. This was one of the most sacred of the festivals of his people. As he sat with them at supper, he was looking back and looking ahead. He knew that he was going to die. It required no supernatural foresight to determine this knowledge in his case. He could read the condition of the time. He knew the temper of the priesthood and the rulers. He had taken his stand; and he clearly and fearlessly saw the price he must pay for it. Jesus was one of the great radical leaders of the world. In his day he represented a great forward movement on the part of the religious life of his people. He challenged them as to their old ideas and positions, and demanded of them, in the name of a higher knowledge of God, that they take this step forward. But he knew perfectly well that they were not yet ready

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to take it, and that the price of his challenge would be his life. As, then, he sat with his disciples, he said in the most natural way, it seems to me: This body of mine is to be broken, this blood of mine is to be shed. It will mean a higher and better life for the world some time; and hereafter, when you sit together to break bread and taste the wine, *remember me.* Simple, sweet, natural, the suggestion of the words. If there is any time when we remember those of our intimate circle who have been taken away from us, is it not when we sit down round the table? The chair that used to be occupied is vacant. Even if the chair is not in its accustomed place or if some one else sits there, memory pictures the vacancy. Memory calls up the face, the figure, the voice. Then, if at no other time, it is perfectly natural that we should remember those who were dear.

Some form of service or ceremony like this is much older than Christianity. It is connected with a good many other religions; but it is so simple, so human, that it is not strange that the idea should have occurred to a good many different people in different times and in different parts of the world.

Did you ever stop to think how wonderful, how mysterious, a thing this memory of ours is? Is there any one in the world wise enough to understand it or explain it? You sit by your fireside, you lean your head on your hand by your desk, you pause for a little while in your work, and where are you? You are walking the street of some foreign city which you have been fortunate enough to visit, you are with the crowds in St. Peter's, you are under the lofty magnificence of Cologne, you are watching the gay throngs in Paris, you are looking at the riches of the British Museum again, you are standing in the presence of some of the noble monuments which decorate the great cities of the world or you are

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watching the Alps, you are gliding over the surface of some one of the beautiful lakes in which you took special pleasure. You are living in memory; but where are these memories? Where are these pictures that you can call up at will? Are they printed on the tiny particles of the brain? But the particles of the brain have changed since you saw those things. These bodies of ours are in perpetual flux. They flow like a mountain stream. The cataract remains, so far as its form is concerned; but every single drop of which it is composed is in continual change. Where, then, are these pictures? As I stand here and speak this morning, in an instant I can live over my childhood. I hear the shouts of the boys at play, their faces are before me. The river is flowing by between its banks, the hills rise, crowned with the woodlands that were full of mystery and wonder in my childhood. I dream over again my boyish ambitions. I feel thrilled once more with the hopes that fired me then. Where are all these things? How is it that I am able thus to resurrect them at will? I do not know. I do not know of any one who is wise enough to tell me. But it is this mysterious faculty of memory that gives me my personal identity. I can believe that I am the same one as the little boy in the far-off years because I can remember that I was there. I remember the faces I saw, the words that I spoke, the deeds that I did. And so all the way along runs this marvellous thread of personal continuity which makes me know that *I was I* as well as that *I am I* to-day. So this power of memory enables me to keep the past while I go on into the future. And it enables me to learn of the past. I made a mistake last year: I remember it, I will not repeat it. If I did not remember it, I might make it over and over again. I met with some success ten years ago, I achieved something that I tried to accomplish. I remember that this morning; and it is a comfort and

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an inspiration to me. Because I did it once, I may be able to do it again, or, in the light of that experience, do even something finer and better yet. Thus this power of memory enables us to keep the past, that we may learn from its errors, that we may be inspired by its successes, and so go on and on.

There is not only this mysterious personal memory, but there is a national memory, a race recollection; and by means of this there is a national, or race, identity. This comes to us in the form of written records which we call history, and also in the form of unwritten tradition, more or less reliable, and which antedates history, and which makes life seem longer and longer still. Here, again, we may be inspired by the memory of our nation. We may be glad and proud that we belong to a nation that has been capable of producing such noble types of men. We may be glad and proud that we belong to a race which has climbed up so high in the way of endowment and achievement. It is a pity that social, political, and industrial reformers do not use this historical memory a little more than they do. They might save the recommitting of mistakes many a time. In the industrial world, for example, certain things have been attempted in the past; and it has proved that they were not feasible. In the political world, in the social world, the same thing is true. Men would not waste their time and their effort in trying these things over and over again if they familiarized themselves with what the national or race memory might be able to give them. Here, again, we can learn from the mistakes of the past, and we can be inspired by the past's successes.

There are two or three things connected with this special experience of Jesus to which I wish to call your attention. I had occasion, not long ago, to call your attention to the low estimate which we sometimes place on human nature. We have been taught that all men

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were naturally depraved; and we are too apt to believe it. If we have some personal experience with a man, and we find him dishonest, if he disappoints us, we are apt to be even more credulous in regard to this general low estimate of human nature. What I wish to suggest to you in connection with the memory of Jesus is this: Jesus was a man, therefore he is to be taken as a type of what humanity can be. We are to lift our definition of human nature to his level. It is too common for us to estimate humanity by its poorer specimens. We forget the lessons of true and faithful noble souls when a sad case of depravity is forced upon our attention. You go out into an orchard in the fall, and some one picks up a poor, aborted, wormy specimen of an apple, and brings it to you, and says, This is what an apple means. Go a little farther along, and pick up some fine, rounded, beautifully tinted, luscious-tasting, and perfect specimen, and say, That is what an apple means. You do not define a rose by some blighted specimen. You get the most beautiful type that you can, and say, That is a rose. One of the most unfortunate ways of regarding Jesus is to think of him as something different from a man, so that we lose the inspiration and help that may come to us by believing that mankind is capable of presenting a specimen like that. Having been taught that men are poor and mean and degraded, it has been common in the past, when some fair and beautiful and fine specimen has been discovered, to say, He must be an exception, he must be divine, at any rate he must be specially inspired. I love therefore to think of Jesus as just the simple man; for then I am thrilled with the thought that this is human nature in its finest and highest capability, and I learn to reverence and believe in humanity.

Looked at in some ways, the ordinary specimens of human nature are a little depressing; but, when I go

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back and down through the past, when I remember where man originated, when I remember how he was born into this world, ignorant and weak, when I remember the passions that he has inherited from his animal ancestry, when I remember how he has been haunted with fear and pursued by enemies seen and unseen, when I remember the wonder of his ascent and see the opportunities on every hand for going astray, I find myself ready to go on my knees in wonder and reverence, as I note the magnificent thing that humanity has become and has accomplished.

So I love to remember that Jesus was a man, in order that I may trust him and admire and believe in the possibilities of human nature.

When I look at Jesus and then look at myself, I am discouraged in one way, I am inspired in another. When I see what he was and then what I am, the gulf seems almost impassable between us; and yet, because he was a man and because I am a man, I can be that which he was,—if not to-day, then to-morrow, if not to-morrow, sometime. And so I hold up that ideal, thrilled and lifted and inspired, discouraged and comforted, all in one. By looking at it, I chasten myself, condemn myself, and then am lifted up by the contemplation.

There are two or three special phases of the character of Jesus to which I wish to call your attention. I want to ask you to remember a few things about him.

In the first place, whether it seems rational to you or not, whether you have ever had any experience that makes it seem easy or possible for you, remember that Jesus lived a life in conscious, daily, personal, intimate relation with God. He believed that he did. I believe that he did. It does not make any difference what your conception of God may be, whether it agrees with his or not. Jesus led this kind of life: he believed in God, he trusted in God, he felt that he was conscious of his

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presence, he delighted in him, and found the meaning of his life in trying to obey his laws. Now note this, that we may place it alongside that fact. This man who tried to live this kind of life lived it—it is thought—more perfectly than any other man in history. What was the result? His life was more nearly the ideally divine life than any other human life. Can you believe that this magnificent result sprang out of a mistake, that it was all an illusion; that either God does not exist or that he is away off somewhere, so that we cannot get into any personal relation with him, that he does not care anything about us, that he does not concern himself with us in any way? Can you believe this? When you remember Jesus, can you believe it?

I wish you to note a fact here that science teaches us. I have had occasion to refer to it before; but I need it to make the thought clear in this connection. Herbert Spencer tells us that life is a process of adjustment between inner relations and outer relations. A plant turns towards the sun because the sun is there and draws it. The eye came out to see in answer to the call of light. The ear came out to listen to sound. When you find some organ adapted to some reality, you may be sure that that reality is there, whether you can see it or not. If you walk the deck of a steamer and look at the needle, you note that there is some natural force which makes it point to the north. You do not know what magnetism is; and you do not know why it points to the pole. You can see nothing to explain or account for it; but there is the great natural fact and the great natural force which pulls the needle always in that direction. When, then, you find a great soul like Jesus reaching out towards some supposed magnificent reality, and when that outreaching means the building up of the sublimest and grandest character that ever lived, it means something. It means, I believe, that *the great*

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reality is there. I only suggest this for your thought. If in his case the result was so fine, may it not be worth while for us to try to feel it ourselves, and see if we get any response?

There is another characteristic of Jesus that I wish to ask you to remember. He centred his character on the great essential thing of manhood. I hardly know how to make this as clear as I wish. Suppose I put it in this way. You cannot imagine Jesus having been changed in character by having money,—by being rich or by being poor, by being educated, as the world calls it, or uneducated, by being sick or being well, by occupying a high social position or a low one. In other words, Jesus did not fix his attention on the conditions or circumstances of life. He fixed it on the great essential thing; and he put the idea into one of his telling phrases: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses." He may have this life, and possess any quantity of things; he may have it, and be poor; he may have it, and be rich; he may have it, and be educated; he may have it, and be uneducated; he may have it, and be well; he may have it in a high social or political position; he may have it, and be one of the poor and unnoticed in the world. But the point I wish you to note is that Jesus lived in this central, essential world of his manhood; and, living there, there is no possibility of his ever meeting defeat. Do you see that? If you remember that quality of Jesus and imitate it, what will it mean in your lives? It will mean that, if you are rich, you will use your wealth to serve and build up your manhood. If you are poor, you will use that experience to culture and develop your soul. If you are sick, you will make yourself a better man through the experience of illness. If you are well, you will not allow abounding health to make you selfish or indifferent. It means that, no matter what the conditions of your

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life may be, you will work out, in the midst of those conditions, the cultivation and development of your manhood or womanhood. If you remember Jesus in this way, you will get a view of life that will give you courage to face anything. There is no power in heaven or hell, outside yourself, that can possibly harm you. Remember that in remembering Jesus; and so poise your soul then on the very centre of being, and nothing can ever shake you.

Remember another quality of Jesus,—I shall have to pass by many things that are in my mind, and hasten over some that I thought of speaking of,—remember the attitude that Jesus took towards the poor, towards bad people, towards his enemies. It was wonderful, I think. Jesus kept all his bitter words for strong and respectable people. He was always tender towards weakness, towards the frail, towards the discouraged. I think, if you should study a large part of the crime and failure of the world, you would find at the root of it discouragement and despair. People have not found themselves equal to the forces that were against them; and they have gone under. They have lost self-respect, they have lost courage, they know they are fighting a losing battle; and they have grown bitter and hard in the process. Jesus was very tender towards such people. He was tender towards the publicans and sinners he associated with, and did all that he could to heal and to help. He never tried to "get back at" his bitterest enemy, to "get even" with him. On the cross, you know, he said: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing. They misunderstand the whole situation, they misunderstand me, they are mistaken in it all. Forgive them, Father! If a man is your enemy, and you remember Jesus, you will not try to pay him in his own kind; for that only doubles the quantity of that kind, you put yourself on the level

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with that man. Remember that, if he is your enemy, it is for a good cause or for no cause. If you are at fault, take the cause out of the way. If he is your enemy because he is mistaken, he is to be pitied, to be helped, to be delivered from himself.

As we look out, then, over the world and see the wrecks, the failures, the vicious, the criminal, the disheartened, the lost, those that are bitter towards us and towards all the world, let a great tenderness, pity, sympathy, come into our hearts, and in the spirit of Jesus let us do what we can to help and to heal.

One more suggestion. I would have you remember that Jesus was true to himself, true to his conviction, even unto death. It makes me ashamed when I hear people talk of this or that man's self-sacrifice, about his being brave in announcing his views. Consider what some men have paid for their convictions. Remember Servetus; remember Giordano Bruno, and the great roll of martyrs, those who have been burned at the stake, who have been sawn asunder, who have been thrown to the wild beasts, who have been plunged into cauldrons of boiling oil, who have suffered every kind of torment for their opinions. Remember Jesus hanging on the cross that Friday afternoon, outside the walls of the city, for his opinion. These men might have saved themselves by a word. I have always been grateful that I have never been put to that kind of a test. We ought to be ashamed, when we remember cases like these, that we cannot sacrifice just a little money or time or effort, that we cannot make even the struggle of getting up in the morning in time for church, or of going to church if it is a little out of the way. We have never been called on for anything that means self-sacrifice. But these men and Jesus when they might have saved their lives by a breath, died bravely for God, for you, for me, for liberty, for truth, for humanity, for the higher and the

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nobler life. Are we not ashamed to take the magnificent inheritance which they have purchased for us with their blood, while we are too lazy, too selfish, too indifferent, to bear the little burden we might bear while they were crushed for our sake?

Remember that Jesus gave his life for his convictions, and so became saviour and helper of the world. Let us, then, remember, as we look back and estimate the cost, the true and sweet ones who have lived, who have conquered, who have borne, who have triumphed; and, as we remember them, let us be inspired by them, and, as far as we may, see to it that what they have given us be handed on, not unimpaired alone, but, made a little more and a little better.

Father, as we remember Jesus, Thy son, our brother, let us reconsecrate ourselves to some nobler and higher way of living. And let us give ourselves from this day on to following after him as he followed after Thee. Amen.

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THE CHILDREN ARE TENDER

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THE CHILDREN ARE TENDER.

"The children are tender: I will lead on softly."—GENESIS xxxiii. 13, 14.

IT was one of the secrets of my craft, in the old days when I wanted to weld iron or work steel to a fine purpose, to begin gently. If I began, as all learners do, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble instead of welding, or the steel would suffer under my hammer, so that, when it came to be tempered, it would fly, as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality. It was the first condition of a good job to begin gently. In a moment or two I could come down with a firmer hand, and, before I was through, pour out all my might in a sturdy storm of blows; but, if I began with the storm at this kind of work, I ended, as a rule, with a wreck.

I notice the same principle in the great iron mills. The reason why the Nasmyth hammer can come down so gently as just to crack an egg, and then can smite like a small earthquake, lies in the need there is that there should be such a compass of power and gentleness within the same device. Take the gentleness out, on the one hand, or the ponderous might, on the other, and the thing fails of its completeness. The perfection lies in the blending, because the work this blind giant has to do is very much like that your good smith has to do,—to come down gently as a June shower or to smite like a tornado, according to the need of the moments.

So you have noticed a skilful mechanic start a new machine,—a steam-engine in the factory, a locomotive on the track, or a sewing-machine in the living-room,—

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it is no matter,—he always begins gently. He may be ever so sure it is all right, and that all the parts are balanced perfectly. It is the first condition of keeping the balance true that his machine shall not go tearing away at high pressure on the instant, but shall feel its way into the best it can do through a sort of separate intelligence it has managed to grasp by reason of its birth and breeding. It is the man's child, in a sense; and he knows exactly what to do in order that it may do honor to his hand and brain. He must let this fine fruit of his life have time to find its way into a full action gently: so, you notice, he will ease a little here, and tighten a little there, just a thought, as he says with an exquisite fitness of the word to the deed, and so at last his work is well done.

I watched this principle again in a grand organ, when they were building up and bringing out its harmonies. The skilful fellow who had that work to do did not start by putting all the pipes in their places, pulling out all the stops, and then storming you with one crash of melody which would shake the church. I noticed he began gently with some of the finest chords, made those true, and then went on to others of a greater volume, and so wrought on to the end. Now and then I would sit for half an hour listening and wondering at the gentle patience. I could not make out half the cadences or see the use of half the trouble he took. He was using a fine spirit he had in his nature to detect the dissonance, while I went by the rule of thumb. And I got so tired at last of the whole business that I begged one day he would let the music out in one great flood. He did it, to please me; but I was not pleased. The organ was not ready for such a revelation, and he knew that, of course: only ministers must have their own way sometimes, when they are all wrong; and I had my way. But now, out of a gentle patient touch, which never halts and never loses its

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temper, this wonderful instrument has grown to be a perpetual delight.

You have noticed, again, that in training a fine animal for good service the trainer begins gently. He smites the tiger with an iron bar, and cows him; but, if he is a wise man, he talks to his horse, and allures him, courts him, and makes a friend of him. It was imagined within my day that to have a good horse you must *break* him. I notice the word is seldom used now. We do not break: we train. Only the most vicious are broken; and they end, as a rule, with a well-proven demonstration of the worthlessness of the plan. If they do not learn to love, but only to fear you; if on their bells is not written, "Holiness to the Lord,"—then the day is almost sure to come when they will break out in one superb dash of desperation, and make you feel with Balaam that there may be but one step between your tormented brute and death. And so I love to note such things as these, as I watch the perpetual advent of little children into this life of ours, and wonder how we shall deal with them in the one wise way which will weld them, shall I say, to whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, start them to the surest purpose, and train them so as to bring out the whole power for good God has hidden in their nature.

There must be one right way, and I think this father found it when he said: "The children are tender: I will lead them on softly." They may seem crude as unwelded iron or unshapen steel, or mere machines, or little brutes; and there are men in this world who seem by their action to have some such notion of a child's nature, to their eternal shame. All the same, if these hints from what is so like and so unlike are of any use, here is the principle at the very outset of our endeavor to make a man out of our man-child and a woman out of our maid-child: they are tender, we must lead on softly. Solomon

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may slip in with his cruel maxim of "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." He has no business about my place while my children are tender. I can no more be hard on them than Jesus could. If I hurt them in this evil way, I hurt those who are of the kingdom of heaven. My white hairs have brought me this wisdom, that the unpardonable sin is to be hard on a tender child. I do not know whether God forgives me: I know I do not forgive myself. They forget, I hope; but I do not forget. No cut of the hand or the tongue ever fell from a true father on such a child that failed to ache in the heart of the giver, and no such thing was ever done which was not a damage all round. So I do not wonder that the old grandsire is so gentle with the second generation. He will not tell you, or himself perhaps, how it is that he is so tender with these new buds on the tree of life. He is trying to make it up to them, poor man: it is all he can do now. He would fain recall some passages in his fatherhood, but that cannot be done; and so he chokes back the inextinguishable regret, and humbly tries to get even through the over-measure. My good mother was something of a Spartan with her boys,—a very gentle Spartan. Still, now and then she would make stern work of it; for we were a rough lot. But it was wonderfully beautiful to see her in her old age spreading her wide grandmotherly wings over the children of the new day. She could no more be hard on them, no matter what pranks they played, than your May sun can be hard on your May blossom. It was the return of the heart to the soft answer, the sweet submission to the better plan, the vision of the infinite worth of gentle ways with tender folk, the endeavor, unknown to herself, to ease her dear old heart of what little pain was there from the old days, the feeling that she might perhaps have gone more softly once with those she had then in hand; and so I want no better nurse for those I have given back to God than the

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good old soul who could not quite see things in this light seventy years ago.

For while I have likened this gentle dealing to things so remote that I might suggest to you, even by these uncouth parallels, how entirely wrong we are when we try anything save gentleness with these tender natures, my instances fall far below the truth the moment we remember that these children are not things at all we can turn out to pattern, but human beings, each one living to himself or to herself, holding a secret we cannot fathom, possessing powers perhaps we cannot even guess at,—our children after the flesh, God's children after the spirit, but intrusted to our hands and to our homes, that, coming out of heaven with hints of the angels in them, they may go back when their time comes, as sealed saints.

Because, when we say that no two faces are alike, we can say with a far deeper reason that no two natures are alike. The boy may be the image of his father, yet the life within them may be no more the same than if they had been born a thousand miles apart. We bend over these opening lives, and try to see our own image in them; but it is not there. We detect a faculty, a turn, a temper, we know we never had. The holy spirit, which watches us forever, selects and saves by a law we do not half understand; and so we do not understand these tender natures until we know what these powers are which are waking out of their sleep. So, if we imagine the child is such an one as ourselves, we have plenty of room to blunder in dealing with them as we would be dealt by if we were in their place. Your son may be no more like you in some most vital thing than David was like Jesse.

Now we always walk softly if we do not know our way, and that way lies through great shadows; and here is where the child differs from the machine. We know

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what the machine can do: we have no such knowledge of the child. My boy may have a faculty in possession of his nature which in thirty years will be a benediction to the human family; but to-day, through the overplus of power compared with his other powers and his knowledge of the world he lives in, it may look like a vice to me, and may grow to be a vice if I do not say, "The child is tender: I will lead on softly."

I will suppose he is born with an overplus of imagination, so that things appear to him as realities which have no existence except as the magic light of the imagination has thrown a picture against the white surface of his world. And so I suddenly discover, as I imagine that he is lying right and left; and then he gets, not a gentle guidance through which he can find the line at last between thoughts and things, but first a stern warning, and then what I call a good *sound* whipping. Many a good father has flogged his boy for this turn, when he ought to have flogged himself like one of the old hermits. Here is a case in which they are alike, but with a difference. The minister has been drawing on his imagination time out of mind for the matter of his sermons. The son has come honestly by the faculty, but he is not shrewd enough to see how far he can go without being found out. The rein lies on the neck of his power as yet, and so it carries him whither it will; and then, perhaps, the father prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him one through such prayers. "*Gently*," I would say to such a man. "Turn the lash the other way: pray for insight and foresight. This may be a rare gift you do not understand. The loftiest poet that ever sang may be but a vaster liar by your base criterion."

We must take note that the children are tender also, as we try to educate them. My small daughter, speaking of a neighbor's child one day, said, "She is going

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to a cemetery now"; and then a little laugh went round the table at the curious trip of the tongue. But I said to myself, "It may be so: who knows?" These tender folk do go to the cemetery many a time through the school, or might as well be there for any chance at life they have after they come out of school. We could hardly light on a wiser or a better woman than dear old Mrs. Barbauld. Her hymns for infant minds still linger like a benediction; but she was so eager to make a very remarkable man out of her little nephew, Charles Aikin, that she educated him out of his mind into idiocy. So good fathers and mothers who would shrink from laying heavy burdens on the backs of their children do not hesitate a moment about laying such burdens on the nerve and the brain. They urge them on at their books, or permit the teachers to do this, until the poor young things lose more in wealth of life, and life's worth, than their education will ever pay for. Lead on softly, then, in these paths of learning. If your children want to rush ahead at a pace which will leave them learned invalids, hold them back. A true education is not a long fever. Here and there a child may need to be urged on a little; but I frankly confess that, under the high pressure of our public schools, I take the children's side in all their little plots to stay away a day from school when they have been hard at work for many days. I like to plot with them. Their success pleases me more than their failure. If they will be frank, and bring the matter before the home tribunal, they can always be sure of one advocate who will plead their cause with a moving eloquence rooted in old memories of half-holidays that are written in letters of gold.

In the culture of the heart, also, we must lead on softly. I can no more believe that hard and cruel thoughts of God will be good for my children than I can believe in hard and cruel words and blows; and I

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have no doubt there are more so-called infidels made and confirmed to that end by fathers who thought they were doing God service than there are of any other type. Such a course may have answered well enough for the father. He had got along, it may be, to where such thoughts could do him no great harm when they struck him. There was no such reality in them at any time as there is in what he does in the bank or what he thinks as he watches the molten iron in the furnace. But, while this is theology to him, it is very often grim, hard, real, biting torment to the tender child. It shuts out heaven and opens hell to him: it is cruel, *cruel* as the hissing and biting of serpents, to some delicate small souls. I suffered more agony at one time in my childhood, when a revivalist got hold of me, and made me believe I might wake up in hell when I laid my poor little head on the pillow, than from any other thing that ever struck me.

There lies the way to do a fatal mischief, the way the seeds of infidelity are sown in many a noble nature. It is simply the revolt at, the resistance to, and the rejection of a God their nature is too large and sweet and tender to tolerate. If in these early days there is no day-star of a lovelier light, no dawning for the small bright soul of a better day, then there may be no chance for that soul to pass into the kingdom until it has passed out of the world.

I had a very touching letter long ago from an army officer away out on the frontier. He told me how he had gone through sore trouble for his soul's sake, but had somehow felt his way out of the great grim shadows into a sunny peace and rest. "I have little children," he said, "and I want them to be trained up within this better life and light from the start, but I am a poor hand to pray and teach them. I am not sure I can do it if I try; and so will you please send me some good man-

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ual to help along out to the fort?" That good man has got hold of the clew. Those children will be led softly. The secret of the Lord is in the gentle, soldierly heart. They will rise up to call him blessed. There will be no revolt from the heaven which bends over those tender natures, no turning away from the infinite love, no terror of the eternal torment. Their religion will be part and parcel of their very life.

And so, when we quote the Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go," we must still take heed to our ways, lest we think more of the Scripture than we think of the child,—fix our mind and purpose on the other rather than the hither end of the way, and train him for what he should be at forty rather than for what he must be in his childhood and youth. So we make havoc of the child in our haste to make a man, trying to force that to a speedy head Nature has determined shall only round out to completeness in the large leisure of the summer of our life; while this is true especially in those who are what we call dull and backward boys, like David Hume and Walter Scott. This is what we may do; and, when we are through with our training, those God gave us for all sweet and noble ends will feel they have been cheated out of their childhood, the kindly joyous years that are once and no more.

The home, then, may be only a better—and not much better—sort of prison, as John Ruskin's home was, or a meeting-house so grim that, as he tells us, he began in his childhood to be afraid of Sunday by Wednesday, so heavy was the burden of the long services, and so brief the rests between. And in this ruthless training which robs childhood of its purest joy, we may think that, when we are no more, they will rise up to call us blessed; but this is just what they will not do. The judgment day will surely come when we must answer for what is written in the book of the life of our children.

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John Mill took this ruthless way with his son, John Stuart Mill: he would make a great man of him, so he robbed the boy of his childhood; and there is no sadder strain to my mind in modern biography than the condemnation, not quite uttered, but always there. It is the resentment of a human soul robbed of its birthright in the joy that waits to welcome us in the mint-new morning world. Therefore, I must lay the patriarch's gentle purpose to my heart. "The children are tender: I will lead on softly." For these in my care who also have the long hard journey before them, lead on softly, and *never drive* or permit those to drive who are with me in the training.

And, if this is true of the shadow, how true it must be of the light! If ours is a hard and poor lot, no man or woman, father or mother, need ever fear the children will fail to look backward to the early years with a tender love if by all the means in our power we make good for them the patriarch's purpose. We may have to face hard work and hard times; but, when we all face them together, as it was in one home so long ago I hold in my heart,—let in all the sunshine, and give it out from our hearts while we take it out from the blessed heavens,—there can be but one memory, and that will be the best the heart can desire. I think, indeed, our love for the old home is very often deepest and purest in those who have had to face the hardest times, if we have fought through them in this bright good way, and led the children on softly. We may think they do not understand or do not care: they *do* understand and they *do* care, as I can well bear witness for one. The making of many a man has greatly lain in the failure of his good striving father, and this is the father's reward. We talk about chivalry. There never was a knight since knighthood was heard of who could answer more bravely than the boy who sits in his home with only God and his father and mother in the sore stress of their life.

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Yes, and wealth and ease, if we are not wise, may be as non-conductors to isolate the heart from these fine currents of sympathy and love on which young souls grow quick and tremulous; while hard striving with poor fortune will deepen and intensify their purpose. There were homes in this world, fifty, sixty, seventy years ago, bare of all things save this one secret. They are the dearest places on the earth to-day in the memory of men and women who have everything now the heart can desire. There are such homes past my numbering to-day, but the children are led on softly, and have the best chance love can give them of childhood's joy; and in fifty, sixty, seventy years these will rank many a home on our great avenues in their wealth of loving memories.

And, when we have done this, what better can we do than put the whole wealth of our endeavor in trust into the hands of God and in the spirit of this prayer from the heart of Schiller's father for his son?—

"O God, thou knowest my poverty in good gifts for my son's inheritance. Graciously permit that, even as the want of bread became to thy hunger-stricken flock in the wilderness the pledge of overflowing abundance, so likewise my darkness may in its sad extremity carry with it the measure of thy unfathomable light. And, because I cannot give to my son the least of blessings, do thou give the greatest; because in my hands there is not anything, do thou pour out all things from thine. And this temple of a new-born spirit, which I cannot adorn even with earthly ornaments of dust and ashes, do thou irradiate with the celestial adornment of thy presence, and finally with that peace which passes all understanding."

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A Palm Sunday Sermon

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THE DEFEAT OF VICTORY AND THE VICTORY OF DEFEAT.

A PALM SUNDAY SERMON.

My subject this morning is "The Defeat of Victory and the Victory of Defeat: A Palm Sunday Sermon." I find my text in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses. "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it; for what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life?"

This is Palm Sunday. To-day the churches of Christendom celebrate what is called the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Popular expectation of the coming of the Messiah had generally settled upon him. As he came near the city, the people came out to meet him, and insisted that he should ride into the town like a king. Remember that the Jewish expectation was not at all that this Messiah was to be God, or an incarnation of God, or in any sense a divine being. He was to be God-selected and God-anointed, to belong to the line of David, and was to be elevated to the throne of his people. He was to ride into the city like a king. So some spread their garments upon the ass which he rode, others spread their garments in the way. They cut off branches of the trees, and strewed them in the road, and those who went before and those who followed shouted: "Hosanna,

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glory to God in the highest! Hosanna to him that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

And so Jesus came to the city; and the story tells us that, when there, he entered into the temple, and cried out, as he saw the traffic that was going on there connected with the sacrifices, "It is written, My Father's house shall be a house of prayer for all nations; but you have profaned it. You have made it a place for bargain and sale, for the accumulation of unjust gains, turning it into a house of robbers." And he drove the money-changers from the courts of the temple.

Then the week went on. The people found that he was not at all the kind of Messiah that they had been looking for. He did not meet or fill public expectation. His was another kind of kingdom,—a kingdom of the soul, a kingdom of justice and righteousness, of truth, spiritual and eternal. They wanted an earthly sovereign. They wanted the Romans driven out; they wanted Jerusalem to be the capital of an empire; they wanted to rule over the peoples of the world; they wanted the glory and the supremacy of conquest. Jesus would not have these things. As the days went by, they found that he was teaching ideas that threatened the stability of the religion they believed in, the religion of the temple, the religion of sacrifices, of ritual, of solemn ceremony. He even went so far as to say that this temple might be destroyed, and the glory of the Hebrew nation might pass away. He went so far as to say that God is not specially here on this mountain of Moriah: it is not here alone that he may be found. God is spirit: they who worship him in spirit may find him anywhere.

Do you not see how subversive this was of the popular Jewish expectation? He was not the Messiah whom they desired, and soon the same crowd that was shouting Hosanna was crying out, "Crucify him!" And, when the choice was set before them between Barabbas and

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Jesus, they said, "Release Barabbas, and take this man away to the cross!"

So in a very few days victory became defeat. He was lifted up on the cross just outside the walls of the city. He hung there for six long hours, and then with a cry his spirit departed to be with Him from whom it had come. Pilate was victorious, and the high priest was victorious, and the mob was victorious; and Rome had suppressed another Jewish sedition, and might expect peace for at least a while.

So Jesus had met defeat; but *we* know that out of this defeat victory has come. I wish to call your attention to this fact: if Jesus had won a victory in Jerusalem, at this time, there would have been no Christianity. It would have meant age-long defeat. The defeat was victory; and the victory would have been defeat. For note on what terms or in compliance with what condition Jesus could at that time have won victory. He must have lowered his standard, he must have surrendered his great ideals, he must have conformed to popular expectation, he must have made of himself the kind of Messiah for whom they were looking. For the popular temper was such that they would have no other. Do you not see, then, that an immediate victory would have been an age-long defeat? Only as Jesus was willing to bear the cross and to hang upon it, could he live and reign as he lives and reigns to-day in millions of human hearts and lives.

There is a principle here which I wish to illustrate by calling your attention to two or three other cases. This is not peculiar to Jesus: it is not peculiar even to religion. It is something that goes deep down into the secret meanings, and that touches the secret springs of human life.

Glance for a moment at the familiar figure of Socrates. This is another case where religion was involved. Socrates is the one great pagan of antiquity for whom, I

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suppose, almost all the churches, whatever their creed, would find a place in heaven. He stands out as one conspicuous figure of wisdom, righteousness, gentleness, and love. Why was he compelled to take the hemlock? Had he committed any crime? Yes, he was a criminal. So was Jesus. A criminal is not necessarily a man who has done wrong against the eternal verities. He is simply a man who has dared to defy human law. A man who breaks a human law is a criminal. Sometimes he is a good, noble man because he is a criminal. Socrates was arraigned on the charge of impiety. His teaching threatened to be subversive of the popular religion. He was accused of leading young men away from the gods and corrupting, as the people thought, the youth of Athens. So he was put to death. Here, again, Socrates conquered in being defeated. The only way by which he could have won success at the time was, as in the case of Jesus, by turning away from his ideal, by lowering his standard, by conforming to popular ignorance and popular prejudice, and making himself a victim of the misconceptions of his age. He bore defeat in order that he might conquer; and so he stands to-day as one of the great souls of the world.

The same is true of another leader, Giordano Bruno. He might have saved his life by a word. He lay six years in prison, and was burned in the public square at Rome. Why? Because, again, he would be true to his ideal; he would be true to what he regarded as truth; he would be true to his own soul, to his own manhood. So the Church conquered. But since that day Giordano Bruno is the victor, and more and more he conquers as humanity climbs up its toilsome pathway towards liberty and the attainment of its ideals.

One more illustration, and this is from a different department of life. I have referred to this before on another occasion. I want to show you how completely

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this principle comes out in a certain episode in the life of Abraham Lincoln. He and Mr. Douglas were carrying on a great contest for the Illinois senatorship. Mr. Lincoln wrote out a question, and said to his friends, "I am going to ask Mr. Douglas that question, and press him for an answer." His friends said: "If you do, you will be defeated. Mr. Douglas will be elected senator." Mr. Lincoln replied, "Perhaps, but I shall ask it just the same." And then he added, showing his keen, statesmanlike foresight, "Mr. Douglas cannot answer that question so as to be senator and president both." If he answered it in one way, he would offend the Democrats of the South. If he answered it in another way, he would offend the Democrats of the North. If he offended the Democrats of the North, he would lose the senatorship; and, if he dared to offend the Democrats of the South, he would lose the Presidency. Here was a dilemma. Lincoln asked the question. Douglas replied. Lincoln lost the senatorship. Douglas won. But in his victory Douglas was defeated; for it turned out as Lincoln foresaw, and in his defeat Lincoln won a victory which has turned out to be a victory for liberty, for union, for such confraternity of South and North as was little dreamed possible then,—the leadership of a race, the title of savior of his country forever.

These illustrations have, I trust, made clear to you that there was a great principle involved here. I wish now to go below the surface of discussion for a moment, and put my finger more definitely on that principle. What is success? What is failure? Before you can answer that question, you must find out the nature of the thing or the creature or the person concerned; for what is success in one case may be failure in another. Take the horticulturist dealing with flowers: what does he consider success or failure? It depends. Some flowers are successful because of their brilliant coloring: others are

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successful because of their rich and delicate fragrance. Suppose you are dealing with shrubs and trees. Some shrubs are successful on account of their beauty: some trees are successful on account of their giving shade. Other shrubs and trees are successful because of the quantity and quality of the fruit they bear. Perfume or shade is in abeyance in their case.

A step higher. If we are considering the question of birds, a bird of paradise is a brilliant success if he has a brilliant and beautiful plumage. The brown thrush or the nightingale is not measured at all by that standard. We think very little of the feathers of these birds or their color. Here it is a matter of song; and the brilliant songster succeeds without much regard to his appearance.

When we come up from these lower forms of life to deal with men, what do we find? We find here that we must ask this great fundamental question. If you are going to succeed or fail, your success or failure would be determined very largely by your opinion as to what a man is for. What *is* a man? What is victory for a man, what is defeat for a man? You must settle that. Young men, who have your life ahead of you, you would better settle that. You would better think it over very carefully, analyze it, and make up your mind as to what you are here for, as to what will be victory or defeat for you.

A man is of course an animal. He may succeed finely as an animal. He may win the indulgence of all of his passions. He may have all his sensations played upon, so that his life shall seem to him a delight. He may be an Apollo for beauty. He may be an athlete, Hercules for power. But has he won his human victory for being these? Ask yourselves the question. I do not need to press for a reply.

Let us go a little further. It seems to me that most people would say that a man whose life is clean, and who

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lives in sweet and true affection in his home and among his friends, has won the human victory. I have in mind a personal friend. I am not talking about anybody here, because he is not living in New York. He has been a financial success. He is true and tender and kind in his home, ready to spend any amount of money for wife or children or relatives, for a little circle of friends; but, in my judgment, he has not won the human victory at all. For his wife and family, his little circle of friends, are only the extension to him of his own personality. He is essentially selfish, narrow, and hard in his attitude towards the failures, towards the poor, towards the sinning, towards the weak. He does not live a broad, loving, human, helpful life; and so, I say, he is a failure.

Here is another case, one who has become famous for intellectual achievement. He is a great thinker. He has written a philosophical or scientific work, or poems, or novels, no matter what. He has won the victory in the intellectual realm. His life is harmless, as we say; that is, he does not flagrantly break the laws. Is he a human success, however? Not necessarily, it seems to me. His victory here may blind his eyes to the great defeat which he has met in the essential, the deeper, the higher things of human life.

A man is a great artist. He has carved wonderful statues, he has painted beautiful pictures. Is he necessarily a human success? He may be an utter human failure, may be a wreck, one defeated in the real battle of human life.

What is man? As I said, you would better think about it, and make up your minds for yourselves, because I cannot do that for you. If I were to attempt to pronounce judgment in your special case, I might seriously err. I cannot read what is going on in the deeps of your own nature; but you would better think about it yourselves, and make up your minds. Is a man something

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more than a body, something more than intellect, something more than family affection, something more than art, than beauty? In other words, is he,—I ask you the question, and let you answer it,—is he a child of God, is he a soul, is he essentially a spirit? Is he? Think about it. Try to find out. At any rate, make up your own mind, so that you may know *how to live.* If a man is a soul, if he is a spirit, if he is a child of God, then he has not won human victory until he has lived out the highest possibilities of his being. This does not necessarily take him away from the counting-house or from the studio of the musician or artist. It does not necessarily take him away from the writing of books or from anything which is human. It is simply a question as to where the emphasis shall be laid, as to what shall be regarded as the ideal. When they were building the Washington monument, there was a time when it towered above all the other houses in the city; and yet it was not complete. Suppose some one had said: What is the use of carrying it any farther? It is the highest building in the city now. But there was a certain plan, a certain scheme, a certain ideal; and the monument was not finished until the capstone was in place. And so in regard to men. No matter how tall you may be, no matter how much of a success in finance, no matter how much of a success in literature, in art, in music, as a good fellow among your friends,—no matter about these, grant all that; but are you finished? Is the capstone in its place? *Are you yet a man?* That is the question for you to ask on this Palm Sunday; and it is the question which you would better keep asking until, to your own satisfaction, you have settled it.

Having thus clearly enunciated the principle, I wish to turn again for the sake of enforcing it to a few specific illustrations. In the first place, I will take one from a great world-movement in process at the present time. I

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refer to the condition of things in Russia. We say that Russia is in a great war with Japan. Is that true? We say that it looks as though Russia would be defeated. Is that true? The people of Russia have nothing against Japan; and all those who love the people of Russia, who care for humanity in Russia, who would like to see liberty and education and something like high human life win the victory in Russia,—all these most heartily desire Russian defeat in this war. Victory for the czar, victory for the autocracy, victory for the grand dukes, victory for those who are at the present time the rulers of Russia, would mean disaster and defeat to Russia's real interest, real welfare; for it would mean a new fastening on the people of the grip of autocracy, it would mean a new repression for liberty, it would mean hopelessness to Poland, hopelessness for many of those who are in the grip of the autocracy. It would mean a postponement of education, of liberty, of the lifting up of the people. So, if you wish Russia, the real Russia, to win, wish for her defeat in the war; for out of that defeat will come peace, will come, I trust, release from this grinding tyranny, will come the birth of liberty, will come the possibility of education, will come a higher family, social, and religious life for the people.

Glance at another phase of conditions in Russia which illustrates the same idea. Years and years ago Christianity, we say, conquered Paganism in Russia. Did it? What is the religious condition in Russia to-day? The churches are rich, overflowing with wealth which they have ground out of the people and the poor; and the people are still idolaters, worshippers of pictures, of saints, believers in magic, trusting to ceremony and forms of words. The essential Christianity was defeated when Christianity, as we say, conquered Russia. Paganism under a new name has domination there still. Christianity conformed to the conditions for the sake of ex-

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ternal seeming success. The people are poor; and the czar is reaching out in every direction for money to carry on the war. And the Church in Russia, a section of it, as I saw by a glance at the paper this morning, offers, if certain concessions and privileges which it desires are granted, to give the czar money enough to carry on the war for another year! This shows the condition of the Church; and the people are starving!

Let us glance at a similar illustration in another direction. There was a time when Christianity, represented by its secret following, had become so strong in the Roman Empire that it could no longer be disregarded; and Constantine, who was afterwards known as the first Christian emperor, though he was one of the worst men that ever sat on the throne, and became no better when he became a Christian,—a murderer, a tyrant, a schemer, a politician,—adopted Christianity for his own interest. He wished to get on the side of this increasing power which was called Christian. And so Rome became nominally converted. Here, again, did Christianity win? Christianity has not yet won in this world, so far as its organizations, its popes, its archimandrites, its archbishops, its bishops, its ceremonies, its churches, are concerned. A large part of real Christianity to-day is outside of all churches, growing as the tiny grass-blades grow when the sun shines in the spring, in secret places, hidden away in the hearts of the people. For what is Christianity? A recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is justice, it is a care for and a search for truth, it is human helpfulness, it is tenderness, it is sympathy, it is pity, it is love. These things are Christian. Councils and popes and ecclesiastical power and great cathedrals and dogmas and ceremonies and accumulations of wealth, these may be a travesty, a burlesque, on Christianity. Place them beside the simple figure of the Nazarene who had not where to

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lay his head. Remember that Jesus said, The princes of the Gentiles exercise their authority and power; but it is not to be so among you. Has it not been so in the Church? Christianity was defeated when it conquered Rome, for it accepted Rome, accepted and renamed its ceremonies, its festivals, its ideals, its holy days, its methods of life, and it became, for the sake of power, worldly.

Turn from these world-issues, and let me for a moment call your attention to one or two suggestions in a purely personal way. A young man starts out in life; and he succeeds, we say. What do we mean? He wins a name, position, political, social. He gets a lot of money. He succeeds. Has he succeeded? That is to be determined by what you mean by a man, what a man's life is for. There are hundreds of young men who start out and make, as Charles Dudley Warner expresses it in a title to a book, "a little journey into the world"; but they have left behind their ideal. They have pulled down their flags, they have conformed. As members of corporations, they have consented to the doing of things which they would have been ashamed to face in their personal capacity. They have paid a little fragment of their soul here and there and at another place for the sake of winning immediate success. They have succeeded,—yes; but their manhood,—where is that? That is away back among the things which they remember. Those words of Hood suggest a point of great power here:—

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

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"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Are you farther off from Heaven,—not heaven as a place? Are you farther off from God, from your ideals, from truth, from justice, from tenderness, from devotion to the noblest things of life? Are you a little further off from these things than when you were a boy? Then you have not succeeded, you have not won human victory.

Turn the matter around. I am thinking now of a woman. She is not one of this congregation, is not a resident of this city. She has been baffled all her life. She has never succeeded in getting anything external that she really desired. She loved music passionately; but I think she has never owned a piano, and she has never had time to devote herself to music. She was fond of literature; but she has had few books, and little time to read them, if she had more. She has worked all her life with her own hands, keeping a home over the heads of those she loved. Has her life been a defeat? It is one of the greatest victories I ever knew. She is utterly unselfish, she is tender, she is true, she is patient, she is faithful; and she never for a moment has allowed herself to grow bitter or hard or complaining. She has conquered. She has a soul tall and white and divine; and, when the old body scaffolding is torn down, she will show the beauty of the structure of the house not made with hands, made with thoughts and feelings and aspirations, the house that she has built.

I have made the principle clear enough. You can

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carry it out for yourselves. I will not enlarge upon it farther. My Palm Sunday lesson is yours. What will you do with it? If a man is a soul, if he is a child of God, if he is a spirit, then do you not see that he may be defeated on all the lower levels of his life, and yet be victor,—*if* he is a child of God, *if* he is a soul, *if* he is a spirit? Do you not see that no devil in hell can possibly harm him? God could not discrown him if he would. No power can hurt a man except himself.

And when a man comes to the edge of the shadow, and we say he has lived out his life, and has to go on, then what? You know perfectly well it does not make much difference at that minute how much money he has accumulated; it does not make much difference how many things he has done, at that minute; it does not make much difference what positions he has occupied, at that minute; it does not make much difference what sort of name he has won in his generation, at that minute. The only thing of importance then is, *What has he made of himself?* Has he learned the lessons that were set him? Is he ready to graduate, ready to take the next step, ready to start on the new career that awaits him? If he is ready, then his life is a victory, no matter what else it may have been. If he is not ready, his life is a defeat, no matter what else he may have been.

Let Mr. Emerson speak for me my last word of the morning:—

"Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoso fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore!

. . . . . .

And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain;

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And forever; but his foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Sees aloft the red right Arm
Straight redress the eternal scales."

Dear Father, Thou holdest all the issues of life. Thou art eternally on the side of that which is highest and best in ourselves. By serving Thee we win, however much we fail. We fail by turning away from Thee, however much we win. Help us to learn this lesson, and follow after the right to-day and forevermore. Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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SOME REASONS FOR BELIEF IN A LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

I TAKE as a Scripture starting-point—not at all intending to develop anything logical from the words—the thirty-first and two or three following verses of the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew: "But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have you not read that which was spoken to you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. And when the multitude heard it, they were astonished at his teaching."

I have spoken on certain phases of this general subject a great many times. It is possible that I may repeat myself this morning. Of that, however, I take no care. I shall speak with the same simplicity and freedom as though I were treating the subject for the first time.

This is one of the most important matters in all the world; and there are certain things connected with it that perhaps need to be reiterated, over and over again. At any rate, I wish to put this side of the question completely out of my mind.

When I speak of a "life beyond death," what do I mean? There are certain supposedly wise persons at the present time who talk to us about the life eternal, the life immortal, immortality, the immortality of the soul; and yet, when you question them a little closely, you find out that they do not mean what we ordinarily have in mind. George Eliot's "The Choir Invisible" is beau-

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tiful as poetry; but it is not the immortality of influence that I shall have in mind to-day. It is not immortal life by reabsorption into the Infinite. It is not the memory in future years of the good that we have been able to accomplish. What I shall mean is the continuance of the conscious personal self. I hope to pass out through the shadow and into the light, and to find my whole self there, —memory, love, the character I have built up for good or ill. I expect to find those whom I have loved and associated with here; and I say to you frankly that, while I might be interested, in some curious speculative way, with other sides of the subject, immortality has little interest for me, if it does not mean this continuance of the personal consciousness, with all that it implies. That, then, is what I shall have in mind.

Is there any need to-day of additional evidence in favor of this human hope? I had a few spare moments this morning at the breakfast table; and I glanced over the New York *Sun*. On the editorial page I found a most important communication from Professor Goldwin Smith, who is one of the noblest men, one of the fairest-minded, one of the most scholarly in this generation. This communication was backed up by an editorial accepting the results of this communication and commenting upon them. What is the attitude of Professor Smith? It is that, for better or worse, the belief in conscious immortality is dying out, as a result of the advance of science, the acceptance of scientific theories of the universe. As following the scientific criticism of bibles and religions and religious traditions, he tells us that this hope is likely to pass away. He deprecates it, because he believes that it is of the utmost importance in the development of personal character and in the conservation of social order. He deplores its loss because he believes that there must inevitably result a lowering of human ideals, the substitution for the spir-

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itual of not only materialistic conceptions of things, but of material ideas and aims in life. This, I say, is his view. He thinks that men no longer treat as evidential the books either of the Old Testament or the New; and he holds that, as scholarship free and unbiassed increases, this state of mind is to be more and more common, unless something shall be discovered to give us new light on this great problem. Let us see, then.

We stand beside a bed on which a friend is lying in the last stages of his human career. We hold a hand: we note that the pulse grows feebler, and by and by something has happened, some great change has come. Five minutes ago there was some one listening at the gateway of the ears to catch the feeblest whisper of interest or of love. Now there is no one to respond to the loudest call. Five minutes ago some one was looking out of the windows of the eyes. Now the windows are darkened, and the room is empty. Five minutes ago a hand, however feebly, would respond to a pressure. There was somebody there to return the clasp of love. Now the hand drops hold; and there is no response. Something tremendous has happened! What is it? Either the some one who was there five minutes ago has ceased to exist or else he has gone out of this tenement of flesh, and is somewhere else. One of these two things has happened. Which is it? That is the question of the ages. If a man die, shall he live again? The world has always been asking that, has always been seeking for an answer. If there is any favorable answer to be given, why, ages ago, did God not give a reply to the world in some unmistakable fashion? This people passionately ask, and ask it with an accent of doubt and despair.

I suggest once for all, as touching upon that, that God has never in any supernatural way answered any question. He has put us here in this universe, and left us

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to find our way, and study all these great problems for ourselves; and I believe that is unspeakably better for us, for we not only find out the truth by investigation, but we develop ourselves, our minds, our souls, our characters, in the process of search and discovery. So, I believe, God has left this for us to seek for ourselves.

There are certain persons who take the ground at the present time that this matter is practically answered as the result of scientific research. They say that there is no reason, except tradition and the human wish and hope, for us to dream any longer of a life beyond death. As a matter of fact, however, nothing of the kind is true. Neither philosophy nor science, nor any other competent authority, has any negative answer to give the world. Some years ago I was talking this matter over with Mr. Herbert Spencer; and I asked him what he thought was the bearing of the science of evolution on the question of the immortal life. And he said it left it just where it was before; it had no ready-made solution; it was a matter still for us to study, a field in which we might be free to discover.

Now I propose, out of a large number of possible suggestions, to select a few, such as there may be time for, in favor of a belief in a personal life beyond death.

In the first place, I want to call your attention to what seems to me a marvellously significant fact. You know the Roman Catholic Church tells us that those things which have been believed always, by all men, and everywhere, are necessarily true. I say nothing in favor of this statement of the Church. I merely quote it for illustration. If there is any one thing in the world which has been believed always, by all men, everywhere, it is this. In other words, the lowest tribes of the world have refused to believe in death. They have always believed that there was a life beyond what we call death. They have always believed that we were surrounded

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by a spiritual universe. What does that mean? Does it prove anything? It suggests a great deal. Some persons might answer that this is only the consensus of the ignorance of the barbaric world of the past. Possibly. They might suggest also that these same people have believed always certain things about the sun, the moon, the stars, and the earth, and that nearly all those beliefs have been proved to be wrong. So they may say that the fact that they have always believed this is of no rational evidential value. But there is a difference between the two things, to which I shall call your close attention. The people of the old times have not been mistaken as to the *fact* of sun and moon and star and the forces of nature. They have simply had crude and imperfect theories about them. They have had ignorant, crude, imperfect theories about this matter of spirit and soul; but the imperfection of their theories does not touch the question of fact. They have believed always in the existence of the spirit world; and it does not seem to me rational, it does not seem to me credible, that nature, God, whatever name you choose to use, should have whispered something to every man, woman, and child, should have impressed something definite on every human heart, should have wrought a great hope into the very fibre of every being, and that it should all have been a lie. I do not believe the universe is false to that extent. I hold in my hands a gold coin. I never saw a mint, I never saw a die; but I know perfectly well that there is some reality somewhere that stamped that coin. Every letter, every figure, every mark on it, is matched by something that made it. And so, when I find some universal, essential characteristic of human nature, I am compelled to believe that there is some reality in the universe corresponding to it. We are all coins, and the universe is the die; and it has stamped this great hope, this great belief, on every soul.

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You may not regard this as demonstration; but it seems to me so mighty by way of suggestion as to be worthy our serious thought.

Now there is another consideration. I have referred to this idea this winter in another connection. I shall forget that now, and refer to it with perfect freedom. Herbert Spencer has defined life as a "continuous series of adjustments between inner relations and outer relations." What does that mean? It means that the difference between a dead thing and a live thing is that the living thing will respond to any appropriate excitement, and a dead thing will not. Suppose you are walking along the road in the country, and see a dog lying in the grass. He is perfectly still; and you do not know whether he is sleeping or dead. You approach him, and touch him with the tip of your cane. He does not move. You touch him again; and he does not move. You examine him, and find that the life is gone. If he were only asleep, he would respond at the touch of the cane. He would look up, he would be all alive, as we say. This is the difference between living and dead things. Now the point I wish you to notice is this. Wherever you find anything responding to an appeal, whether that appeal is visible or invisible, it is there, or there would be no response. You look at the needle of a compass: it turns towards the north. You never saw the north pole, you do not know what there is at the north pole that produces this result; but you know there is a power there that pulls the needle in that direction, and the power is real and mighty, whether it is visible or invisible, because there is the result. The ordinary magnet on your table pulls to itself bits of steel; but you cannot see the magnetism. You cannot understand it. You do not know how it works; but there is a power there because there is an effect. The ocean swells and sways, as we try to explain, as the result of the attraction of

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the moon. Nobody yet ever made the subject of the tides perfectly clear; but it is clear that there is some power up there that pulls the sea, and bids it follow with liquid footsteps round the globe. What is it? It is a power; and it is adequate, because there is an effect. Mr. John Fiske, in reasoning upon this idea of Mr. Spencer's, goes so far as to say that in the universe there is no exception to this rule. Wherever there is a living thing that has responded to some supposed indication on the part of its environment, there is a force there to call out the response.

Now what bearing has this on the matter we are considering? The most important conceivable. From the beginning of the world the human race has been believing that it is in the presence of a spiritual environment. It has responded to a supposed spiritual appeal; and this appeal has been so vital, has been so noble, has been so wonderful, that the most magnificent religion, the grandest characters, the noblest ideals, have been the result of this supposed appeal and this vital response. Has it all been an illusion, a mistake? If it is, says Mr. Fiske, then here, in the most important part of the universe, there is something to contradict everything that we know anywhere else in the world. To a person capable of appreciating the force of reasoning and drawing conclusions this seems to me to approach the nature of demonstration: that there is a spiritual universe, however invisible, around us, in the presence of which this race has lived and in answer to whose appeal there has been developed the highest and finest influences in human life.

Another consideration, which I shall not be able to develop as it deserves. Unless there is something coming after this present scene of life, then it appears to me that the outcome of human existence is illogical and absurd. If there is any power that knows in the universe, then it ought to do more for us than we can yet see. If

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there is no power that knows, I cannot understand how it has done so much. We are in process, not yet finished.

Go back and down towards the beginnings of things. There is the first appearance of life: then it climbs through various forms until it comes to the highest animal. Then man appears, the lowest type of humanity, and age after age slowly advances, climbing up the pathway of dust and tears and struggle and blood. Men fall, they rise again, they stumble on; and humanity has climbed until it has produced such men as Spencer, as Darwin, as Shakspere, as Dante, as Homer. It has produced the noble of the world, the great of the world, in every department of intellectual life. It has produced Mohammed, Confucius, Zoroaster, Gautama, Jesus, the crown of them all. And these men have looked before and after. They have looked ahead, and, like those who have stood on mountain peaks, have talked of the wonderful things which they have seen, looking far up the ages. They have believed that some great destiny awaited the world. Now is this to end in nothing? Is the crown and termination of millions of years of advance to be simply an abyss? Can you look on at a drama with a wonderful prologue, a first act, a second act, a third act, a fourth act, and then believe that the end is to have the lights go out, and the whole thing vanish like a dream? Any one who could conceive and carry on this drama to the extent to which it has proceeded is capable of doing more; and, if he is not capable of doing more, it is absurd for us to suppose that he is capable of having done so much. It is absurd, it is illogical, to suppose that the universe is to end in nothing at all. I do not believe it. It puts us to intellectual confusion, it contradicts every idea of logic and of common sense.

Another point. Mr. Goldwin Smith in several articles

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which I read during the last year makes it clear that with him the most wonderful thing in the world is the existence of conscience; and he shows that on this he builds what hope he has of continued existence after death. What does conscience mean? It means belief in justice, in right, in the supremacy of right. Now consider. If there is nobody in this universe who cares, if there is no mind, no heart, no love, no truth, no justice, no mercy, no help, where did conscience come from? How have we evolved it? How does it happen that *we* have hearts and minds and love and tenderness and sympathy and pity and a desire to help? Have we, then, come out of something utterly unlike these? Have they been produced by matter, by force, by something that does not think, that does not love, that does not care? Here is this great demand for justice; and ages ago some one gave voice to it when he cried, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" If there is a judge of all the earth, he *shall* do right. If there is not, how will you explain conscience and this human demand? When I look over human life, I do not expect to see the same kind and quality everywhere, or see every one just like every one else, going through similar experiences. It would be a terribly monotonous world if that were true. One thing I assert without fear of contradiction. If there be a power in this universe that thinks and plans and executes, then what? He brought me here without my asking it. He is not under obligation to give me everything I desire; but he is under the highest possible obligation to see to it that in the *long* run my life shall be a good, and not an evil. I did not ask him for it. He must give me what I shall recognize sometime, somewhere, as being at least so satisfactory that I can say I am glad to be alive. This seems to me to be a simple demand of justice. So, when I see a little boy born in the slums, brought up with no idea of duty or

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life, educated from the beginning to profanity and theft and every kind of crime, and with his life crushed out by what we call human justice,—which is simply our clumsy attempt to protect ourselves,—then I say, If God *is*, that boy must somewhere have a chance to be a man. If he does not get it here, he must get it somewhere.

You can carry out this line of reasoning in a hundred different directions. The demand for justice seems to me to necessitate another life, something beyond this, where things can right themselves. Here things are begun that are never completed. The grandest men have felt at the end as though they have just commenced to unfold the possibilities of their being. There *must* be something beyond.

I must hasten to one or two other considerations. What is the matter with the ordinary church belief? What is the matter with the religious beliefs of the world? Why are they not adequate? There is testimony in the writings of the Chinese, the Persians, the Hindus, the Arabs, in our own Scripture,—assertion and testimony over and over again,—as to this belief. And yet here are men, like Goldwin Smith, who are telling us that belief in this testimony is coming to an end. What does it mean? It means that we have nothing in any of these departments of thought and life that constitutes what the world to-day demands; that is, nothing in the nature of scientific truth or demonstration. We have only stories, reports, testimony; but we cannot cross-question the witnesses.

Then there are large numbers of people who suppose that these stories, if we accept them, imply a belief in the miraculous or supernatural. Please put that thought out of your minds. If these stories were true, they would not necessarily mean anything miraculous or supernatural. They are only something unusual, something to

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which in our ordinary every-day life we are not accustomed. As a matter of fact, people are losing their faith. There are thousands of people in the churches who think they believe; and they do until a wrench comes. Then the hawser is snapped in the storm; and they are adrift on the troubled waters. When they lose a friend, when it comes home to them, then they wonder,—can it be true? And their belief fails them in the time of their utmost need; and scientists, philosophers, and critics tell them that the testimony is not adequate to support such stupendous facts.

Without entering into the criticism of the Bible, the Old Testament or the New, or any other bibles, I will pass that whole phase of the subject, and come to that which is my last thought.

What is the situation to-day? Here are all these stories. They have been told among every people; they are a part of their religion; they belong to every age; hundreds and thousands of them have been told. What is the attitude to-day of the public mind towards similar stories? for similar stories are being told on every hand to-day. I can only hint in one or two directions. You know the tone of the newspapers in discussing these matters. They generally take a flippant attitude, sneer a little, turn the whole business into ridicule, try to find material for a smart paragraph now and then; and only once in a while do we find one that dares to say that possibly there is something going on that deserves serious discussion.

I wish you to notice one thing. The stories of things that are supposed to be happening to-day are of precisely the same kind as those you find in the New Testament and the Old, as those you find in the Mohammedan, Buddhist, Persian, or Indian religions. They are precisely the same kind of story of visions, of voices, or unseen powers at work, of messages received, or messen-

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gers now and then appearing,—precisely the same kind of thing. Now you will note a curious thing. A good Christian church member will believe any stories recorded in his Bible; but he rejects with scorn all the similar stories recorded in all the other bibles in the world, and yet there is no reason for difference. There is no reason why one is not just as good as the other, so far as these things are concerned. But what is the attitude of ordinary people? They speak slightingly of these things in the daylight. If they speak of them, however, to one who is sympathetic, they will ask you what you think of the strange things that are going on. It reminds you of Madame de Staël, who, when some one asked her if she believed in ghosts, replied, "No, but I am afraid of them though."

This, then, is the fact. There is not a story in the New Testament that cannot be paralleled by things that are related by good honest people as having occurred in this country during the last fifty years. From the point of view of the evidence everything is in favor of the modern story. Is there any reason for supposing that in God's universe a thing might happen three thousand years ago, and suddenly stop and never happen again? I do not know of any reason. The witnesses for the modern thing are alive, and can be cross-questioned. The witnesses of what happened two or three thousand years ago are not accessible. We do not know who they were, we cannot cross-question them.

I wish to suggest to you one or two things which I regard as having happened in the modern world. In the first place, it has been demonstrated that now and then in persons who may be called sensitives or psychics, or whatever you may choose to call them, there is a manifestation of a power which science, according to our ordinary theories, can take no account of. Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the Crookes tube by which the

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wonderful Roentgen rays were discovered, one of the greatest scientists in the world, has recently reaffirmed his belief in this subject, and has devised mechanical means for testing it.

What else? Second, we have demonstrated beyond any reasonable question that it is possible for people to communicate without any ordinary means half-way round the world. We have not reduced it to law and order, we cannot control the working of this wireless telegraph of the mind; but there are cases of this sort of communication. What does it mean? It means something marvellous as to the power of the human mind.

Third, we have proved that there are certain people who can see without the ordinary use of their eyes and hear without the ordinary use of their ears. That is settled beyond any reasonable question. This means what? It means a suggestion as to whether, being such a kind of creature, we may be able by and by to dispense with these bodies and get along without them. It means nothing less.

What next? Fourth, there have been appearances, apparitions, visions. These are common enough; and they have often been supposed to be merely subjective hallucinations, but there have been such appearances as this: Persons dying have seen in the other world, as they supposed, many people who they thought were still living, and have recognized them and called them by name; and it has been found that they were correct. Things like this have happened over and over again. There has been an appearance of some one supposed to be living and in good health, a friend; and this friend has announced his death, and it has been found that he died at just the time when he made this announcement, although the person to whom he announced it had no way of knowing the fact.

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What else? In the presence of certain sensitives or psychics—how it works I do not know—there have been communications from persons that we speak of as dead, telling things that nobody knew anything about or ever had known anything about or had any possible way of knowing anything about.

More remarkable still. I have had an experience of this sort myself. I have had a communication coming from some one that we speak of as dead, telling me of something that no one but himself knew or ever had known; and, on looking it up, I found it true. There have been previsions of certain things that were to happen, predictions of things that were to take place, things that no one living could have foreseen; and they have proved to be true. I have a friend who was told in Boston some little thing concerning his mother who had recently died in Australia, something that his brothers and sisters and the members of his family knew nothing about; and it was looked up at his request, and found to be true. Things like this by the hundreds are taking place.

There are cases—and I have investigated them carefully—where it seems to me that the evidence was very strong for personal identity. I have investigated, and am satisfied, so far as one could be, that the person claiming to communicate was the person that he declared himself to be. Hundreds of cases like this are open to investigation by any one who cares to give serious attention and time to the subject. Is it not strange, however, that, although these things have been going on for all the ages, it was not until the establishment of the Society for Psychical Research was organized in 1882 that this strange human race of ours entered upon anything like a serious scientific investigation of these matters? People have sneered at them in the daytime, and been afraid of them in the dark.

I hold that there is no other subject before the world

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to-day for one moment comparable in importance to this. Whether it takes us across the border or not, it is a marvellous revelation of the power of the human mind; and, since there are thousands who believe it to be a new revelation, it is of the utmost importance that the matter be settled scientifically, one way or the other.

Suppose it is true, suppose it is proved by and by beyond question that there is a personal life beyond death, what will it mean? Why, it abolishes death, it empties every grave. It binds up the broken hearts, it gives hope instead of despair, it has the power to lift and revivify and reconstruct individual character, society, and the world. If we fully know that there is a life beyond death, little matters then; and we have the grandest motives for the noblest and highest living.

What happened when Columbus neared the end of his long voyage? Before he came in sight of land, he saw floating on the waters fragments of branches of trees and certain little things, of no importance in themselves, which indicated that land was near. Possibly we are nearing the discovery of this wonderful continent; and these things that we consider slight and of no great importance may be the hints and suggestions of that other land. After the long dark night there begin in the east little touches of light that break through the shadow. Now and then a full ray shines out; but the clouds smother it again, and it is dark. Then another ray appears; and by and by the clouds are broken through; the sky is clear; there is a great sun-burst: it is morning!

Father, may we trust that these rays of hope and promise and suggestion mean that the sun, which is still below the horizon, is near to its appearing! May we take these great trusts and hopes to our hearts! May we believe in the whisper of the Easter Day! May we

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trust that that tomb, so far away, did become empty, and that the one all love as our elder brother was seen, and that he spoke with his disciples! And may we believe that many another has spoken since, and that by and by the shadow will be shot through with light, and we shall see the dawn of that day whose sun shall never more go down? Amen.

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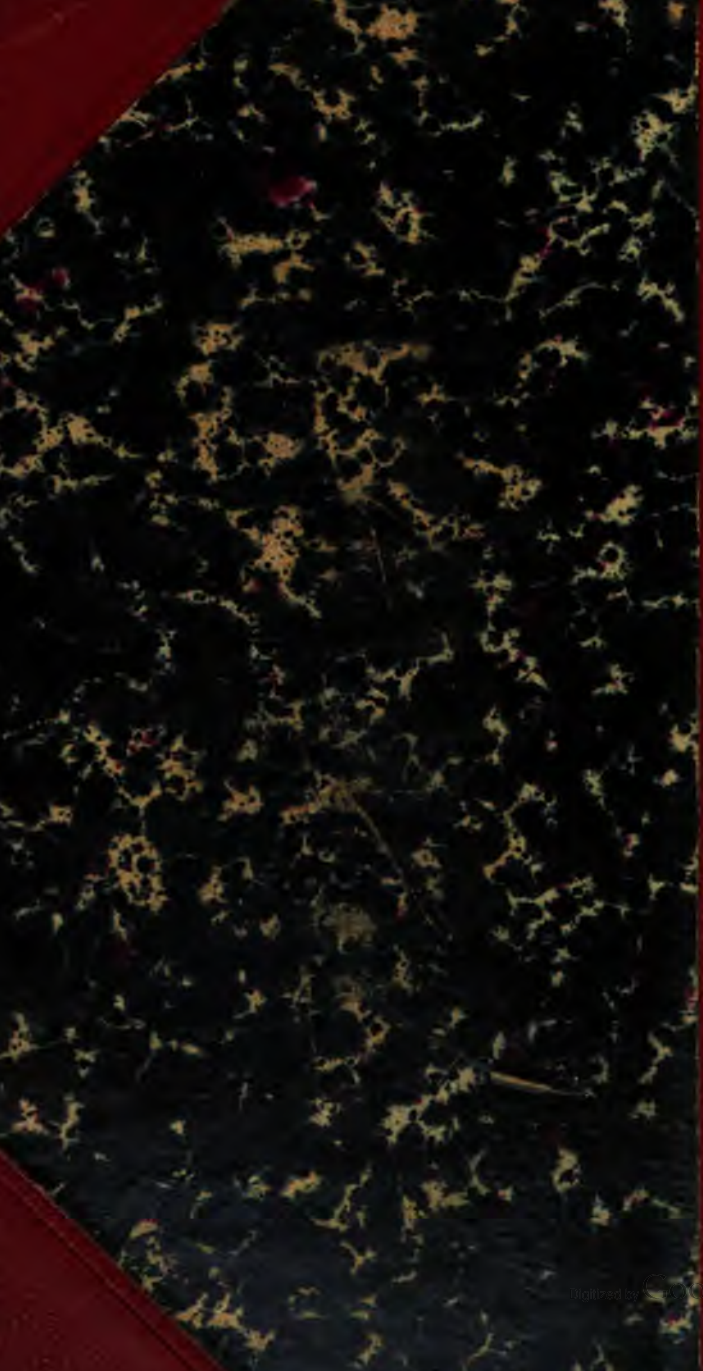
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